The Outlook

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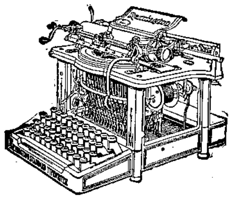

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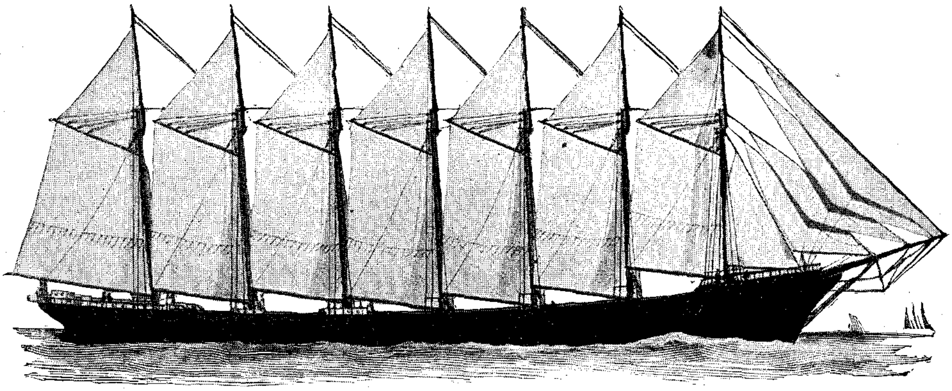


THE LARGEST SAILING VESSEL IN THE WORLD
The seven-masted steel schooner which is nearly ready for launching at Fore River.

A Stride Towards American Sea Power

AT a time when American genius and energy are bringing about such great achievements in the world of commerce and industry, when history has just recorded such splendid American naval victories as Manila and Santiago, it is natural that there should be an awakening along the lines that lead to a thoroughly equipped merchant marine and a powerful navy.

It is a remarkable fact that until recently America, which is peculiarly a ship-building, ship-owning, ship-sailing country, had made little headway toward supplying maritime transportation. But it was only a question of time when American enterprise would assert itself, and now we see the awakened activity that promises a new era in American ship-building.

We could have no more convincing prophecy of the supremacy of the United States on the sea than the work that is being carried on in the shipyard at Quincy, Mass. Here the Fore River Ship and Engine Company has built and is building some of the most superb vessels that fly the American flag, and the tremendous strides that this company has made during the last few years are significant of the achievements that we may expect in the near future. Eighteen years ago, when a small group of enterprising New Englanders established this business at East Weymouth, near Quincy, our merchant marine had practically gone out of existence, and America had made little or no headway toward a carrying fleet or a navy. Our goods were shipped in foreign vessels, and the Government was content to keep a navy of only ordinary proportions.

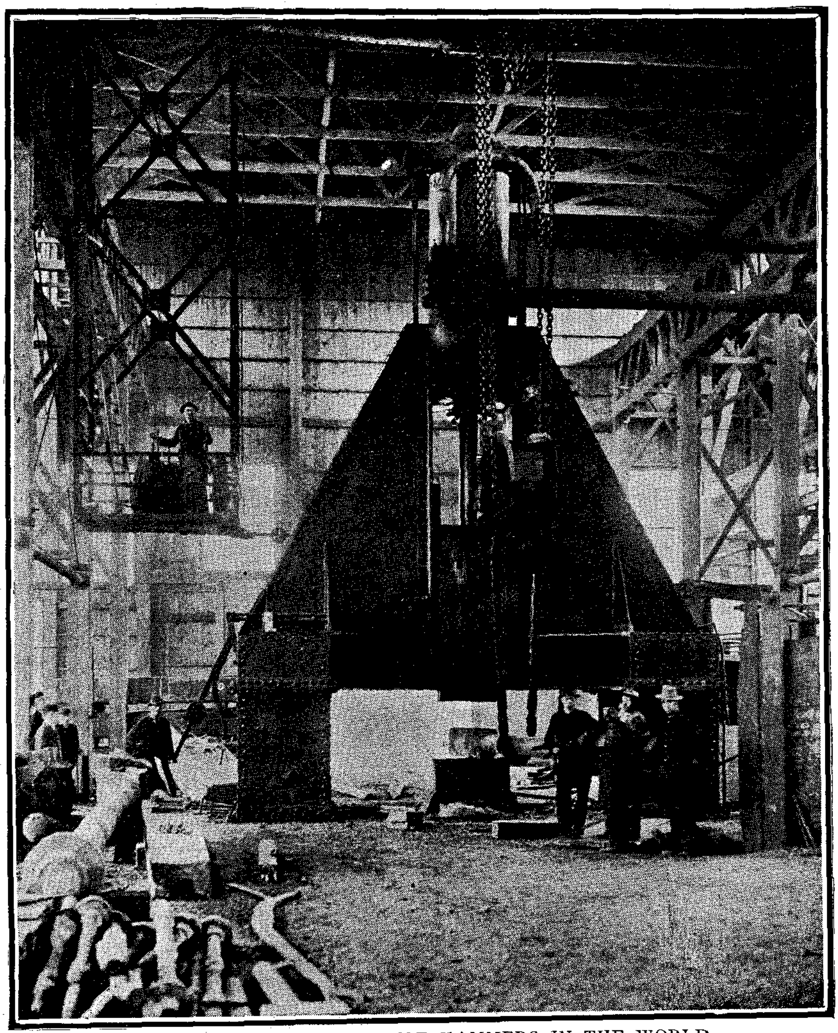
But the Fore River Company, which began its career by making engines and steam launches, grew with a sturdiness that meant much for the future, and when, about five years ago, there began to be a new ambition for an adequate navy and for ships that would carry our own goods, this company felt the awakening of the maritime spirit, and determined to do its part toward making the United States supreme as a sea power. The first contract from the United States Navy came four years ago—for a light-ship. Since then, two torpedo-boat destroyers, the Macdonough and the Lawrence, have been built; the protected cruiser Des Moines has been nearly completed, and two big battle-ships of the first class, the Rhode Island and the New Jersey, are in process of construction.

Besides this work for the Government, the Fore River Company has almost ready for launching a seven-masted steel schooner, which is the largest sailing vessel in the world, and the first vessel ever built with seven masts.

We could have no better illustration of the aggressiveness of this typical American enterprise than the fact that the Company has now on hand, including the work for the Government, contracts amounting to nearly $9,000,000.

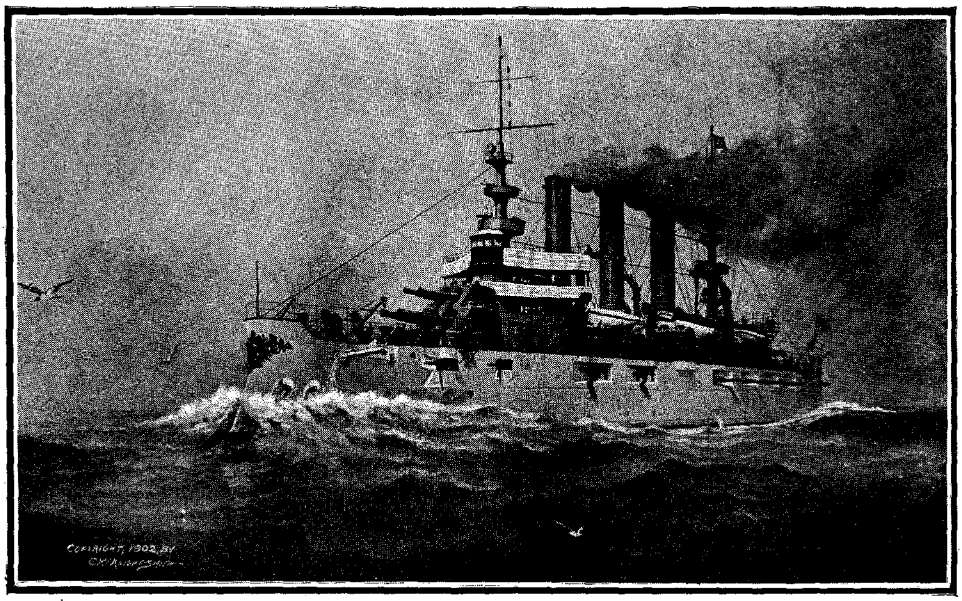
It was this remarkable development that made it necessary two years ago to move the yards to a new site, at the mouth of the Fore River, in Quincy, where eighty acres along the water-front have been transformed into a hive of industry. To meet the rapidly increasing demands of its business the Company has constructed buildings covering eleven acres of ground, and has spent $1,500,000 in equipping its plant with the most modern devices. In spite of the great amount of work that is being done, there is room for the construction of six more large vessels.

To fully realize what a wonderful thing this twentieth century shipyard is, you must watch the growth of the big ship from its birth in the mould-loft to the time when it stands on the ways ready for the launching. A visit to the Fore River yards gives just this opportunity. Here you see the American spirit in its strongest and most buoyant phase, embodied in the genius and enterprise of the organization, in the enthusiasm of the twelve hundred workmen, and in the modern machinery that responds like magic to the touch of the worker. There stands a group of dark, trim-looking buildings, and at the left rises the annealing plant like a great grain elevator with the height of a New York "sky-scraper." Conveniently near it is the forge-house, with its roaring blast-furnaces and its clanging hammers, a veritable Titan workshop. Beyond, stretching to the river,



ONE OF THE TWO LARGEST HAMMERS IN THE WORLD

Capable of striking a blow of 250 tons.



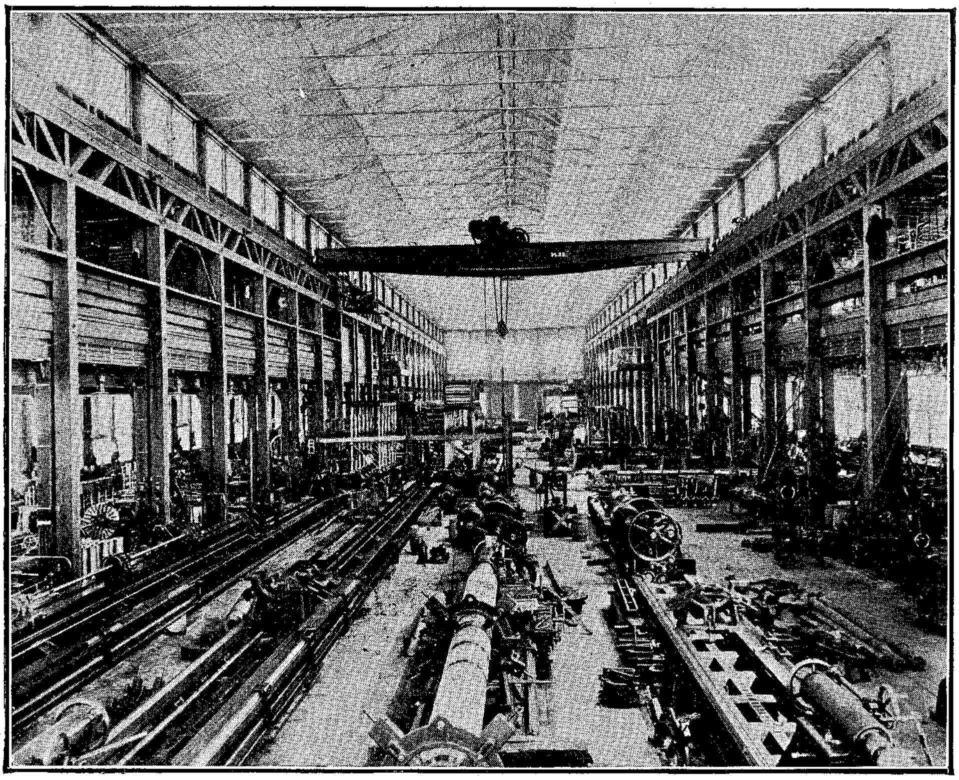
THE BATTLE-SHIP NEW JERSEY, SISTER SHIP OF THE RHODE ISLAND

These twin ships, each of 15,000 tons displacement, are now under construction at Fore River.
Drawn by C. McKnight Smith.

are the power-house, the pattern-shop, the storehouse, and the machine-shop, while looming up above them all, like a great spider-web against the sky, is the steel ship-house, which occupies nearly as much space as the Boston Terminal Station, and is so strong that its eight immense cranes, carrying heavy plates, may be operated simultaneously.

As you enter the forge-room you are confronted by the big steam-hammer standing in the gloom of the rafters like a grim colossus astride the anvil. It can strike a blow of two hundred and fifty tons, and is regulated with such nicety that it can be dropped to the very surface of a watch without cracking the crystal. Under the hammer is a column, for the Rhode Island, which has been brought to white heat in the fiery cavern of the blast-furnace near by. The glowing ingot has been swung to its place by the great electric crane overhead. This giant arm is held in perfect control by one man, who stands quietly in his traveling car with his hands on a few small levers. When the glowing billet of steel has been hammered into the desired shape, it is swung from one crane to another until it lands in the machine shop a hundred feet away, where one of the largest lathes in the world, capable of boring a fifty-foot shaft without reversing, planes and smooths and burnishes it into a shining shaft. As you pass through the yards you are impressed by the economy of power that marks every process—time is saved, labor is saved, material is saved; in fact, there is such complete utilization of everything that there is almost no waste in the entire plant. The surplus heat from the furnace runs the boilers which give steam to the hammers. The buildings are so arranged that every moment possible is saved. The cranes and overhead trolleys accomplish the transportation and handling with a minimum amount of human labor. In other words, the work is done while each part of the ship is in transit to its final position in the ship.

More impressive still are the cleanliness and comparative quiet. In place of buzzing wheels and screeching belts—the usual evidences of enormous power—you see that attached to each machine is a compact electric motor, which can be turned on as needed; so there is no waste. The other power is compressed air, which can be carried with ease, in what look like ordinary hose-pipes, to the highest parts of the ships on the ways, where the men are bolting together the great plates. With electricity and compressed air, power is taken



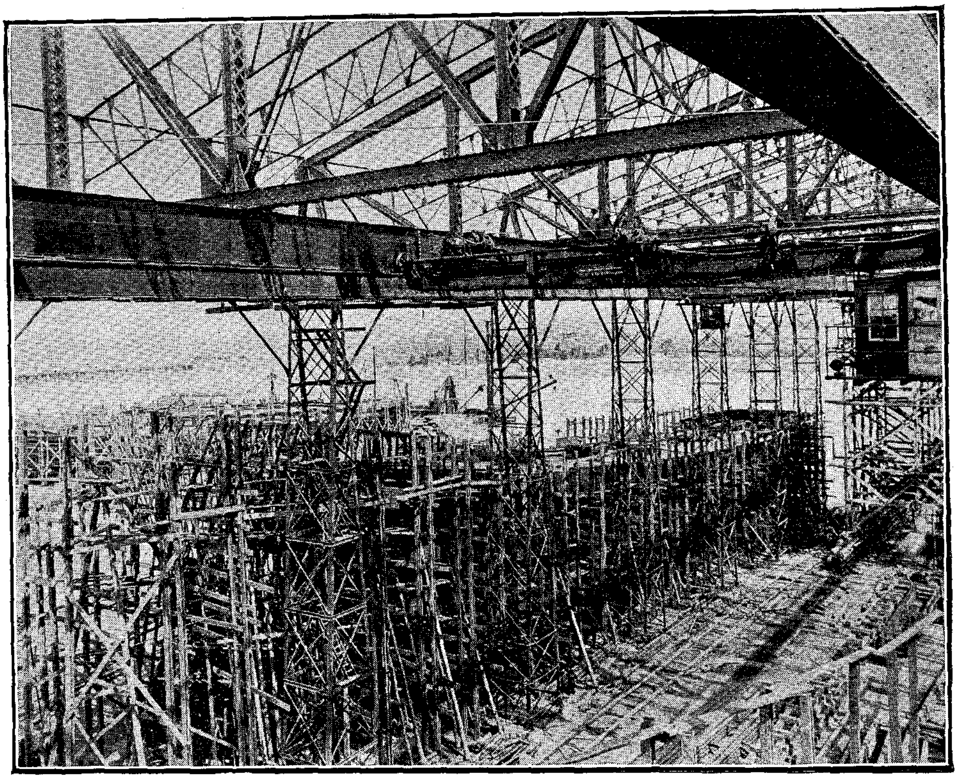
THE MACHINE SHOP AT FORE RIVER

Showing the immense crane and the giant lathes.

to the work, and not work to the power. Here is another economy that is revolutionizing industry, and at Fore River these great forces have been pressed into service since the very beginning.

The work at Fore River has been of the progressive sort. And what is the result? What are the ships for which all this modern equipment is intended? A process is often interesting, but never as much so as its result. This is particularly true when that result is a part of America's new navy. Two additions to that navy—the torpedo-boat destroyers Lawrence and Macdonough—are already completed and nearly ready for the Government tests. These vessels meet every requirement of one's imagination as to the ideal watchdog of the seas. The Government contract for these destroyers calls for a speed of twenty-seven knots, yet each of them has already attained a speed in excess of this, and it is very probable that they have not yet reached the limit of their swiftness. Another naval vessel nearing completion is the protected cruiser Des Moines, which will be launched in May. The frames for the battle-ship New Jersey are already in place in the great ship-house, but this does not mean that they are just begun, for they have been under construction for over a year. The drawings, the making and assembling of the various parts of the vessels, and all those essentially important preliminary stages, go on for months before a ship actually begins to take form and rises beneath the great steel ship-house.

Beside the ship-house stands the seven-masted schooner. It is an impressive and awe-inspiring experience to stand at the top of this immense steel boat and realize that it is the largest sailing vessel ever built. It is of steel throughout, it has gigantic steel masts, and its hold will carry a cargo of 7,000 tons. It is four hundred feet over all, with a double bottom, so that water can be used, when needed, for ballast. While the winds will supply the power, it is interesting to note that steam will be used in handling the sails and anchors. This additional power will make it possible to reduce the crew to a total of eighteen.



BENEATH THE GREAT STEEL SHIP-HOUSE

Showing the seven-masted schooner, and in the distance the Des Moines.

But more significant than the great things that have already been accomplished are the plans of the Fore River Company for a greater growth. Among these plans is one for a great dry dock, the designs for which have already been made by Messrs. Clark & Stanchfield, the English designers of the dock at Havana, and also of the dock recently located at Algiers, near New Orleans. This dock will be operated, in keeping with the Fore River idea to take advantage of the economy and efficiency of power transmission, from the power-house on shore. It will cost nearly a half-million dollars.

Another improvement that is under way is the construction of a fitting-out wharf 1,200 feet in length, and its equipment with a seventy-five ton folding jib electric crane. By this crane, working up and down the wharf, the heavy guns and every other fitting, regardless of its weight, can be lifted from the shore into the war-ship alongside without the vessel's moving a foot.

It is doubtless due to this progressive spirit at Fore River, this fixed purpose to see that every phase of its equipment attains to the highest point reached in modern development, that the Government paid a tribute to the shipyard which means even more than the contract it has given for building war-ships. As is well known, it has been necessary for many years to send abroad (chiefly to the shipyards on the Clyde) the naval cadets of Annapolis, whom the Government has wished to have receive the best possible training in naval architecture. Since this great modern shipyard has arisen at Quincy the Government has selected the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston as the best possible school in which the cadets in naval architecture can complete their studies. These naval cadets spend a great deal of their time in practical work at the Fore River Yards under the guidance of their eminent instructors, Professor Peabody and Captain William Hovgaard, formerly of the Danish navy.

It is interesting to note the opinion of one of the greatest authorities in the world on naval architecture, who recently made a thorough inspection of the Fore

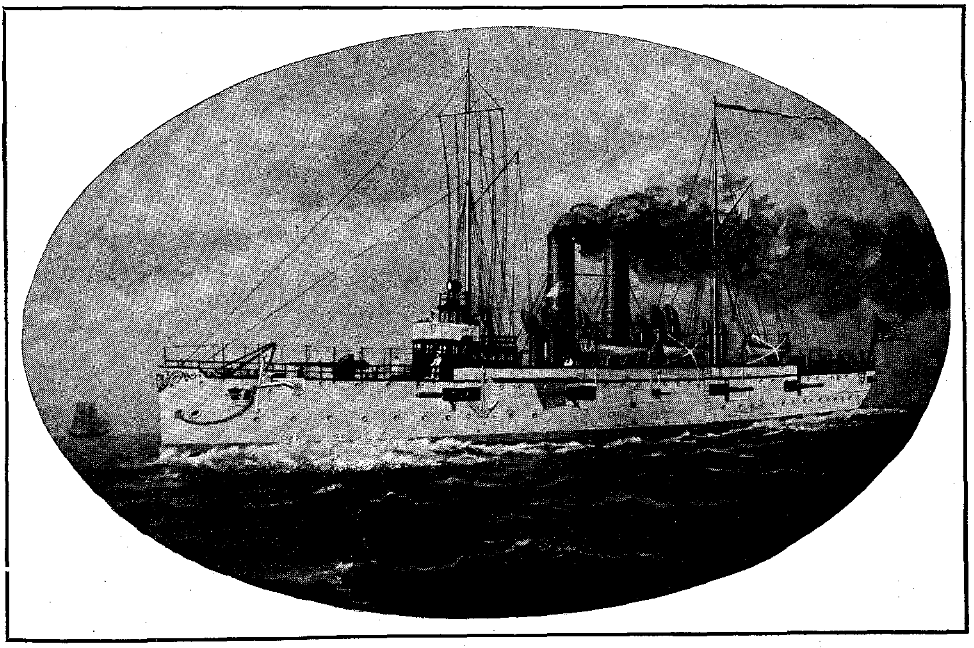
River shipyard. Regarding its equipment and its future he said:

"The Fore River Company seems to be well organized, both at the head and in the sub-departments, where the men are intelligent and business-like. The fact that they have developed a small engine shop into a large shipyard is proof of the ability at the head. It is hardly necessary to add that the success of any shipyard, or in fact of any business, depends largely upon the men who are in charge and upon the proper co-operation of their subordinates. In this respect the Fore River Company will doubtless have something to learn from experience in the new shops, but if all signs do not fail they will be fully equal to their opportunities. I have great confidence in their success."

To improve the opportunity for profitable enlargement that is now within its grasp, The Fore River Ship and Engine Company requires larger working capital. In the past two years it has expended on its new plant a million and a half dollars in cash. By devoting another million dollars to the enlargement of the plant, it is believed that the earning capacity can be more than doubled. Contracts now in hand amount to $8,907,000, and the Company has tenders under consideration for additional work aggregating several million dollars. The earnings for the five months preceding January 1, 1902, were $101,574.36.

There is no bonded indebtedness, and the entire net earnings of the Company will be distributed among the stockholders. In view of the enormous contracts already in hand, the Company has deemed it desirable to issue ten thousand additional shares of preferred stock. A large amount of this additional stock has already been subscribed for at par. A limited amount is now offered to the public at the same price, the Company reserving the right to reject any or all bids.

The plan, with a complete financial statement of the Company's condition, is contained in a prospectus, and an illustrated booklet has also been prepared describing the plant in detail. For fuller information readers of The Outlook are invited to communicate with The Fore River Ship and Engine Company, at its main business office, 157 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.



THE PROTECTED CRUISER DES MOINES

Which will soon be launched at Fore River.

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The French Elections Last Sunday Parliamentary elections were held throughout France. Reports have now been received from most of the ninety departments. As was expected, the elections indicate that the Government has more than held its own in the country at large, but has been beaten in the capital—always the home of disintegration, as opposed to the sturdier and more representative "provinces." Even there, however, the Government has had to meet inimical influence from the Clericals in the west and from the Militarists in the east, where the memory of the Franco-Prussian war is still keen. In the central and southern regions the Government has made gratifying gains. The vote everywhere is about one-fifth heavier than at the last elections. While Paris has not sent back a single Ministerialist to the Chamber of Deputies, it has returned such picturesque persons as MM. Lockroy (Radical), Millevoye and Georges Berry (Nationalists), and Vaillant (Revolutionary Socialist). M. Millerand, the Radical-Socialist and Minister of Commerce in the present Cabinet, who stood for re-election in a Paris district, failed to secure his election on the first ballot; if on the second, however (May 11), the votes recorded by most of the anti-Nationalists are transferred to him, he may be re-elected. In the country, among the prominent Deputies re-elected to the Chamber, are MM. Delcassé and Baudin, Ministers respectively of Foreign Affairs and Public Works; the Comte de Mun, the highly respected Roman Catholic and Conservative leader; Abbés Gayraud (Catholic Republican) and Lemire (Christian Socialist); ex-Premiers Ribot (Republican) and Méline (Progressive); M. Paul Deschanel, President of the last Chamber, and the eminent publicist, Baron d'Estournelles, who recently visited America in the interests of Franco-American education; finally, M. Joseph Reinach, the Dreyfus champion, whose reappearance in political life was one of the striking features of the campaign; M. Reinach headed the poll in his district, and from present appearances will be elected on a reballot by the transference of votes given to the competing Republican candidates. The peculiar methods of conducting French elections are thus of interest. The most astounding and encouraging defeat of a hitherto powerful parliamentarian occurred in Algiers, where that notorious anti-Semite and Nationalist, M. Drumont, was turned out by a majority of nine hundred. It appears that the "Nationalists" are absurdly so called. Though they may have temporarily triumphed in Paris, the soberer country has apparently once more saved France from disaster.

❀

The Indiana Republican Convention The Indiana Republican Convention, held at Indianapolis last week, was the first State Convention of the year, and its proceedings were therefore of unusual interest, not only as indicating the drift of Republican sentiment in the central State of the Union, but also as shaping in some measure the plan of campaign which party conventions in other States are likely to adopt. The traditional influence of the "first vote" is perhaps more important in the mapping out of platforms than in any other matter of political debate. Indiana Republicans this year had the first vote on the subject; and Senator Beveridge, as permanent Chairman of this Convention, had the first opportunity to "sound the keynote" with which the voice of his party should accord. The address which he delivered on this occasion had as its dominant feature enthusiasm for reciprocity as the necessary accompaniment of an expansion of markets. With rhetorical emphasis he declared:

> The great problem of the hour is to find markets where the American people can sell their surplus. Daily that surplus grows. Factories are enlarging their plants, farmers are multiplying their products. The surplus! The surplus! Everywhere the surplus! Failure to sell that surplus means ruin. . . .
>
> All over the world, therefore, we seek new markets—seek to increase existing markets. One market for part of our surplus is at our doors, and to seize that market the Republican party will establish reciprocity with our wards in Cuba.
>
> If it is said that our reciprocity with Cuba is not broad enough, we answer that there must be a beginning, and from its results we can extend the policy if successful, modify it where defective, abandon it if advisable. The problem of reciprocity with the world is as delicate as the problem of supervising the commercial and industrial developments within the Republic itself. All business is adjusted to our system of protection. But protection exists for business, not business for protection. And, as it ceases to aid and begins to fetter the Nation's industry, our tariff must be modified; but the change must be made with knowledge, caution, judgment.

These declarations were received with an applause which indicates a change in party sentiment since 1888 that is little short of revolutionary. That year the whole emphasis of the campaign was upon the necessity of protecting the "home market" against the perils of increased foreign trade; this year there is demanded an emphasis upon the necessity of developing foreign markets in order to increase foreign trade. The platform adopted by the Convention was less radical than this speech, and contained several "weasel" words which made it susceptible of almost any interpretation; but the platform demanded "just and liberal reciprocal relations between the United States and Cuba," and favored "the extension of our markets through carefully guarded reciprocity arrangements with other countries whenever it can be done without interrupting our home production." In regard to the Philippines the platform urged that American sovereignty over them must be respected and absolute peace established, and that the people of the islands should be accorded "an increased participation in the administration of their domestic affairs, as they shall demonstrate intelligence and capacity for self-government." The gold standard was indorsed, but an attempt to secure the adoption of a plank which could be interpreted as an indorsement of bank asset currency was defeated. So, too, was an attempt to secure an indorsement of the Crumpacker resolution to investigate election laws and reduce Congressional representation in proportion to the reduction made in the number of qualified voters. There was a warm contest over both of these rejected planks, and there is some ground for the Hibernian statement that the most significant planks in the platform are the two it does not contain.

❀

The Philippines: The Moro War The situation as regards the island of Mindanao has greatly improved during the past week. We noted last week that General Chaffee was sending an expedition under the command of Colonel Baldwin to demand that the Moros who had killed two American soldiers should be given up, and that the attitude of the Moro chiefs, or dattos, appeared hostile. President Roosevelt, evidently hoping that something more might be done to exhaust the possibilities of a peaceful solution, early last week cabled to General Chaffee not to let the expedition leave the coast until further directions from Washington, adding, "If possible, avoid by all honorable means general war." General Chaffee in reply cabled that the expedition had already started and that such advance had been made that it would be difficult or dangerous to withdraw part of the forces, while to withdraw all the forces under the circumstances would severely damage American prestige. This view of things induced the President and War Department to cable to General Chaffee the further instructions that (bearing in mind the previous despatches and after exhausting all possible diplomatic and friendly methods to secure compliance with the demand for the Moro murderers) General Chaffee must act upon the lines that in his judgment would best serve to bring about peace and order, doing nothing to impair our prestige or imperil the army. Meanwhile the expedition under Colonel Baldwin had advanced toward the region occupied by the Lake Moros, and one of their forts, situated at Pulas, had been captured after slight resistance. Up to this time red flags had been flying over the Moro villages in the distance, but almost immediately after the forward movement which resulted in the capture of the fort these flags were replaced by white flags, and two or more of the Moro chiefs asked permission to confer with the American commander with a view to peace. Of course it may be that this is a subterfuge to gain time, but General Chaffee's despatches indicate a reasonable hope that the point at issue will be yielded and that American authority will be respected. The Outlook will publish next week an interesting article on the situation in Mindanao, the character of its people, and the possibilities as to future relations of our representatives with these Mohammedans, from the pen of Mr. Stephen Bonsal, who visited the island not many months ago.

❀

The Philippines: The Charges of Cruelty

The trial of General Jacob H. Smith by court martial, on charges of conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline, has begun in Manila. General Wheaton presides, and after the court assembled, its constitution, although not its personnel, was changed in order to make it subject to direct review by President Roosevelt himself—a most satisfactory indication that the President proposes to maintain direct, stringent, personal oversight of the entire investigation into the charges of cruelty. The counsel for General Smith at the outset stated that he was willing to admit that General Smith gave instructions to Major Waller to kill and burn, and make Samar a howling wilderness, that he wanted everybody killed capable of bearing arms, and that he did specify all over ten years of age, as the Samar boys of that age were equally dangerous with their elders. The accounts of the trial so far received by cable do not indicate precisely what General Smith's defense will be, although in one despatch, purporting to come from Manila, we find this statement: "General Smith will apparently plead justification as the basis of his defense, taking the ground that his action was justified by Military Order 100 and by historical precedents, including Sheridan's Shenandoah Valley campaign and Sherman's march to the sea." It is not impossible, however, that this statement may have been added in this country. No doubt the defense of General Smith will also bring into prominence the extreme state of excited feeling under which our forces in Samar were laboring because of the massacre at Balangiga of their comrades just before the Waller expedition was undertaken, and also because of the great number of cruelties practiced by the insurgents on natives friendly to our forces, and sometimes on our soldiers. The facts in regard to this phase of the general question were set forth quite recently by Mr. George Kennan in The Outlook.

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The Clarkson Appointment

In commenting last week on the appointment of Mr. James S. Clarkson as Surveyor of Customs of the Port of New York, The Outlook called it a questionable one, but expressed its confidence that there were reasons for the appointment which led the President to consider it to be a suitable one under the circumstances. A careful inquiry at Washington warrants us in believing that those who understand the President's attitude interpret his position with regard to Mr. Clarkson and the office that he now holds as follows: For obvious reasons the appointee to this office must be a man who is not in antagonism to the Republican party of the State of New York; he must also be a man of such training in administrative affairs that he can conduct his office efficiently; and he must be a man of absolute integrity. In the judgment of the President, Mr. Clarkson meets these three requirements. It is true that on the question of Civil Service Reform he and Mr. Roosevelt have been in vigorous opposition, *not to say collision*. But the office is not politically an important one, and Mr. Clarkson will be compelled to administer it on civil service principles. In commenting on the criticism which has been made of this appointment, the President is reported to have said, in his characteristic and telling fashion, "If I didn't appoint to office anybody except men whose civil service views agree with mine, I should have a very select crowd." The Outlook will always be outspoken in its condemnation of all municipal, State, or Federal appointments made for political effect only. But it must be remembered that the President of the United States is not only Chief Magistrate of the entire people, but is the chief representative of the great National party, whether it be Democratic or Republican, which has nominated him and whose votes have put him in office. The President, if he is to have an effective administration, must consult with the recognized leaders in National politics, provided that in such consultation he does not ignore the standards of character, efficiency, and honesty for which, as a matter of fact, no American statesman has been more jealous than Mr. Roosevelt. The President has not appointed Mr. Clarkson because of the latter's record as regards Civil Service Reform, but in spite of it. The chief objection to the appointment is that it does not represent the President's spirit and aims; it misinterprets them.

⁂

Panama or Nicaragua At last week's Cabinet meeting the propositions of the Colombian and the Nicaraguan Governments in connection with an Isthmian canal were discussed, and it was decided to submit them immediately to Congress. A comparison of the agreements made by the Department of State, on the one hand with the Government of Colombia regarding the Panama Canal, and on the other with the Governments of Nicaragua and Costa Rica regarding the Nicaragua Canal, shows a resemblance in scope, but differences in detail. The principal point of resemblance is the amount to be paid by our Government for the concession; in each case this is seven million dollars. If the Panama route should be chosen, Colombia would of course receive all this money; if the choice should fall on the Nicaraguan route, Nicaragua will receive six-sevenths and Costa Rica one-seventh. A notable difference in the protocols is that in the Colombian no provision is made for the payment of any annual rent. The seven million dollars also represents a rental of fourteen years, after which time the rental is to be fixed by mutual agreement or arbitration. The Nicaraguan protocol, however, specifically states the rent to be paid, thirty thousand dollars a year. The republics of Nicaragua and Costa Rica prefer to have the money paid yearly, as it is a continual assertion of their nominal sovereignty over the territory through which the canal may be cut. While they will not surrender sovereignty over this territory, they will lease it in perpetuity, as against the one-hundred-year renewable lease of the Colombian Government.

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The Price of Beef During April there was an unprecedented advance in the price of beef. The fact of the advance was realized in every household, but the extent of it was, as a rule, realized only by the relatively poor. Of the two grades of beef commonly quoted in the New York market the advance in the price of the better grade was from 18½ cents a pound to 20 cents—or eight per cent.; while the advance in the price of the cheaper grade was from 11¾ cents a pound to 14 cents—or nineteen per cent. The storm of protest which arose was naturally strongest among the working people, and central labor unions in various cities adopted vehement resolutions condemning the packing-house combinations as the cause of the advance, and calling upon the National authorities for the prosecution of the trust. In New York City the Central Labor Union seriously considered a resolution to boycott beef until relief from present exactions was secured. In reply to all these protests, which several great newspapers championed, the representatives of the packing-houses—supported, unfortunately, by the Secretary of Agriculture—declared that the advance in the price of meat was solely due to the decreased supply of fat cattle owing to the failure of the corn crop and the increased demand for meat owing to the high wages and full-time employment of the working people. For the slight advance in prices that had taken place before the first of April these causes offered a sufficient explanation. Indeed, "Dun's Review's" tables for that date showed that meats had risen in price rather less than other farm products. As compared with April 1, four years ago, breadstuffs had risen one-half and dairy and garden produce one-sixth, while the rise in meats was just one-third—or half-way between the other two. But for the sudden advance in April this reference to crop failure and prosperity is not sufficient, and the public protests rightly are not checked thereby.

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Action Against the Beef Trust

Fortunately, a Republican paper—the Kansas City "Journal," published at one of the great centers of the packing business—put the facts regarding the advance in the price of beef in a form which drove home the responsibility of the packing-house combination. In its issue of April 16 the "Journal" said:

> One year ago export steers sold in the Kansas City market for from $5.15 to $5.40 per 100 pounds; yesterday they sold from $6.75 to $7. . . . During the same time the Beef Trust has raised the wholesale price of beef from about $6.50 per 100 pounds to $10.50 per 100 pounds.
>
> While the amount it has had to pay for beef steers has increased from $1.40 to $1.60 per 100 pounds, it has raised the price of beef $4 per 100 pounds.

This comparison of prices is not quite fair to the packers, since nearly one-third of the steer they buy counts as relative waste. The advance of $1.50 a hundred pounds in the price of steers would justify an advance of a little over $2 in the price of dressed beef, but it would not justify an advance of $4. The manner in which the advance was accomplished was described by the "Journal" in the following words:

> The sales agents of the packers meet every week and agree upon a scale of prices for the next week. Any packer who cuts any price thus decided upon is subject to a fine. If it is suspected that any one of them has been cutting prices, they have an arbitrator who is authorized to go over the books for the purpose of determining whether the suspicion is well founded.

The "National Provisioner" published a pamphlet denying the existence of any illegal combination among the packing-houses, and declaring that their organization was for the purpose of preventing the sale of meat to butchers who do not pay their bills. There is no doubt that this innocent and legal purpose is attained through the packers' organization, but that it is not the only purpose held in view was admitted before the recent rise took place by Mr. Sulzberger, the President of one of the "big six" packing firms—Armour, Swift, Morris, Hammond, Cudahy, and Schwarzschild & Sulzberger. In an interview published in the New York "Evening Post" of April 1, Mr. Sulzberger was asked: "How about this alleged understanding not to compete at competitive points where two or more of the 'big six' have establishments, though any branch is permitted to take aggressive action against outsiders?" and replied: "Suppose we and another firm have branches in Yonkers, we two share the trade of the butchers there. Somebody else comes in. Wouldn't anybody try to keep his trade? Who would blame the people already there if they tried to tire the new man out?" By "tiring out" small competitors the combination is alleged to have obtained a practical monopoly of the meat trade in the cities; and by "co-operative buying," aided by railway rebates, it is alleged to have obtained a practical monopoly of the trade in live stock affecting the farmers; and the outcome of this practical monopoly at the present crisis is an advance in the price of dressed beef far exceeding the advance in the price of cattle. Fortunately for the country, the present Attorney-General is determined to enforce the provisions of the Anti-Trust Law, and on Thursday last, as a result of an investigation which he had ordered on April 4, he issued instructions to the United States District Attorney at Chicago to prepare a bill for an injunction against the members of the packing-house combination to prevent violations of the Sherman Act, which prohibits agreements to raise prices or restrain trade. Attorney-General Knox's action in the matter justifies the high regard for him which The Outlook has expressed from the first.

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The Steamship Merger

Last week was an interesting one for British shipping circles. The possibility that the ship merger would involve a transfer of balance of power to America caused anxiety among marine merchants and among naval men. To the first group, Mr. Gerald Balfour, President of the Board of Trade, said in the House of Commons that the effect of the "combine" on British shipping would certainly receive the careful attention of the Board; he added that the subsidized White Star Line steamers could not be transferred until the expiration of the present agreement.

To the second group Mr. Hugh Arnold-Forster, Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty, said that the status of vessels controlled by a foreign combination in time of war was now a special subject of the Admiralty's consideration. Other naval authorities pointed out that the old Inman Line steamers City of Paris and City of New York, now the American Line steamers Philadelphia and New York, after receiving $130,000 in subsidies, were transferred to the American flag; they contended that there is nothing to prevent a repetition of such an action. The inability of Parliament adequately to deal with the matter is mentioned by the London "Spectator," which says:

> It is idle to talk vaguely about the tyranny of trusts, and to propose prohibitive legislation. If the magnates offer sufficiently tempting prices, no act of Parliament ever devised can keep the willing buyer and seller apart. In our opinion, all that can be done is to allow natural forces to operate freely in buying and selling, but vigilantly to protect unwilling sellers from any attempt to coerce them into parting with their holdings.

The London "Chronicle" calls the situation novel, dangerous, and unparalleled in the history of the British navy. It believes that Congress will be unable to resist the influence which the combination can exert, and will alter the American shipping laws as it did for the Inmans. Most noteworthy of all is the criticism of the London "Times." While "we have," it says, "as a commercial and industrial community, fallen a little behind in the energy and efficiency with which we conduct affairs both public and private," another question connected with this remarkable operation is whether the business activity displayed in the United States is taking an altogether healthy and safe form. Great and surprising powers of conception and organization are certainly shown, and a marvelous measure of success has attended American efforts to concentrate and regulate railway and industrial activity, but the "Times" adds:

> We cannot wonder if some old-fashioned, cautious people are inclined to be uneasy when contemplating the huge proportions of the fabrics created. Expansion may be justifiable, and the American people present just now such an extraordinary spectacle of energy and ability in industry and commerce that many critics hesitate to apply to them the old standards of what is prudent to attempt largely on borrowed money.

The Broadway Tabernacle

Last Sunday the Broadway Tabernacle congregation of New York City worshiped for the last time in their present church edifice at Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street. The Broadway Tabernacle has been of great moment, not only in the religious but also in the political history of the metropolis, and even in that of the American Nation. The tabernacle from which the present church took its name stood years ago on the east side of Broadway near Worth Street, a structure built after the ideas of that famous evangelist, the Rev. Charles G. Finney. The auditorium was a hundred feet square; the pulpit was in the center, with the pews in circular rows. At a time when many churches set their faces against anti-slavery agitation, the Broadway Tabernacle was friendly to the negroes, and in a part of the auditorium seats were set aside for them. The Tabernacle's first pastor was the Rev. E. W. Andrews, who was followed by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, who held the pastorate until 1871. Under Dr. Thompson the Tabernacle occupied its most conspicuous place in our history. It had already been known as a place for the oppressed. It also became known as a meeting-place for all kinds of benevolent associations; among the men who spoke there were William Lloyd Garrison, Father Gavazzi, John B. Gough, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips, Louis Kossuth, Lyman and Henry Ward Beecher, E. P. Whipple, and Frederick Douglass. Some of the anti-slavery meetings in the Tabernacle were broken up by mobs, and Dr. Thompson was even shot at in his pulpit by a fanatic. The Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor was Dr. Thompson's successor, and was followed by the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Stimson, and he in turn by the present pastor, the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson. Dr. Jefferson has already outlined the ambitious plan of work upon which he expects to lead the church when it shall have taken possession of the new Tabernacle, to be built at Broadway and Fifty-sixth Street. Though the Thirty-fourth Street site was sold for more than a million dollars, Dr. Jefferson's plan of work will require more money than is in hand. After the payment of debts and the purchase of the new site, the sum in hand is about $775,000. If one-half be taken for the new building and one-half for endowment, each sum would be less than $400,000. The income of $400,000, conservatively estimated, would be from $12,000 to $16,000; but thirteen churches in New York City last year spent more than $40,000 each for parochial expenses. Hence Dr. Jefferson appeals for various funds to aggregate nearly half a million dollars; this sum, he says, "should not be too much for the Mother Congregational Church in New York in the greatest of the centuries."

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Leo XIII.'s Encyclical

The text of the Pope's latest encyclical was read in the Roman Catholic churches on Sunday of last week. It is apparently a summary of the eighty encyclicals issued during his reign. In the first place, it outlines the general character of his pontificate, incidentally showing the rare administrative genius as well as the inspiring spirit of the Pontiff. Leo XIII. thus refers to his own surprising vitality: "Having come to the twenty-fifth year of our apostolic ministry, and being astonished ourselves at the length of the way which we have traveled amidst painful and continual cares, we are naturally inspired to lift our thoughts to the ever-blessed God, who, with so many other favors, has deigned to afford us a pontificate the length of which has scarcely been surpassed in history;" the Pope then becomes the "old man eloquent" in expressing his resolve to fulfill to the utmost his great duties. After discussing the conditions against which the Church has struggled, he passionately attacks the special cause of grievance just now existing in Italy in the proposition by the State "to profane the marriage bond." We have already commented on this part of the encyclical, as telegraphed to this country. In addition Leo XIII. declares that, along with the family, "the political and social order is also in danger by doctrines which ascribe a false origin to authority, and which have corrupted the genuine conception of government." From these its sovereign authority is derived formally "from the consent of the people, and not from God, the Supreme and Eternal Principle of all power. It thus loses in the eyes of the governed its most august characteristic, and degenerates into an artificial sovereignty, which rests on unstable and shifting bases—namely, the will of those from whom it is said to be derived." The Pope then calls attention to the consequences of this error: "Our laws, instead of being sound reason formulated in writing, are but the expression of the power of the greater number and the will of the predominant political party."

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Anarchy and Godliness

The Pope declares that those who repudiate the Christian principles which have so efficaciously contributed to unite the nations in the bonds of brotherhood have caused to arise instead "a system of jealous egotism in consequence of which the nations now watch each other, if not with hate, at least with the suspicion of rivals." In their great undertakings they are losing sight of the lofty principles of morality and justice; they are forgetting the protection which the feeble and the oppressed have a right to demand. "In the desire by which they are actuated to increase their natural riches, they regard only the opportunity which circumstances afford, . . . sure that none will trouble them in the name of the right or the respect which right can claim." These circumstances have consecrated material power as the supreme law of the world. To them "is to be imputed the increase of military establishments, that armed peace which in many respects is equal to a disastrous war." The miserable condition, too, of a large part of the poorer classes, who assuredly merit our assistance, furnishes an admirable opportunity to the designs of scheming agitators, and especially of Socialist factions. The Pope gives the Socialists short shrift: they "hold out to the humbler classes the most extravagant promises and use them to carry out the most dreadful projects." From all this springs anarchy, "repudiating all union with society and cynically scoffing at law, religion, and morality;" the anarchists "make use of every means that a blind and savage passion can suggest. Who does not feel a thrill of horror, indignation, and pity at the remembrance of the many victims that of late have fallen beneath its blows, emperors, empresses, kings, presidents of powerful republics, whose only crime was the sovereign power with which they were invested?" For these conditions liberty, as it is now understood, is not a cure—that is to say, "a liberty granted *indiscriminately to truth* and to error, to good and to evil." Nor is public instruction a cure; because it may be instruction without religion and morality. The Pope sums up his opinion of the evil and the cure as follows: "Society in its foolhardy effort to escape from God has rejected the divine order and revelation; it has thus withdrawn from the salutary effects of Christianity, which is manifestly the most solid guarantee of order, the strongest bond of fraternity, and the inexhaustible source of public and private virtue. . . . Society must re-enter the pale of the Church if it wishes to recover its well-being, its repose, and its salvation."

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Methodist Affiliation The recent meeting of the joint Commission on federation of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, at Baltimore, marked a long step in the direction of the closer affiliation of these bodies. There seemed to be a fair chance that the deliberations of the Commission would be neither amicable nor profitable, owing to the strange and almost discourteous treatment which the report of the Commission, made in 1898, had received at the hands of the General Conference of the former Church in 1900. But satisfactory explanations were offered by the Methodist Episcopal Commissioners, and the work of the Commission proceeded in an entirely satisfactory manner. As a result it was decided to recommend the preparation of a common hymn-book, catechism, and order of public worship for both Churches; that measures be taken as soon as possible for the joint administration of the publishing interests in China and Japan; and that in foreign mission fields where both Churches are laboring co-operative administration is desirable as a means of lessening the expenditure of funds and preventing duplication and overlapping. Another important proposition which was adopted requests that the respective General Conferences enact provisions to the effect that where either Church is doing the work expected of Methodism the question of organization of new societies or the building of new churches shall be left to the decision of the presiding elders and the preacher in charge, subject to the approval of the bishop having jurisdiction. The Commission also recommended that some plan be devised by which a traveling preacher of an Annual Conference in either Church may be received into an Annual Conference of the other Church, retaining his credentials, without the formality of having his orders recognized. As the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South meets in Dallas, Texas, on May 7, and the report of the Commission will come before it for consideration, it will devolve upon that body to say what the next step in the direction of federation with the Methodist Episcopal Church shall be. In view of the fact, however, that the relations of the two Churches have never been more cordial, and that a sincere desire for closer affiliation is growing in both bodies, it is altogether likely that the action of the Commission will be ratified, and that a brighter and better era will soon dawn for American Methodism.

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Sunday-School Societies In the rush of emigration to the Northwest, greater this year than since 1882, the Sunday-School Societies experience an increased demand for activity. The seventieth annual report of the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society strikingly exhibits the function of such societies as mothers of churches. In many new settlements, visited at times by the itinerant missionary, the first permanent religious institution that is possible is a Sunday-school. This is supplied with Bibles, Bible lessons, and good reading, and in many cases grows, under judicious supervision, into a fully organized church. Of the 114 new churches reported in the Congregational Year-Book for 1901, 45 grew up in this way. In this work the Congregational Society employs some fifty missionaries and superintendents, and has organized nearly five hundred schools during the year, with an expenditure of over seventy thousand dollars. No department of home missionary work is more needful and more fruitful of good, redeeming many a community from utter irreligion and its attendant immorality. The profits from the publishing department of the Society go into its missionary work. A good sum has thus been added from the income of the "Congregationalist," whose subscription list, since its recent transfer to the Society, has become larger than ever before. An instructive contrast between 1835 and 1902 appears in the reports for these years. In the former all works of fiction are pronounced injurious; even a fictitious coloring given to matters of fact is proscribed as giving a book the pernicious character of a novel. The excellent Sunday-school libraries now furnished by the Society "touch life at every point," and include with books specifically religious "the best fiction, biography, travel, nature studies, etc."

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A Census of Sermons To secure an accurate account of the aims and characteristics of preaching in Unitarian churches a census was taken of the subjects, texts, and methods of the sermons preached on a given Sunday last autumn. The preachers received the letter of inquiry during the following week, and their returns comprised an account of over four hundred sermons. The Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D.D., President of the American Unitarian Association, issued the inquiry, and has analyzed the returns to show what Unitarian preaching really is. He finds, first, that of all these sermons "there is not a single discourse which can reasonably be called negative in spirit. . . . In varying degree, but with practical unanimity, each sermon is positive and constructive in spirit and in treatment. . . . Again, there is not one that by any stretch of language can be called sensational." Other characteristics specified are these: Definite and practical aims, not merely to get at the heart of the subject, but also at "the hearts and wills to whom the subject was to be the medicine of divine healing and grace." Next, a Scriptural foundation, almost without exception in Biblical texts, out of which these sermons are naturally developed, a large majority of the texts being from the New Testament. Again, "these sermons are prevailingly cheerful," showing "a wholesomeness of tone and buoyancy of spirit which well befit the messengers of 'the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God.'" These sermons are also "pre-eminently Christian. . . . A very large proportion of them are based distinctly upon the teachings of Jesus Christ." With these commendable traits Dr. Eliot candidly couples mention of "significant defects." "I get," he says, "from these Unitarian sermons the impression that the preachers are more fond of declaring that he who sows to the spirit will reap life everlasting than they are of declaring the equal truth that he who sows to the flesh will reap corruption." Such preaching "assumes virtue, and is inclined to be blind to the tragedy of sin." With this exception Dr. Eliot finds these sermons covering the field of experience, and exhibiting in due proportion the different aspects of truth, uniting the personal and spiritual with the public and social, the present life with the life eternal. In some of them, however, he finds the structure better than the material, and "the effrontery of mediocrity" not altogether absent. In the various classes which he distinguishes, the ethical and practical constitute nearly one-fourth of the whole number, and sermons on the religious life nearly one-half. In his analysis of this largest group, Dr. Eliot finds reason to regard Unitarianism in its central character as a movement toward a profounder consciousness of the life of God in the soul. The result of his inquiry certainly corrects some current impressions. Copies may be obtained by addressing the American Unitarian Association, Boston.

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The Southern Educational Conference

[Editorial Correspondence]

The fifth annual Conference for Education in the South began, so far as many of the Northern delegates were concerned, with a very charming prelude in the hospitality of Mr. Robert C. Ogden, who entertained a large company of friends, not at his home, but in a beautifully appointed special train, where they had all the comforts of an ample house and opportunities for delightful companionship; for Mr. Ogden's guests included a representative group of men and women whose interests are manifold, and who furnished all the elements of congenial companionship.

This company came face to face with one of the most interesting educational experiments in the country at Hampton, which was never more beautiful to the eye than on the soft spring day, the foliage in the earliest green, the air full of balm and fragrance, the encircling waters quiet, and the large educational community wearing an air of festive expectancy.

Hampton is one of the educational institutions which instantly explain and justify themselves to the visitor. It is only necessary to go through the shops, the domestic science building, the trades buildings, to look at the farm, and to spend half an hour in some of the recitation-rooms, to note the fastidious cleanness which seems to be wrought into the very fiber of the work, the background, the habits of the Institute, to be convinced that the work done at Hampton is as skillful an adaptation of educational material and instruments to racial conditions and needs as has been made in the history of education. The Commencement exercises were of peculiar interest to many visitors who were not familiar with Hampton, because every student address made by man or woman, by Indian or Negro, was characterized by simplicity and directness and pervaded by the note of cheerful and honest work. These addresses were admirably supplemented at the close by a speech by Governor Montague, who planted himself squarely on an educational programme for the commonwealth of Virginia, recalling Jefferson's magnificent plan for a universal education, and giving his own unqualified allegiance to it. President Alderman, of Tulane University, followed with a speech which was characteristically eloquent, pointed, and interesting, full of the hope of the new educational movement in the South. An address with special reference to the graduating class was made by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie.

On the evening of the same day, in the spacious rooms of the historic Executive Mansion at Richmond, Governor and Mrs. Montague received the visitors from the North with charming Southern hospitality, and later in the evening, in a few well-chosen words, the Governor reaffirmed, as the definite policy of his administration, the education of all people of every age, without reference to race, color, creed, or condition. A number of addresses were made on behalf of the guests by Mr. Ogden, Bishop McVickar, Dr. Page, Dr. Shaw, Mr. Villard, Dr. Talcott Williams, Mr. Mabie, and others.

On Thursday afternoon the visitors reached Athens, Ga., where they were received with open-handed and open-hearted hospitality, and became the guests of the citizens of the old university town. The educational capital of the State is a characteristic Southern community of the older type—a small city, with broad and well-shaded streets, with spacious homes, many of them recalling, and some of them preserving, the colonial architectural traditions. The University, which last year celebrated its one hundredth anniversary, forms the nucleus of a society which has always been representative of the culture and social charm of the South.

The sessions of the Conference were held on Thursday and Friday in the chapel of the University, and on Saturday at the State Normal School and the Lucy Cobb Institute. The attendance of the delegates was much the largest in the history of the Conference, every Southern State being represented, and almost every Southern institution of note and prominence, from the oldest university to the most recently organized public schools. It was impossible to look into the faces of the delegates, to talk with them, and to hear their addresses, without being impressed by the fact that there has been born in the South a great new movement for education along democratic lines, a propaganda for the uplifting of the masses by the diffusion of educational opportunity in all parts of the country.

The Conference was organized only four years ago at Capon Springs in West Virginia, where a number of gentlemen from the North and the South met for informal discussion of Southern educational needs and conditions. The time was auspicious, for scattered throughout the South were able and aspiring men in the colleges, normal schools, and public schools who felt that the hour had come for a new educational movement, a fresh definition of educational aims, and the union of educational effort for an educational advance along the whole line.

These men were typical Southerners of the finest type—well trained, in dead earnest, and full of that power of enthusiasm which is one of the sources of charm and strength in the Southern character. They had also the marked social instinct of the Southerner; they were drawn together by a common purpose, and they felt the need of companionship for definiteness of aim, for the encouragement which comes from the consciousness that one is working, not in isolation, but with the sympathy and fellowship of a multitude. It would be impossible to collect a more robust, wholesome, attractive group of men than the Southern teachers who sat in the Conference at Athens; men who showed not only the impress of their training, but, in their responsiveness and the grasp of their hands, that high capacity for enthusiasm which is essential to all great popular movements.

Many of them had come out of great tribulation. They had been working for years in communities in which, by reason of adverse conditions, there was small knowledge of educational matters and still smaller interest in them. They had fought their way alone, slowly explaining their aim and convincing the people with whom they had to deal of the need of new facilities and of a broader idea of the place of the school in a democratic community. In that struggle many of them have become leaders; men like Dr. Alderman, Dr. Dabney, of the University of Tennessee, Dr. McIver, of the Normal College at Greensboro, N. C., Mr. E. C. Branson, Principal of the State Normal School at Athens—to select a little group of representative names from many which ought to be enumerated. These men are not only experts in modern educational methods, but they are familiar with local conditions, with the needs of their communities, and with the measures that must be taken to meet those needs. They have not only been teachers of pupils, but they have been teachers of parents, of legislatures, of officials of the State, and they will become the teachers of the whole section, with a message to the Nation at large.

Many topics were discussed at the several sessions of the Conference, but every topic was vitally related to the two great objects of the Southern Board and of the Conference—the awakening of public interest throughout the South, and the advancement and extension of public-school opportunities until education is within reach of every boy and girl in the South, without reference to color. The Hon. Hoke Smith struck one of the keynotes of the Conference in the title of his address, "Popular Education as the Primary Policy of the South;" Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, one of the most interesting men in the public life of the country, and one of the leaders of the New South, struck another keynote in his very effective plea for a generous support of popular education by the taxpayers; Dr. McIver, of the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College, one of the leaders of the new movement, Dr. Alderman, President Dabney, the Hon. H. St. G. Tucker, of Virginia, Dr. Albert Shaw, of New York, Professor Farnam, of Yale, Dr. Felix Adler, Mr. William H. Baldwin, Jr., of New York, the Hon. H. Hugh Hanna, of Indianapolis, and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, were heard at different sessions on different aspects of the single problem of the education of Americans as a National need for the sake of higher citizenship.

It was significant that not a single note of retrogression was heard in any speech, and that all the notes of progress were emphatically applauded. Every Southern speaker dwelt on the necessity of the broadest educational opportunities for both races, and this sentiment never failed to meet with instant response. Every reference to the new relations between the North and the South was more than sympathetically received; and, by an act as just as it was generous, the Southern Board, at its session on Saturday, the Memorial Day throughout the South, announced an unconditional gift of fifty scholarships for the benefit of the State Normal School, and the gift of fifty additional scholarships conditioned on a similar gift from the State, and, in recognition of the memories of the day, a gift to the Normal School of the balance still needed to complete the library, which is to be known as the Winnie Davis Memorial Hall. This action of the Board was so fine an interpretation of the best

Northern feeling and the most far-reaching Northern statesmanship that its significance was instantly recognized, and the announcement was received with a depth of feeling and a responsiveness thoroughly characteristic of the generous and warm-hearted Southern nature.

The movement which found expression in the sessions of the Southern Educational Conference is National in its character. It has taken hold of the South as nothing has taken hold of it since the war; it is destined, in the judgment of those who watched it most closely, to become a movement of tidal breadth and depth. It is a movement not only for the betterment of a great section, but for the knitting of closer ties between all sections.

H. W. M.

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Has He a Chance?

There are conditions and happenings in life so tragical and baffling that it is worse than idle either to minimize or evade them. Such knowledge as we have sheds little light upon them, and any attempt to explain them is futile. They plainly are not to be explained at this stage of our experience; that is perhaps the one definite thing that we can know about them. Such a problem is suggested by the question of a correspondent, whether "the child of a prostitute and of a drunken father, whom the doctors did not dare to touch at its birth without putting on gloves, has a fair chance to become true, noble, and generous?"

This question brings before the mind a whole group of human beings born under conditions which seem to condemn them from the very beginning to misery, shame, and perdition. Such phases of life cannot be made tolerable, nor can the problems they present be solved by an easy optimism. They go to the very root of faith, and sometimes, in the most sensitive and conscientious, they cut that root.

One solution of such problems has been sought by limiting the power of God; by conceding great space to the dominion of evil; by accepting a partial redemption of the human race, the putting forth of a lifeboat and the saving of a few while the great mass go down in final and eternal wreck. Such solutions substitute for a group of individual problems, full of misery and terror, a universal problem so full of horror that it may be doubted if those who accept the solution realize what it involves. It is incredible because it deepens the mystery and spreads the darkness over the whole race; it is incredible because it puts a universal injustice in place of sporadic and exceptional instances of apparent injustice. It is, in fact, a modified form of atheism. To believe in God is to believe in a supreme and responsible power, not in a divided authority. Such explanations explain nothing; they intensify the darkness.

In any world in which men and women are made responsible for their deeds in order that they may become moral creatures, effect must follow cause, and the sin of the father must fall on the child. No one stands alone, and human acts are rarely confined in their results to the person who acts. This is the universal fact constantly appearing in every human experience. If life is to mean anything, have any moral qualities, present any educational opportunities, it must be free; and if it is free, it must be full of the consequences of misdoing as well as of right action. It is the moral order of the world that makes these tragedies inevitable; because there is a God, sin must be vile in itself and horrible in its fruits. The very vileness of the fruit of sin is a disclosure of the immutable righteousness of God. The moral order of the world is a massive foundation under the feet of faith: in a world in which sin never, by any possibility, goes unpunished, no matter how long the sinner may escape detection at the hands of his fellows; in which the evil thought, the cruel impulse, the unrighteous act, instantly and invariably react on the character and leave their record there—in such a world a man may build, not only on the existence of God, but on His immutable righteousness. This foundation is under his feet; can he ask for anything more? He looks forward to an unbroken and eternal life; can he expect and ought he to ask to understand all the aspects of that life at any given point? If one is on a long journey, does he expect to see at every step his destination? Does he expect anything more than that he should have a solid road under his feet? Is not the existence of such a road all the evidence he has a right to ask that it will bring him to a worthy place?

For many centuries men have been studying the world about them. They have searched the heavens, penetrated the earth, mastered the seas, laid hold upon great forces, and opened sources of incalculable wealth. They have gone much further and deeper; they have opened the leaves of the book of nature and uncovered the history of the past. They have found, not a series of curious and isolated adjustments, but a sublime order of growth, a marvelous upward movement, a vast unfolding from seed to fruit, an ascending creation slowly moving up until it culminates in man, the crown, the key, and the interpreter of it all. They have discovered definite movement in the universe, and they have determined the direction of that movement. Is it not enough to discern the presence of God in the universe and his will expressed in its upward movement? So long as we know that we are not living in a world fashioned by chance, but in a world which obeys in every invisible atom a sublime law of growth, can we expect to comprehend all the details of movement from moment to moment? If I can be assured that there is definite direction in the march of force and form and phenomena, and that the movement is beneficent, is my faith to be shaken by every apparent detail of indifference to human need, every apparent cruelty in the operation of natural force? Must God take me into his counsels and explain to me from moment to moment what he is doing? If he did, I must cease to be man and he must cease to be God.

Moral order in the world of man without break or flaw—for the violation of that order by men only serves to reveal its certain action, sin being instantly punished *in* the sinner, not *outside* of him in some external penalty; and an order of growth in nature slowly ascending until it discloses itself in the spiritual consciousness of man: these furnish an immovable foundation under our feet because they establish not only the being but the righteousness of God. Justice is a great element of righteousness, and, speaking reverently, there are obligations from God to man as well as from man to God. Brought into this world without any volition of his own, man has a right to a chance to choose what he will be and whither he will go. That is a matter of plain, elementary justice. Can we not trust that to the justice of the Infinite? Can we expect, in the vastness and complexity of life which God sees as a whole in the clear revelation of eternity, while we get only fleeting, confused, momentary glimpses of it, that every detail of this mysterious existence, the problem of every individual life, shall be explained to us? Is the mystery of life so slight that we can penetrate it? If so, life must be on a human, not a divine, scale. If there is to be no mystery, there can be no infinity of thought and love and power behind and about us, no eternity enfolding us, no sublime order of growth bearing us forward to ends which we cannot conceive, so great and glorious are they. If this world were of man's making and this life were of man's ordering, we could understand them in all their detail; they are enveloped in mystery because, coming from God, they are too vast for our comprehension. A child does not understand Plato; shall the child therefore declare that there is no order of thought, no beauty of imagination, no revelation of the spirit of man in the Dialogues? A child does not comprehend the Ninth Symphony rising to a sublime height in the Hymn to Joy; shall he therefore take it upon himself to deny the law of harmony, co-ordinating a mass of sounds, in Beethoven's great creation? It is enough for us to know that God is; if he could explain himself to us, he would not be God.

It is precisely in the terrible and inexplicable problems presented by such individual cases as that suggested by our correspondent that the discernment of a general and beneficent order in the universe, the presence of an immutable righteousness, ought to be kept clearly in mind. Those problems are often horribly tragic, and it is cowardly to try to lessen their blackness and idle to try to evade them; they are to be looked full in the face, and the sadness they bring with them ought to move and affect us. But they ought never to be studied in detachment; they ought never to be separated from the vast movement of which they are part; they ought always to be looked at in true perspective; they ought always to be studied as details of a vast order.

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We cannot explain, at times we cannot bear, the misery they disclose, the unfathomable mystery of future destiny they seem to suggest; but is there not a great power working in history, is there not a great movement discernible in Nature, is there not a sublime moral order embedded in the very structure of man's nature? If these facts are clear, have we a right to expect to understand every part of the movement at every moment? Are not these individual problems precisely the points at which we should expect to be left in darkness? Are not these the details which cannot be explained to us? Is it not at these points that a rational faith, based on the discernment of the presence of God in his world, finds its field and does its work? Shall we, catching but a glimpse of life in a fleeting moment, sit in judgment on that which is so vast that eternity alone can make room for its working out?

The details of the plan, the working out of the movement as it touches individual lives, cannot be understood from moment to moment, not because they are inexplicable, but because they are part of an order too great for our comprehension. Speaking reverently, God cannot make us understand them, but he has made us understand the feeling and purpose behind them. A boy once went to Dr. Arnold and complained of certain lessons which were very difficult and of which he could not see the uses. The great teacher put his arm about the boy and said to him: "I cannot make you understand now of what use these things will be to you, but you know that I am your friend?" There could be but one answer to that question. "Well, as your friend, who knows what you are going to need when you are older, I want you to learn these lessons." The boy went away satisfied although no specific explanation had been given him. In like manner spoke Christ. "I cannot make you understand misery and sorrow and denial and death," he said in effect to the race for whom he died; "but I can show you what the heart of God is toward you; and if you see that, can you not trust and wait?" He came to those who seemed to have no chance; to the sick, the blind, the dumb, the smitten; he was the friend of the outcast and the sinner; he, whose garments were all whiteness, was not afraid of the vileness; he alone stood in the blackness of the tomb and was sublimely indifferent to its gloom. This was the feeling of God towards us put into speech which men can understand. Is it not enough?

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Concerning Christian Enthusiasm

Zeal without knowledge, often condemned, is more valuable than knowledge without zeal, often commended; for zeal without knowledge inspires life, and life acquires knowledge; but knowledge without zeal sits in its study, plays with its books, and does nothing. All the greatest things in life have been accomplished by enthusiasts whose zeal was greater than their knowledge. If Moses could have anticipated the forty years of wandering in the wilderness and the solitary death on the mountain-top, he would never have undertaken his mission; if Isaiah could have foreseen the long march of the centuries that must precede the realization of his dream of a redeemed world, he would never have had the courage to speak; if Paul could have anticipated the centuries that were to elapse before his gospel of freedom and love would find acceptance even in the Church, he would hardly have ventured on his undertaking. In these and kindred cases it is because the zeal transcended the knowledge that the leaders were great.

But the enthusiasm that accomplishes anything must be a working enthusiasm. It is easy to keep company with the brass band and cheer with the flag; that only is valuable patriotism which endures the camp, the battlefield, and the hospital. Sonnets by the poetical husband to his wife may gladden her heart, but practical service in lightening her burdens is worth more. The piety which effervesces in prayer-meeting exhortations is not Christlike piety. Work without enthusiasm is drudgery, but enthusiasm without work is sentimentalism.

Three elements are necessary to real success in life: a great work undertaken, a great enthusiasm undertaking it, and a great end kept steadily in view. Christianity furnishes all three.

It calls us to a great work. Christianity is doing something, not primarily thinking something, not primarily feeling something; primarily doing something. What is religion? Doing justly—that is, doing something; loving mercy—that is, doing something it is doing mercifully; walking humbly with God—that also is doing something, doing something in companionship with him. To be a Christian is to be doing Christ's work in Christ's way. It is endeavoring to make this world a happier, wiser, and purer world. It is comforting the sorrowing, alleviating the condition of the wretched, educating the ignorant, inspiring the discouraged, lifting the burdens of those who are overburdened by them.

But it is more than this, it is doing this work of service, not for the sake of reward, nor under fear of penalty, but inspired by a great enthusiasm. Our enthusiasms cluster about individuals. Love for our fellow-men is first of all love for individual men. He is a poor philanthropist who has not found a wife, a husband, a child, a friend, whom he loves with special affection. As love, so every form of enthusiasm centers around individuals. We admire, not heroism in the abstract, but General Grant; not statesmanship in the abstract, but Abraham Lincoln; not patriotism in the abstract, but George Washington. And this is right, because what is admirable is character, and character is quality in action, quality personified, quality doing something. It is not quality we revere, but being. So the enthusiasm of the Christian Church gathers around One who dares say, Follow me; who dares say, A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you; who dares offer himself as a pattern for a universal example, a leader for a universal following. The enthusiasm of the Christian Church gathers around the incarnate Christ because in the incarnate Christ all those qualities which men most admire are visible in action—heroism, gentleness, courage, love of country, pity for the poor, compassion for the sorrowing—all the strong, masculine, virile virtues, all the tender feminine virtues, radiant in the one person.

Christian enthusiasm is first of all reverence, adoration, love, for the Christ; and, secondly, this reverence, this adoration, this love, inspiring us to follow where he leads, to share in his work, to desire to be like him. For this Christian enthusiasm is not for a martyred hero, but for a living leader. Christians believe, or profess to believe, that he is risen, is living, is dwelling among us, is leading us here and now; that he weeps tears over the destruction of a nation which is undermining its own character by its corruption; that he looks with infinite compassion upon the suffering of men, and with infinite indignation upon those who cause the suffering of others by their own covetousness and greed; that he fights against the evils which he hated then, heroic to dare and to suffer as he dared and suffered then, eager to inspire with his spirit and lead in his paths those who will follow him, as he was eager then. It is this faith in a Christ who was and is and is to be that inspires his Church with an enthusiasm which no difficulties can daunt and no disasters can entirely discourage.

Christianity, which thus summons to a great work and inspires with a great enthusiasm, keeps ever before us a great end. That end is described by an ancient enthusiast in the words, "The kingdoms of this earth shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." Nothing less than this is the end of Christian enthusiasm. It aims to make out of the present kingdoms, with all their corruptions, their superstitions, their ignorance, their cruel competitions, their rivalries and contentions, their slothfulnesses and idlenesses, a kingdom wherein dwelleth righteousness, a kingdom of universal joy and universal peace, a kingdom of heaven on the earth. It is for this purpose, and inspired with confident assurance, that we band ourselves together to fight corruption in politics, dishonesty in business, appetite and lust in society, hypocrisy and false pretense in the Church. With this end in view, called to this work, inspired by this enthusiasm, we are as undaunted amid discouragements as Moses by the obstruction of the Red Sea, as Isaiah by the poverty of Israel and the wealth and power of Babylon, as Paul by the perils from the heathen and the apathy of his own Christian brethren. Without enthusiasm the Church, no matter how wise, will be weak. With enthusiasm the Church may still be very imperfect, may even be fanatical, but it will be efficient. If the

Church is not only to be but also to do, its most essential virtue must be enthusiasm—the virtue which men least delight to praise.

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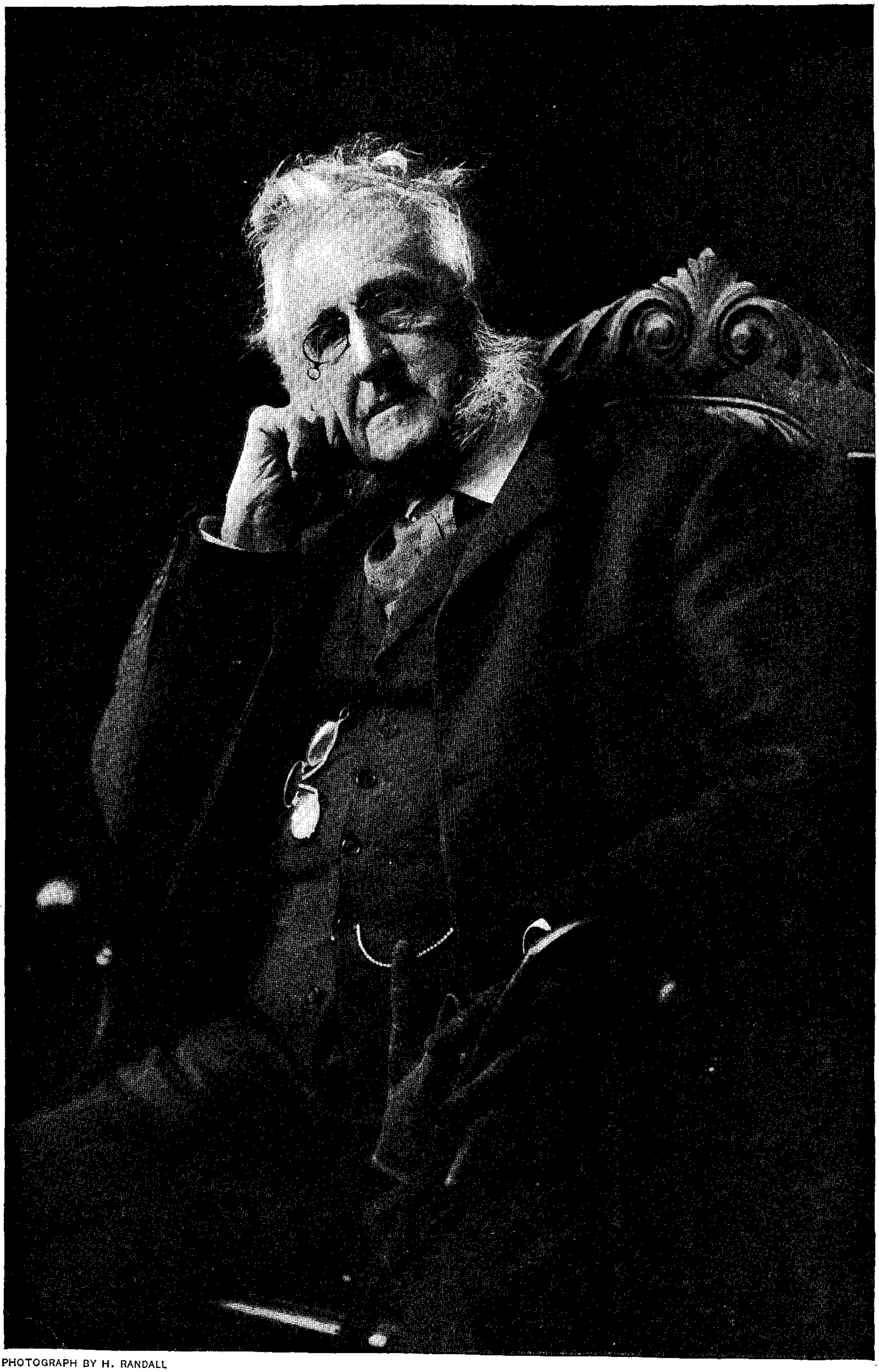
Ik Marvel

The announcement that "Ik Marvel" has passed his eightieth birthday will come with a shock of surprise to those who have associated that charming writer with the hope, the sentiment, and the idealism of youth. It was his good fortune to secure the ardent loyalty of young men thirty years ago and more. His "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life" were among the books one was sure to find on the undergraduate's table; they were among the books to which one could safely make reference in an address to students with the assurance that his allusion would be understood. "Ik Marvel" was a writer of the heart. He belonged to literature before it had been weighed down by modern problems and had taken upon itself the solution of the painful enigmas of modern life.

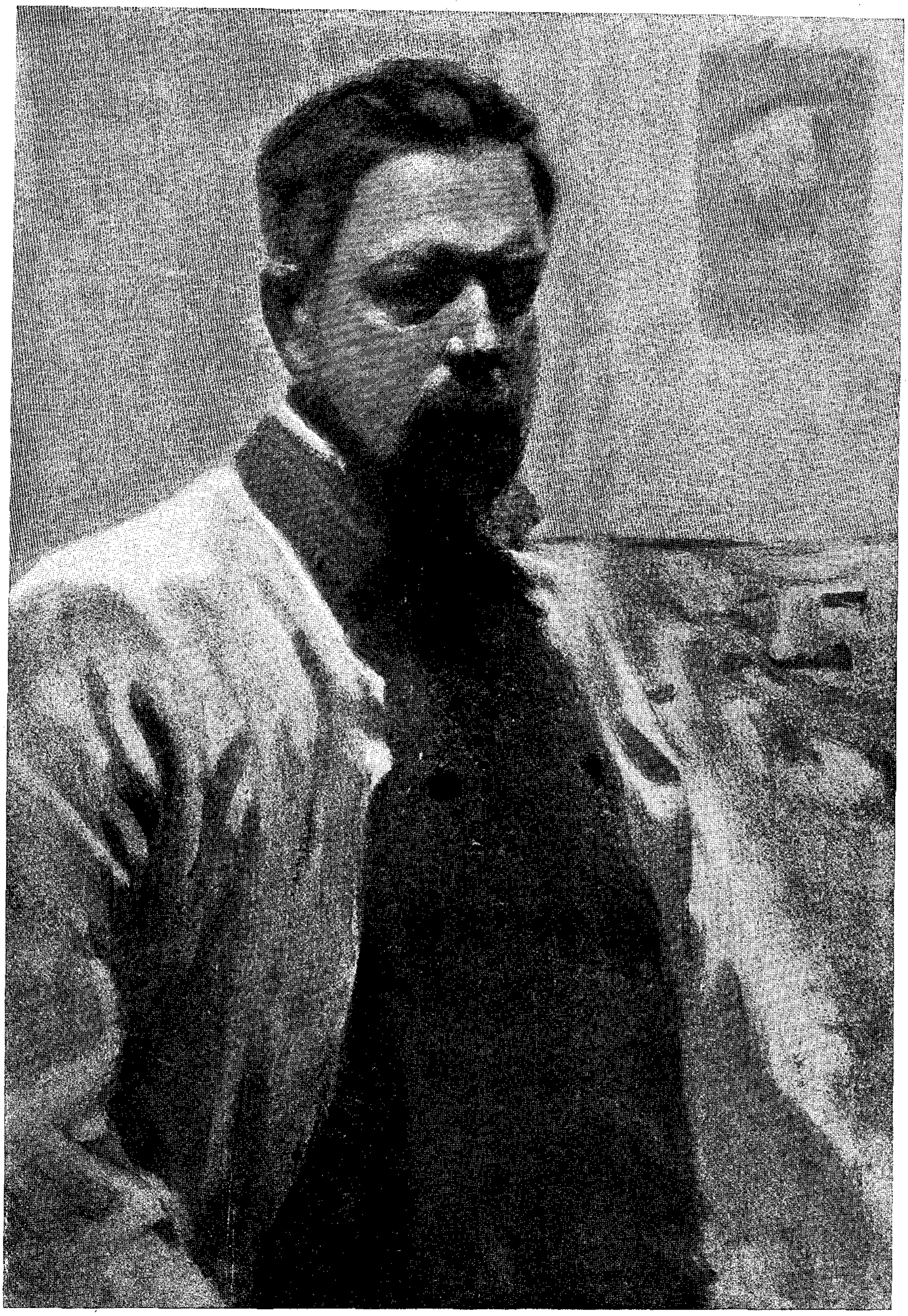
Mr. Mitchell has always been a lover of books for their own sake; a born man of letters, with the gift of style, the sense of humor, the feeling for atmosphere; one who, like Steele, Lamb, and Irving, was concerned with the art of expressing the more generous side of human experience, of enriching human thought, and of adding to the joy of human life rather than with the didactic statement of truth or the enforcement of any particular view. In his work, as in that of so many of the older English writers and in that of the best French writers, the personal note is struck with the utmost distinctness. Temperament, individual quality, sentiment, humor, and the charm of style are the chief elements in "Ik Marvel's" writing. They give that writing an old-fashioned flavor, and, as one reads it to-day, an old-fashioned quaintness and simplicity of emotion; for this generation has far less courage of emotion than the generation which read for the first time "The Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life," and was not afraid to have generous dreams. To-day men hide their emotions, and are not even willing to let people know how good they really are. Dr. Mitchell has always been interested in books and nature. Semi-invalidism in early life drove him into the country, and he overcame a tendency to pulmonary disease by fresh air and out-of-door occupations and habits. His literary instincts and tastes were disclosed in his undergraduate days, when he was editor of the "Yale Literary Magazine." After graduation he wrote for the papers of the day, and his first book, "Fresh Gleanings," was published in 1848; so that "Ik Marvel" has been before the public no less than fifty-four years. "My Farm at Edgewood," which came out a considerable interval after the publication of "The Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life," may now be read as a kind of prelude to Mr. Mitchell's later career, which has been spent at "Edgewood," at the outskirts of New Haven, in a privacy which of late years has rarely been sacrificed, in spite of many invitations and temptations. In winter, when the trees are bare, Mr. Mitchell is able to see the University of which he is one of the most conspicuous graduates; and the changes in its grouping of buildings and its personnel are doubtless for him a kind of personal record of the immense changes that have taken place since he first put pen to paper. The applause which greeted him at the bicentennial celebration last October had in it a tinge of old romance, which made it different from the recognition awarded to any other man on that occasion. In his quiet age, devoted to books, to nature, to meditation, to the ties and kinships of family life, "Ik Marvel" still has the affection of the men who in their youth shared his dreams and were touched by his aspirations.

Mr. Mitchell has always been an engaging figure. Those who have heard him in his few appearances of late years have been charmed by the urbanity of his manner, the picturesqueness of his face, the refinement of his voice, and that delightful style which carries one back to the days when burdens were not so heavy and problems not so many. Mr. Mitchell has tasted the sweets of popular success; he has had the affection and friendship of the foremost American men of letters of his time; he is passing a serene old age in peace and honor. Few men have been more fortunate.

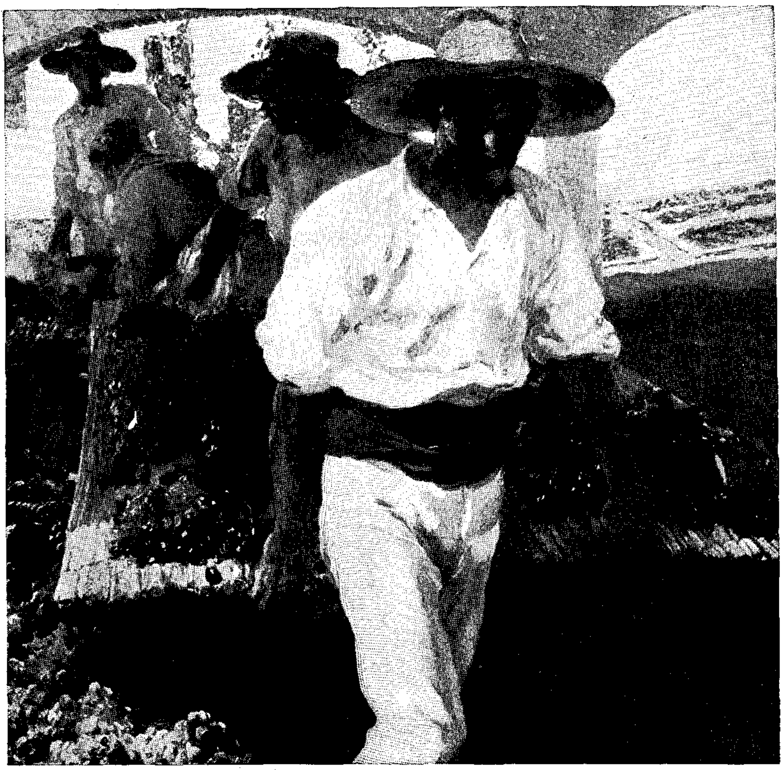


PHOTOGRAPH BY H. RANDALL

DONALD G. MITCHELL
("Ik Marvel.")



JOAQUIN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA
By himself.



THE SCALDING OF GRAPES

SOROLLA

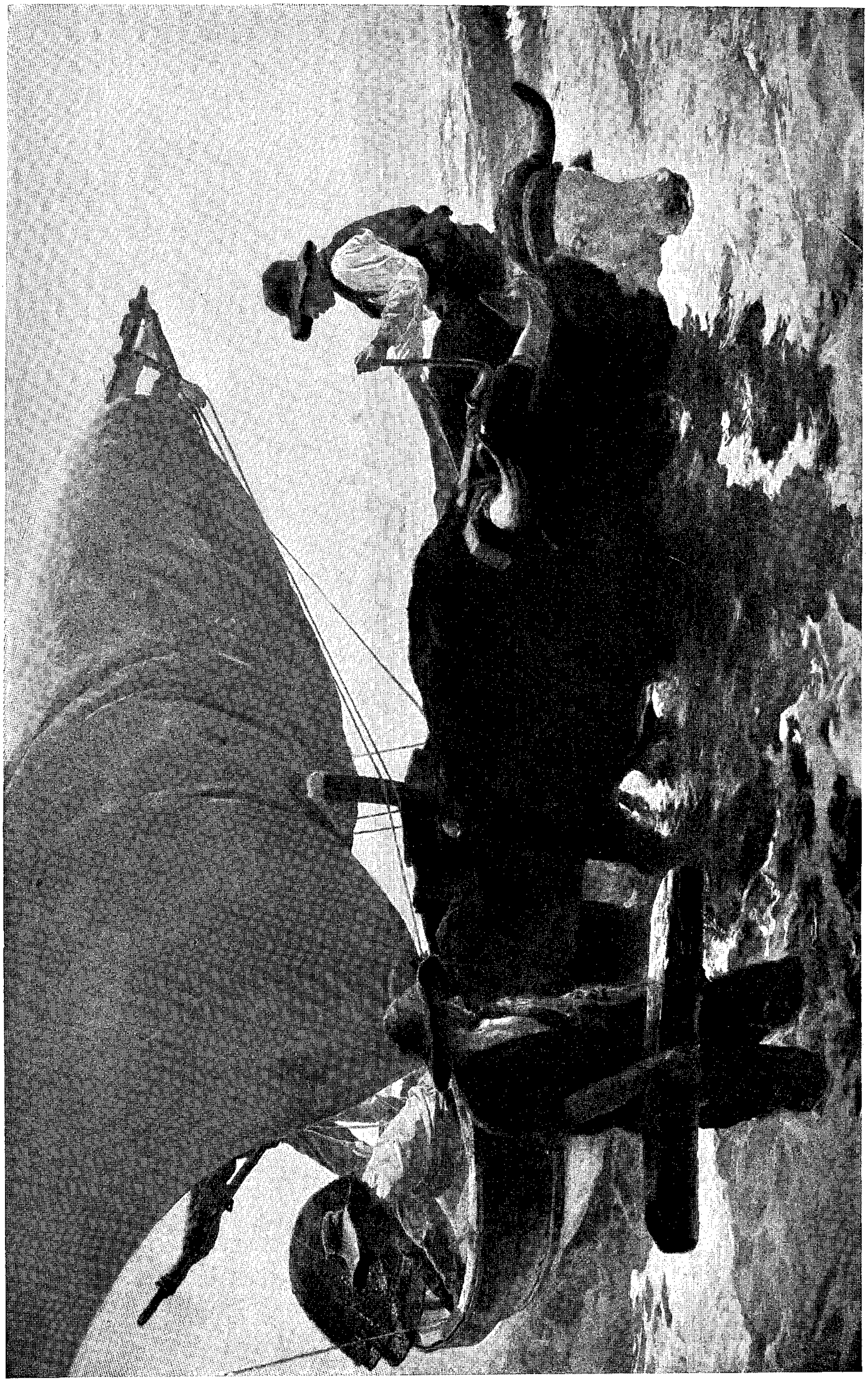
A GREAT SPANISH PAINTER OF TO-DAY

BY CADWALLADER WASHBURN

A PUPIL OF SOROLLA

ILLUSTRATED FROM PAINTINGS AND ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY THE ARTIST

THE first thing to strike one in Spanish painting is the expression of realism. Every true Spaniard working in art closely observes nature. He adopts the actual forms existing around him in actual nature. He may select one part here and another there, but he is sure to blend all into a work of realistic imagination. Thus the masterpieces of Spanish painting always profoundly impress visitors to Madrid or Seville. Spanish masters never aimed at producing mere beauty or mere dignity by simply generalizing what they saw, and then clothing it in forms of their own selection. Monotony is not found in the transcripts of life by the classic Spanish painters; but among the moderns there seems to be a certain resemblance of one to another in point of realistic style. This, together with a strong evidence of nationality, rather affects the values of other and necessary qualities. Welcome exceptions to this rule are found here and there among contemporary painters. While perhaps the most strongly marked of these exceptions is Señor Joaquin Sorolla, it is true that the national stamp of Spain rests on all his pictures; and it is also true that in them we read the individual influences of three great Spanish predecessors, Velasquez, Ribera,



THE WOOD-GATHERERS

Goya. The influence of Velasquez is noted when we consider treatment and generalization; Ribera's, in the departments of contrast and tonality; Goya's, in color.

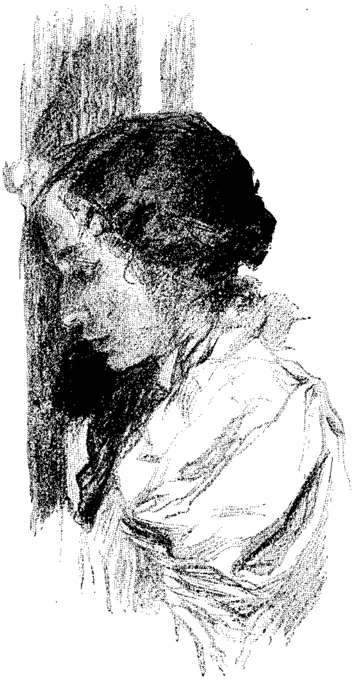
But first a word about the man, and next a word about his work.

Joaquin Sorolla was born in Valencia in 1863. Before he attained his third year, cholera broke out and carried away his parents among its victims. Fortunately, both he and his sister, the only remaining members of the family, were received into the home of Don José Piqueles and Doña Isabel Bastida, their uncle and aunt—thus the origin of the painter's familiar signature, Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida. Though born in Valencia, Aragonese and Catalonese blood flows in his veins: his father first saw the light in Aragon, and his mother was the daughter of Catalans.

The uncle and aunt sent Joaquin to the normal school at Valencia, hoping that he would there receive a liberal education; but he displayed no great aptitude in study. Instead, he evinced an irresistible inclination for art. He would fill his school-books with figures and sketches of whatever he saw. His protectors, finally realizing the futility of keeping him longer at school, placed him in the hands of a locksmith to learn a trade. We now find young Sorolla spending his days at the forge, but passing his evening hours in drawing and painting at the School of Art of his native town. His true vocation in life was made emphatically clear when, at the close of the first year of his attendance, he carried off every prize offered by the school.

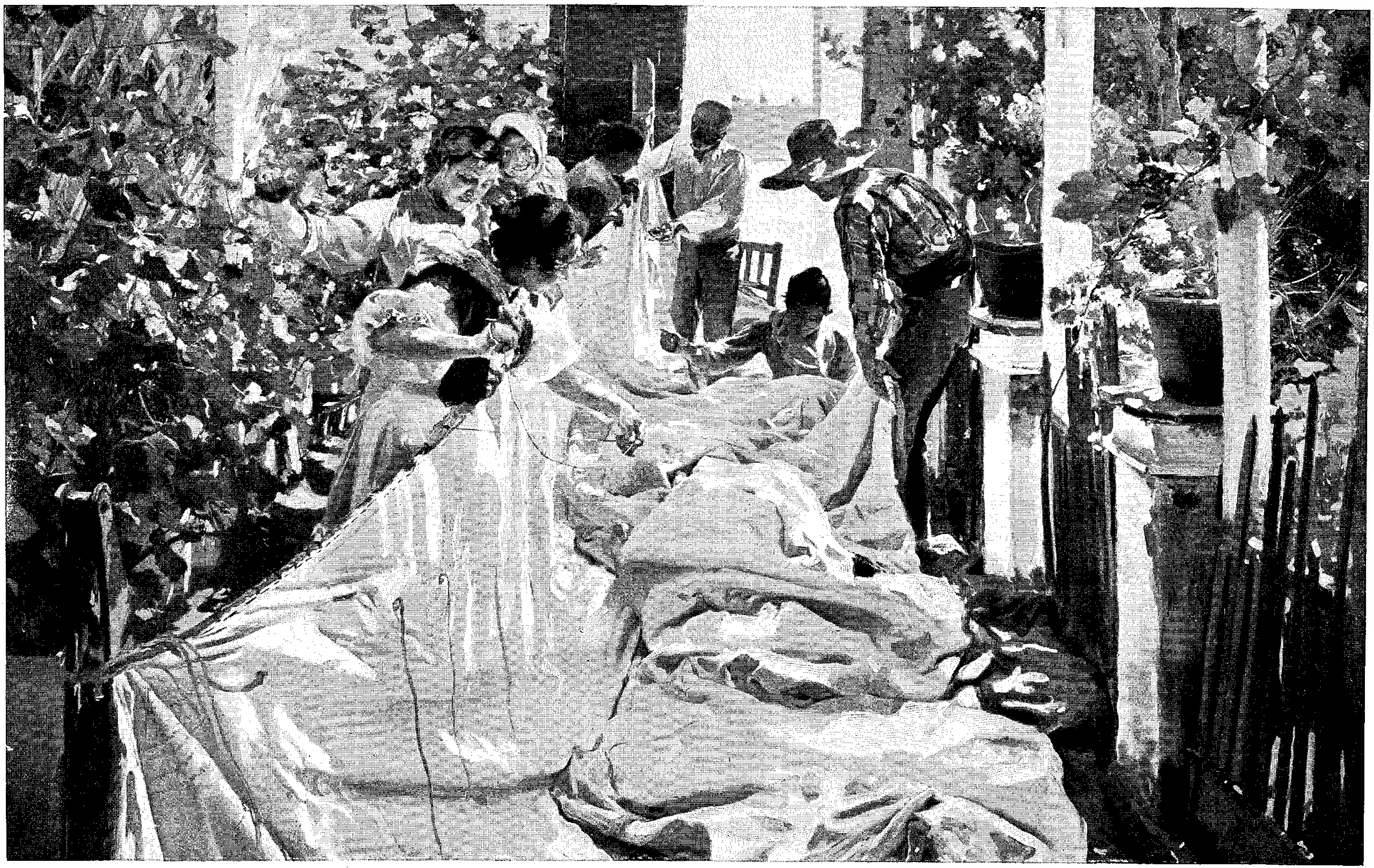
From that year his progress in art was rapid; and by the age of fifteen he was able to get on without further work at the forge, devoting body and soul, day and night, to drawing and painting at the Academia de las Bellas Artes de San Carlos. Thence he went to Madrid, and began copying heads and figures from Velasquez and Ribera at the Museo del Prado. Now followed his studies in Rome, his travels in France, and then his undertaking of important works in Italy and finally at Valencia. These created for him a recognition at the Paris Salons.

The man who smoothed Sorolla's later life journey was his warm admirer, and later his father-in-law, Don Antonio Gracia. Their early acquaintance ripened into friendship, and finally culminated in the settlement upon him by Don Antonio of a sufficient pension for his support until he was able entirely to depend upon his own resources. Since 1982 he has passed his time between Valencia and Madrid, painting such representative works as "The Scalding of Grapes," "Sewing Sails," "Bathing," "A Sad Inheritance," "My Family," "Mother," etc. To-day, at the youthful age of thirty-eight, Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida is represented at the permanent galleries of Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Stockholm, and Madrid, and stands on a level with the most distinguished contemporary painters.


A SPANISH TYPE

The first thing which struck me when I came to know Señor Sorolla as master in art and as friend was the infinite alertness of his imagination. In walking about the streets he instantly notes and remarks upon the slightest peculiarities of countenance or figure, the most elusive and the subtly felicitous effects of light and shadow. If he chance upon a character appealing to his fancy, and if this person can be induced to go to the Sorolla studio, an arrangement is made at once and a new sketch immediately begun.

In his manner of work, the first thing to strike the art student is Señor Sorolla's habit of forming all the parts of his picture together. Thus the whole goes on at the same time and in the same fashion, as nature creates her works. A Sorolla picture is hardly started but some



SEWING THE SAILS

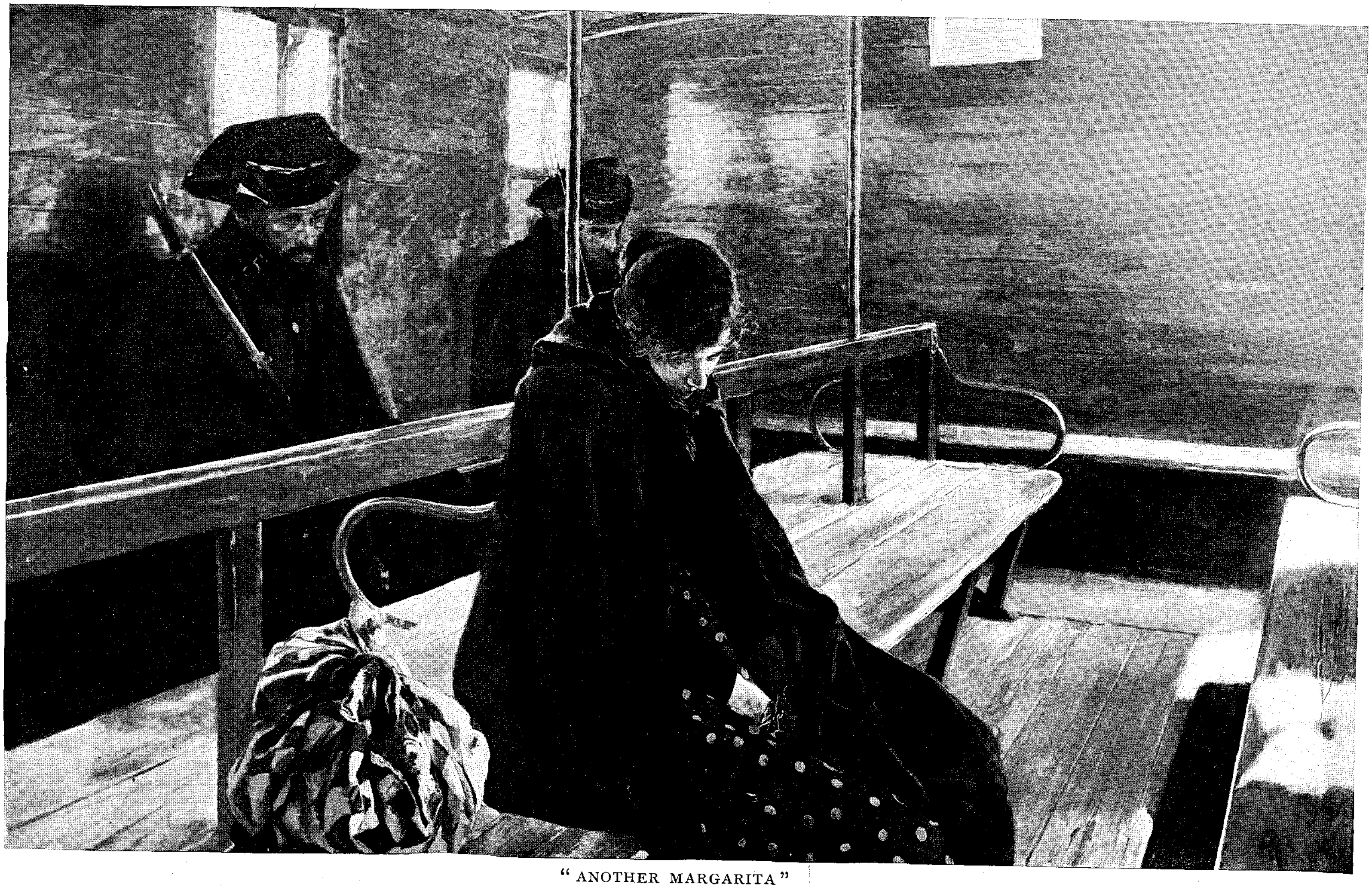
semblance is indicated of what the picture will be when completed. The consequence is, as might be expected, all parts hold together firmly and well.

The capacity for work shown by this painter is astonishing. It is true that he possesses a hardy constitution, one well developed in his childhood at the locksmith's forge; but his life, lived without apparent fatigue, is due largely to his maintenance of a systematic régime, and to the abstinence from all those dissipations of life which often characterize the environment of an artist. His plan of living keeps his mind clear and responsive; and he is thus enabled to retain a continuous working mood. This explains the fact that his studio is always teeming with fresh studies. But he loves his work not only in itself; he also loves work for work's sake. A poor man does not labor more from necessity than Señor Sorolla does from choice. His methodical life and his indefatigable diligence are proofs of his consciousness that, whatever be his natural inheritance, the exalted excellence which is his goal can be attained only by dint of hard and unremitting labor.

Men of genius are sometimes better understood and their doings better appreciated when they are remote from their place of birth and boyhood. Señor Sorolla, however, forms an exception to this rule, for his character is best understood and he is most appreciated at his native town, Valencia. Naturally, his days there are his happiest, and his industry least harassed. The pride which the townspeople take in their distinguished citizen has been demonstrated in many ways, perhaps the most notable being in the renaming of a street now known as the "Calle del pintor Sorolla." The painter lives in Madrid from November or December until the heat of the summer drives him back to Valencia.

At first glance one recognizes in Señor Sorolla the typical features and characteristics of the Spaniard. He is low-built; his complexion is dark and sunburnt; his demeanor is frank, courteous, and manly. A further acquaintance, however, convinces the stranger that he has met a Spaniard filled with ideas alien to the so-called orthodox Spanish standard. First of all, Señor Sorolla is opposed to monarchism; secondly, he despises the superstitiously religious rites still carefully observed in Spain; thirdly, he is opposed to the Church power in the civil government. One has not far to seek for an explanation for such independence of thought. Valencia is not very distant from the Spanish provinces sometimes known as the Carlist provinces, because there the enemies of the present Government are most numerous. On the other hand, Valencia is not very distant from Catalonia, which, of all Spanish provinces, has been the one most inclined to set up for itself as an independent concern. Thus Valencia has always been exposed to waves of opposing political dissensions and religious uprisings; and such an atmosphere influenced the maturing of the mind of a responsive boy, establishing a strong and healthy individuality and independence.

One constantly sees evidences of such independence. For instance, the painter remains quite indifferent to the almost universal custom among artists of holding studio receptions. The writer has spent a long time in Madrid, but never once did a reception occur at the Sorolla studio, although friends were frequently received there. The studio always presented the same aspect; there was no previous stirring of furniture for any occasion; nor was a dainty tea service ever an unwontedly conspicuous feature. The studio was always clean and in good order; that was enough. A curious example of independence was presented some time since during the sitting in Madrid of a distinguished body of representative Spanish artists, empowered to vote on the award of a Medal of Honor, a medal given but once in twenty years, and given to the artist who had made the most marked achievement during that time. The writer happened to be in Señor Sorolla's studio when these artists appeared and put some questions which brought forth an expression of view on contemporary phases of Spanish art. If the truth must be told, Señor Sorolla's was no very pleasant reflection on the methods of his brother artists. His attitude towards them had never been conciliatory; on that day, notwithstanding the fact that he was one of the competitors for the coveted medal, he was no less frank and outspoken in his views

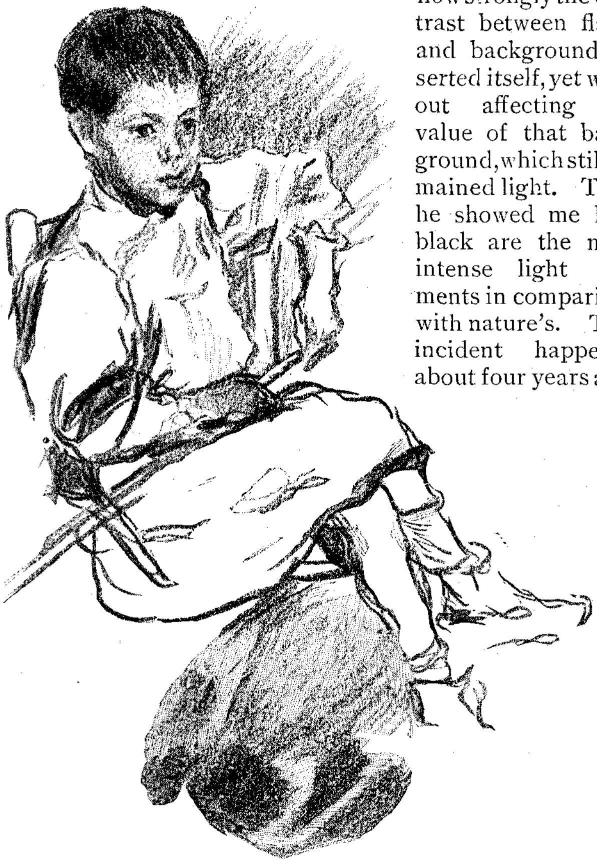


"ANOTHER MARGARITA"

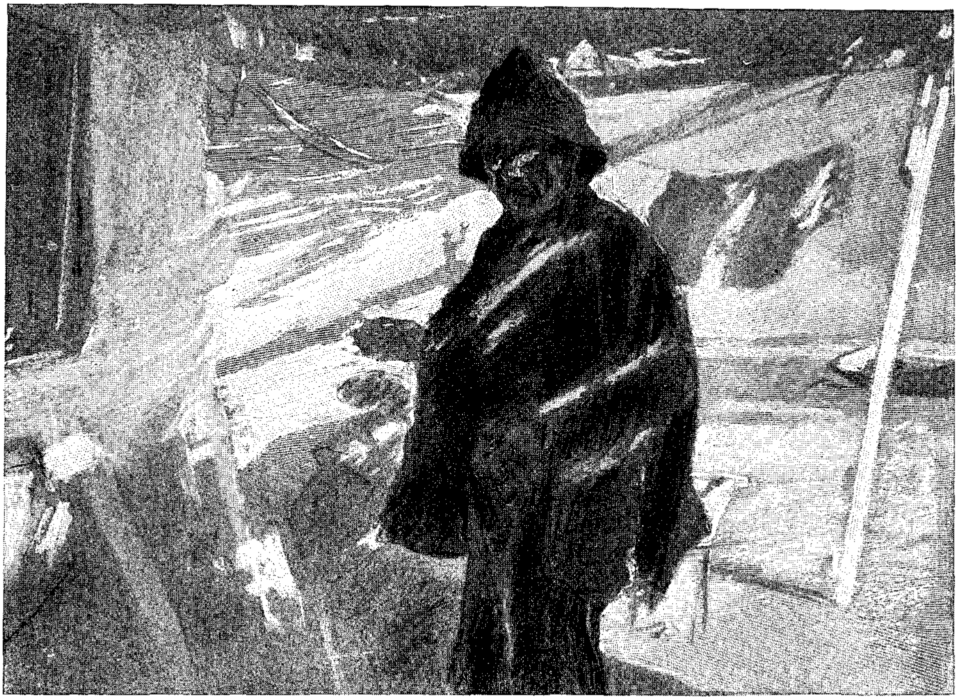
than at any other time. It was all the more to his credit, therefore, that, by an overwhelming majority, the medal was awarded to him. As a further expression of their appreciation of his worth in the art world, his friends petitioned the Government to confer upon him the Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic; but this action was, of course, unwise, and the petition came to naught, as our artist had always been known to be an enemy both of the Monarchists and of the Jesuits.

Those who go to Madrid from Paris and from the north of Europe will compare the Sorolla work first with that of the late Bastien-Lepage in respect to a fondness for details, and then with that of M. Anders Zorn for vigor of treatment, and with that of M. Jean Paul Laurens for a perfect acquaintance with the construction of the human figure. The Sorolla love of color and freedom of handling then remind one of the works of Courbet and Manet, with whom the Spaniard also compares well in point of color-quality. But he is absolutely unlike them in choice of subject. They were content with merely vulgar episodes, providing only that these episodes offered opportunities for exercising keenness of perception. The Spaniard, on the other hand, pays as much attention to the appeal of character made by his subjects as he does to opportunities for color work. His preference for drawing objects with the brush instead of with crayon has been rewarded by the acquisition of a remarkable power of painting color as it really is, and also with a facility of expressing the different planes or surfaces with a well-nourished brush, without proceeding to polishing or blending. By subsequent operations smoothness appears of itself. This mode of treatment renders loading, glazing, and impaste unnecessary. Señor Sorolla is content with a simple palette of six to seven colors—zinc white, yellow ochre, Seville red earth, rose madder, ivory black, cobalt blue, and a kind of brown not unlike Cassell earth.

Even a cursory examination of the numerous studies and color-notes which enrich the elaborate Sorolla studio in Madrid enables one to follow the development of means to an end. From these sketches it appears that, in his earlier career, the painter's favorite method was to seek strong contrasts between shadows and high lights. Though his expression of sunlight seemed always successful, it was apparently unsatisfactory to the artist himself. He saw that something else in contrast was wanting, and that the tendency of his method was to lower his keynotes, thus falsifying a true impression of nature. One day, chancing to admire a study of sunlight, I remember how he came up in a state of half-despair, and, producing a match, lit it and held it against a light background. He made me observe how strongly the contrast between flame and background asserted itself, yet without affecting the value of that background, which still remained light. Then he showed me how black are the most intense light pigments in comparison with nature's. This incident happened about four years ago.



CRAYON STUDY OF A BOY

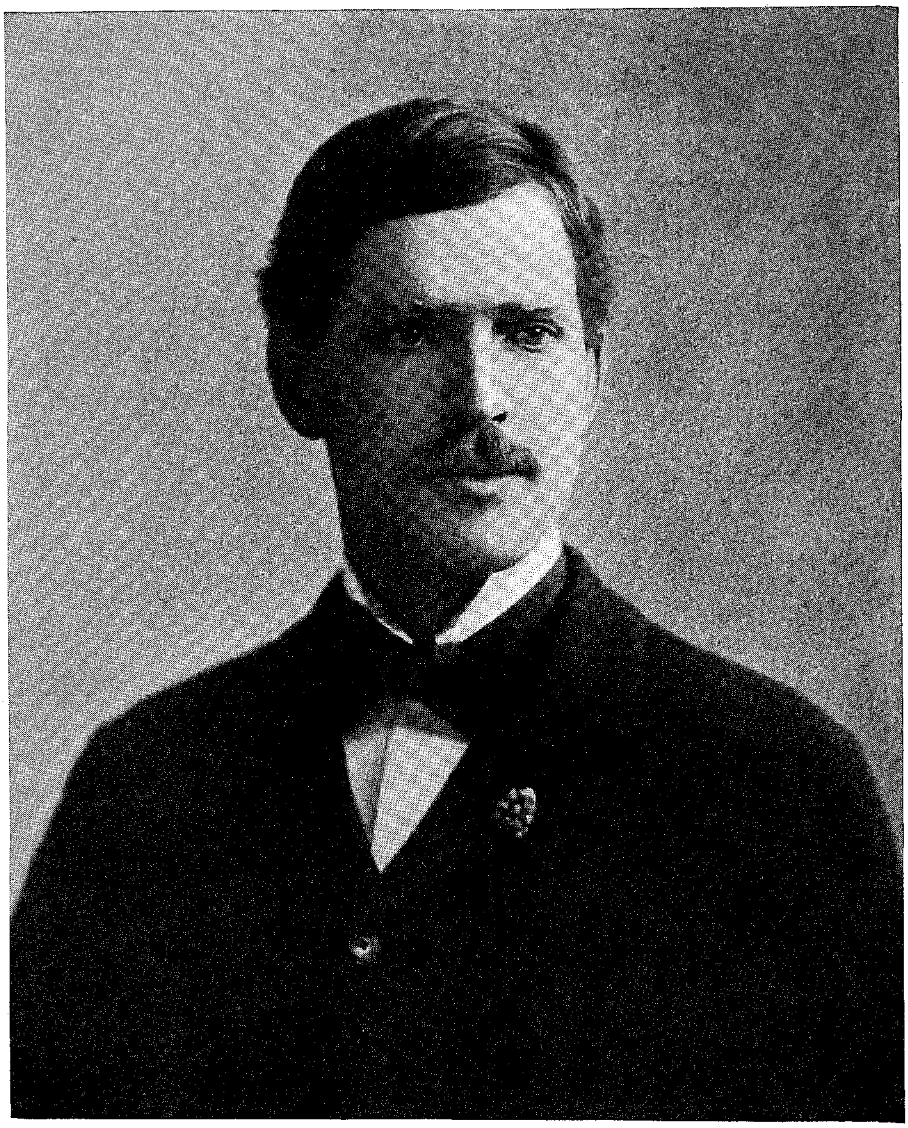


CRAYON STUDY OF A SPANISH FISHERMAN

A glance through Señor Sorolla's work since that time indicates that, while contrast is still an important factor, it does not occupy his mind as much as it did in previous years. He now exercises greater discrimination in the management and treatment of his lights; while his shades and shadows are still dark, they are not blackish, and they do not lack atmosphere. Consequently the keynotes are higher.

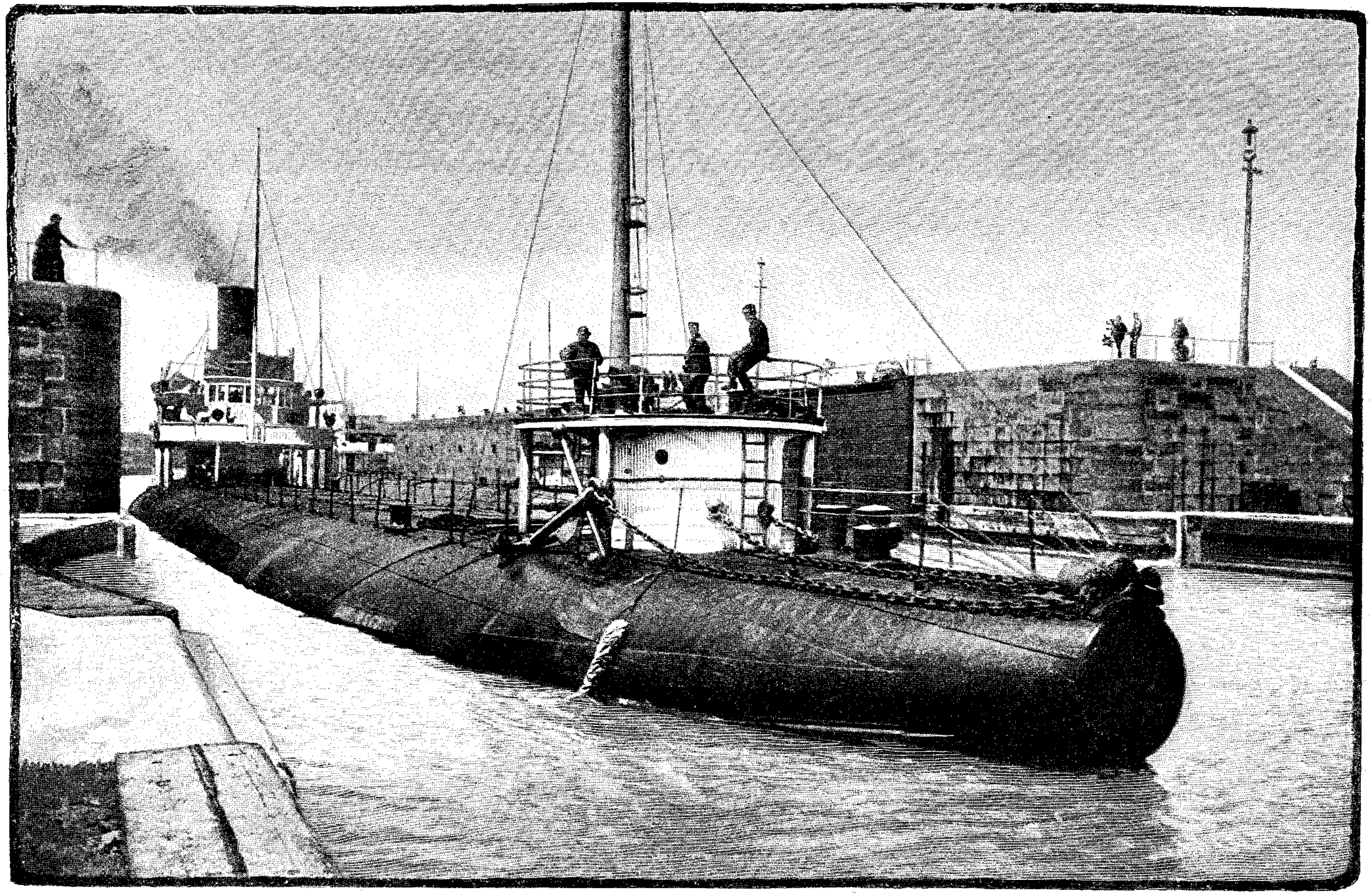
Señor Sorolla's pictures exhibit one supreme quality. This, on account of its insistent distinctness, prevents other qualities from asserting themselves too separately; and the presence of the supreme quality completes the unity of impression which readers derive from each of the painter's works. Only with a very critical eye, then, may one discover the influences of Spain itself, and of those parts of Spain represented by Velasquez, Ribera, and Goya.

This supreme quality is the artist's spontaneous and masterful feeling for sunlight. In one of his pictures it is seen in an expression of the intensely penetrating and intolerable heat proceeding from an African sun. On another canvas this feeling is shown in the soft warmth and happy laziness characterizing life on the Mediterranean coast. In still another painting we feel at once the brilliancy of southern sunlight, together with a chilliness and a strong atmospheric irritability from the mistral wind. Such successful renderings of different aspects of sunlight, without resorting to artifices or tricks, form the main secret of Señor Sorolla's work and greatness.



The New Civil Service Commissioner

Mr. James R. Garfield, who was recently appointed by President Roosevelt United States Civil Service Commissioner, is the second son of President Garfield, was born in Mentor, the little town in the neighborhood of Cleveland in which his father so long had his home, was graduated from Williams College, studied law in the city of New York, and began the practice of his profession in Cleveland in copartnership with his brother, Mr. Harry A. Garfield. Both the Garfields have long been interested in public affairs, and have been identified with all movements which look towards better government. Mr. James R. Garfield has been a member of the Ohio Legislature, where he rendered important service in securing the passage of the Garfield Corrupt Practices Act. A strong Republican by conviction and by party affiliation, Mr. Garfield has always placed principle above party, and has been a conspicuous example of rational and well-balanced independence.



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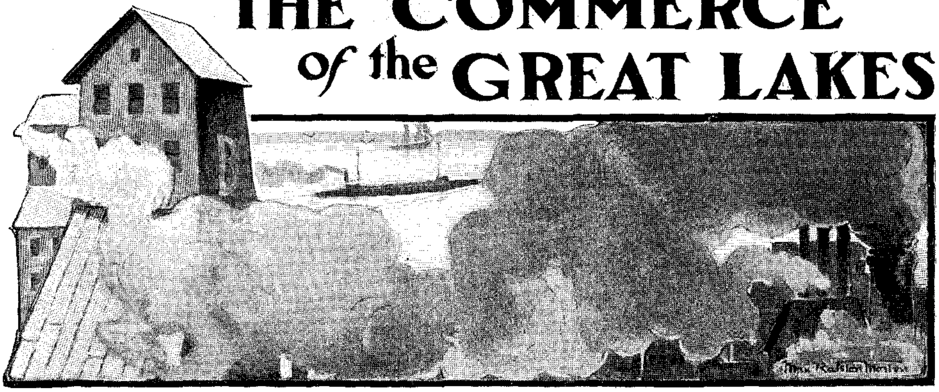
A WHALEBACK

A typical Lake freighter.

THE COMMERCE of the GREAT LAKES



by RAY STANNARD BAKER

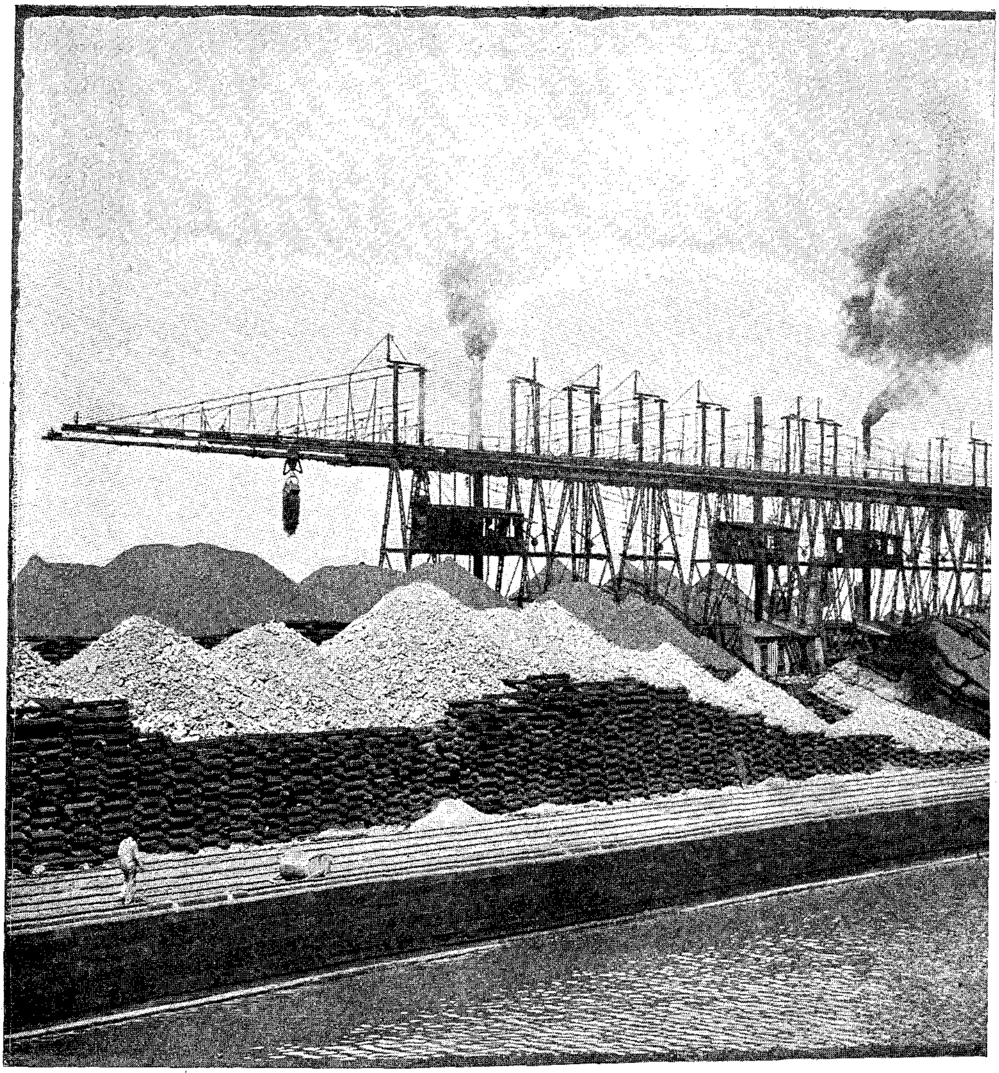
NOTHING so touches the imagination of the foreigner who visits the United States, especially if he be a ship loving Britain or German, as our back-yard seas—the Great Lakes. I shall not soon forget the astonishment expressed by a ship acquaintance, an Englishman, upon locking through the great canal at the "Soo," where some dozen huge and to him outlandish vessels were lined up awaiting passage. He had seen New York Harbor and the Hudson, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, and they had not disturbed his British equanimity; but when he reached the channel of St. Mary's Straits his monocle came down, so to speak. Here we were in a splendid vessel, the very counterpart of an ocean greyhound, threading without a pilot a long, tortuous, ship-thronged passageway, first to the right, then to the left, here apparently just grazing a sluggish log of a barge, there swerving almost over a danger buoy —seamanship as pretty as one will see anywhere in the world. All about were matchless hills now bright with early autumn, and little jewels of islands set in the clear water, with white sails flashing in and out among them. All day he had not stirred from the deck, and now that the ship was rising nobly in the lock, giving a clear vision of the extent of the shipping here gathered, he exclaimed:

"I did not know you had anything of this sort in America."

"Most Americans don't know it, either," I answered.

And truly the Great Lakes furnish much food for wonder to the traveler who is familiar only with ocean transportation. Within less than fifty years the Lakes have developed a peculiar and striking life of their own, not remarkable merely for the typical American qualities of bustle and bigness, but possessing a diversity and picturesqueness quite unique. No great department of American activity has acquired a more distinct individuality than this, and none, indeed, is of more notable importance in our commercial and industrial development.

One of the things which impresses the stranger on the Great Lakes is the significant and perhaps prophetic absence of any evidence of war-craft; not a single frowning gun, not a turret, not a navy flag, is ordinarily to be seen, though, as a matter of fact, there are two or three harmless little armed vessels on the Lakes, maintained for the same reason, apparently, that prompted the Irishman to wear spats, "to kape up the stoyle." No; the Lakes have room for business only, and though the commerce of two nations there mingles, a simple agreement made nearly eighty-five years ago has disposed of nearly all the expense and danger incident to the maintenance of armed craft, and with them of huge fortifications. One cannot but look upon this condition as prophetic of the time when other agreements may also clear the oceans of war-ships. It may be said, however, that while no mariner of the Lakes wishes to see more war-ships navigating his waters, the shipbuilders, who are many and enterprising, are more than anxious to help build war-ships for ocean use, even agree-

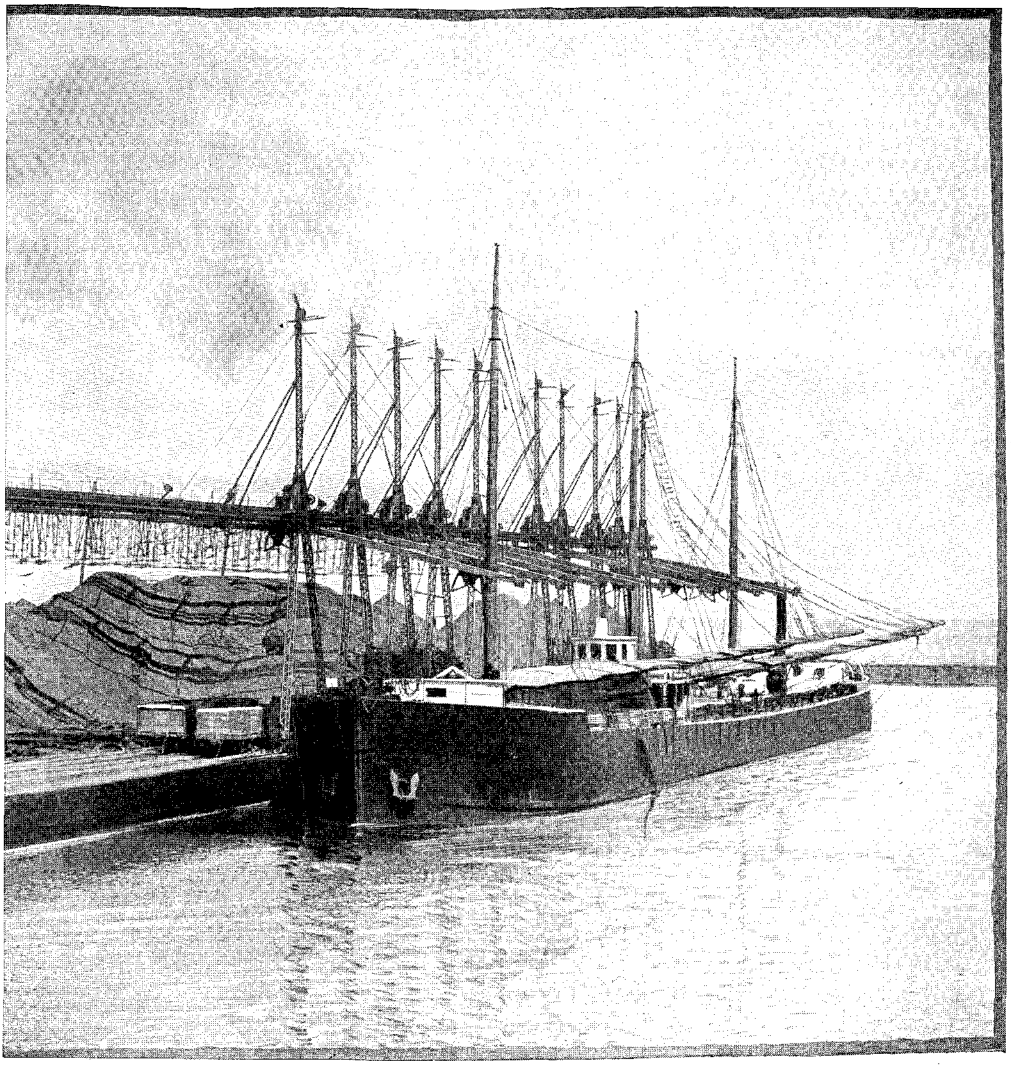


THE ORE DOCKS

ing to construct them in sections, float the pieces down the St. Lawrence, and put them together again in deep water.

Another sight, strange and impressive to the foreign visitor, is the supremacy on these seas of a single flag, and that a flag not so widely familiar on the greater ocean courses. Of the hundreds upon hundreds of Lake vessels, nearly all fly the Stars and Stripes, only about ten per cent. of the whole number bearing the Canadian colors. No other nation is represented, though the commerce is far greater than that of the ancient European fairway, the Mediterranean Sea.

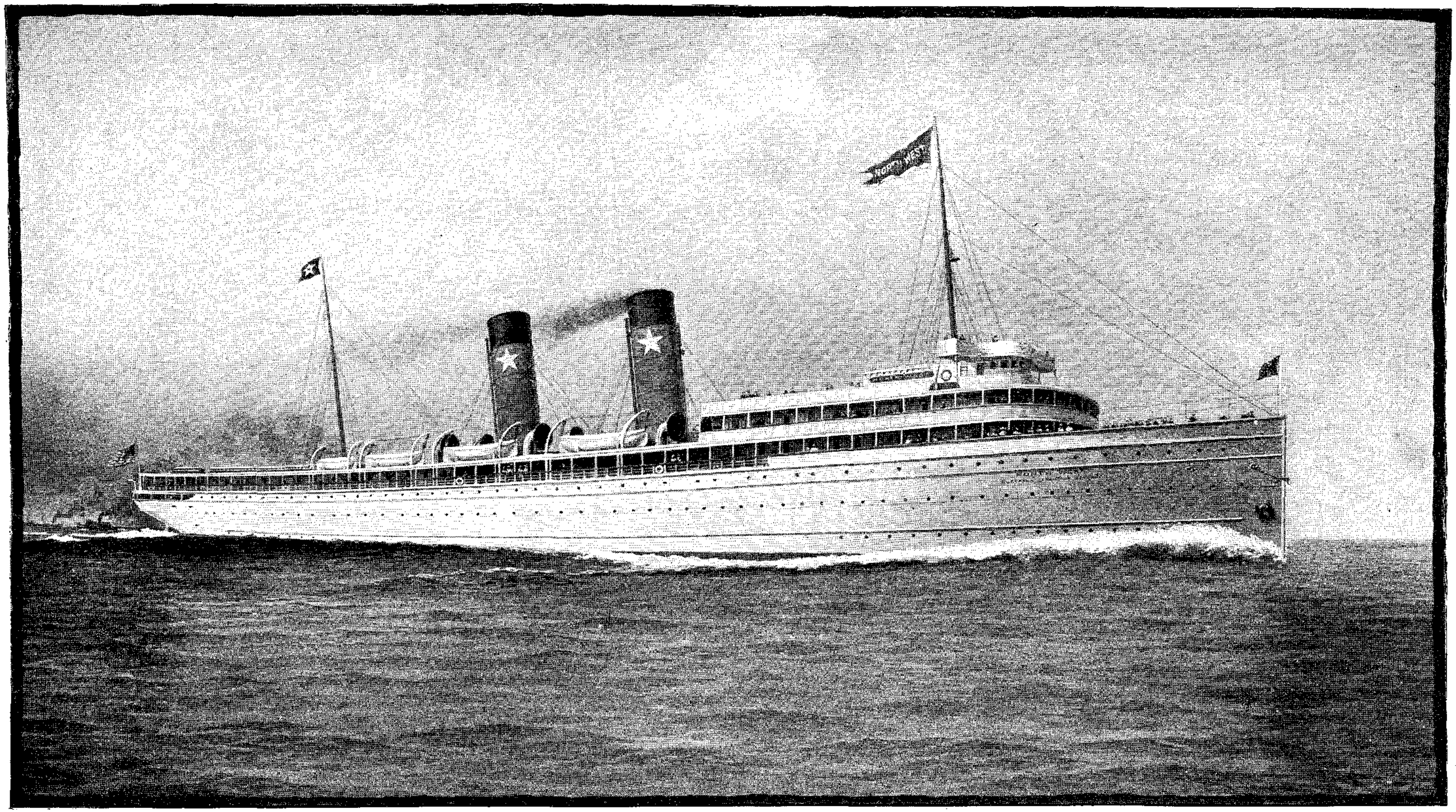
The craft, too, strike the visitor familiar only with salt-water vessels as strange, picturesque, ugly, intensely utilitarian. For the Lakes have developed highly differentiated types of their own. I think one is most surprised by the great size of many Lake vessels, comparing favorably, as they do, with the largest of ocean-going freighters. One has an impression that shallow water, crooked channels, canal locks, and river-mouth harbors preclude the use of such vessels; but while all these hindrances exist, the inventive acumen and energy of the Lake shipbuilder and the industry of the harbor engineer have been able to overcome all these difficulties, and vessels from four hundred to five hundred feet long are now by no means uncommon. While a few passenger ships



AT ASHTABULA, OHIO

are as graceful in line and as complete in equipment as an ocean greyhound, most of the craft, big and little, impress the stranger as being hopelessly awkward and ugly, but with the ugliness of high utility. A strange sight is the whaleback, an invention of the Lakes, a long, blunt-ended steel hulk with rounded gunwales, which, from its appearance and its manner of rooting and rolling through the water, has earned among Lake sailors the highly expressive name "pig." But in commerce which demands of its vessels the largest possible "emptiness" commensurate with safety, the whaleback is a valued adjunct, for its huge steel shell will hold an enormous cargo. Indeed, all Lake vessels possess a much larger freight capacity in proportion to their size than ocean-going vessels. The voyages being short, it is unnecessary for them to take on so much coal or provisions, and many of them, indeed, are nothing more than huge, all but empty barges designed for towing. It is not unusual to see several of these hulks roped together and towed by a steamer, thereby enabling a single engine and ship's crew to transport an immense tonnage of freight and to do it at a cost unbelievably small. To the ocean traveler these rows of vessels constitute a most unique and unusual sight.

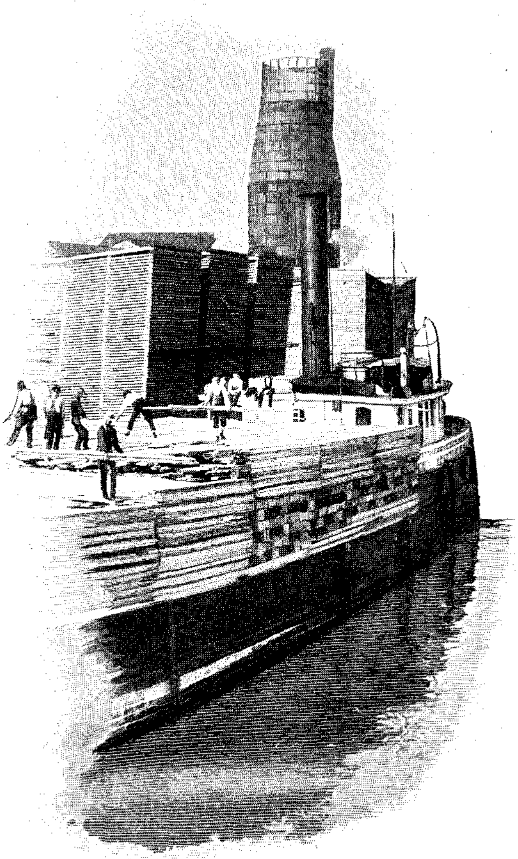
The fully equipped vessels are also built on plans differing widely from ocean



DRAWN BY H. H. GREEN

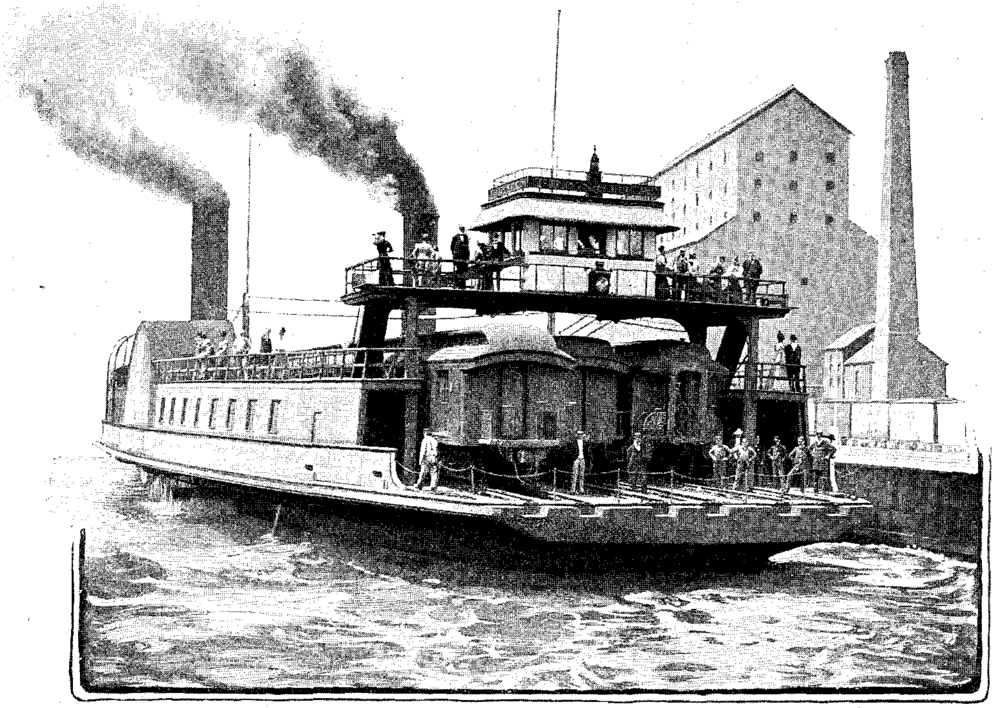
THE NORTH WEST, ONE OF THE LARGEST PASSENGER STEAMERS OF THE LAKES craft, appearing abnormally spread out and wholly lacking in the jaunty compactness of the salt-water freighter. The machinery and coal-bunkers are placed far astern, and the crew's quarters far forward, so that if the captain wishes to look at the machinery he must take a sort of afternoon stroll the full length of the vessel to do it. Weighted thus in the stern with engines and coal, the prow of an empty vessel sometimes shows far out of the water, reminding one of nothing so much as a Lake Superior birch canoe, its Indian owner sitting paddling in the stern with the prow lifted entirely out of the water. But this arrangement is highly serviceable because it leaves the whole waist of the vessel open and free, so that a load of wheat or iron ore can be dumped in with the least possible expenditure of time or energy.

The Lakes possess many other odd craft, not the least among which are the huge railway ferryboats, many of them plying across the straits and rivers, as at Mackinaw and Detroit, bearing safely and swiftly entire passenger or freight trains—often as many as thirty loaded cars—thus closing the gap in the transcontinental railroad lines. Indeed, ferries have now been built for braving the Lakes themselves, making nothing of a trip from side to side of Lake Michigan with a heavy load of cars. Another development is the ice-crusher of the "Soo," a powerful craft built to force a channel in the ice which sometimes blocks the passage between Lake Superior and Lake Huron before the fleet has all passed. It is nothing unusual to see the ice-crusher forging its way noisily through three feet of solid blue ice, with a long line of frost-coated vessels following in its wake and escaping to open water. By this means the enterprising ship-owner sometimes extends the open season several days and earns the profits of another cargo or two. For at best, like no other widely navigated body of water in the world, the Lakes are open only about two hundred and twenty-two days in the year, and all the enormous traffic is ice-bound and quiet during the winter. Yet the ship-owners utilize even the winter months. After the last voyage in the fall scores of large vessels crowd into the rivers and harbors, especially at Chicago, where they are filled with wheat or other freight and become floating storage warehouses, an adjunct to the elevators, at the same time being prepared the moment navigation opens in the spring to sail eastward with their cargoes.



AT THE LUMBER DOCKS

The sailing ship, almost invariably schooner-rigged, is still largely in evidence on the Lakes, engaging chiefly in the lumber trade; but the day of sails is passing, and the canvas of the schooners grows blacker every year with coal smoke. Not a few vessels of the barge order, ordinarily towed, are partially rigged with stumpy masts and sails to assist in favoring winds, or, in case the barge is cast adrift, to enable it to find its way lamely into port. A few old-fashioned side-wheel steamers, broad and flat and ugly, used largely for passenger excursions, are reminiscent of the Mississippi River in its palmier days.

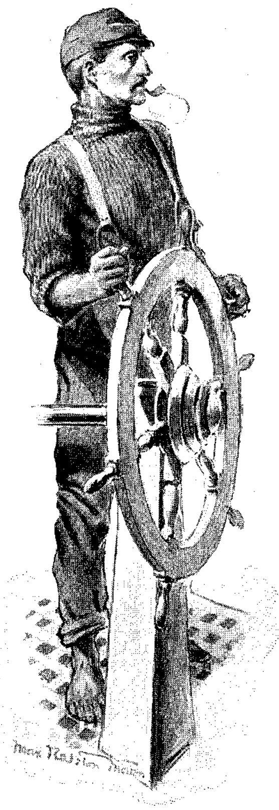


PHOTOGRAPH BY ELGIN R. SHEPARD

A CAR FERRY AT DETROIT

Few people possess any idea of the immense volume of this Lake business—a vast shuttle-race over twelve hundred miles long in its greatest course (from Duluth to Ogdensburg), so thronged with the shuttles of commerce that there is rarely a time on any of the Lakes when the mariner cannot see the hulks or the smoke of many ships within the horizon. The tonnage owned on the Lakes is greater than the entire merchant fleet of any nation in the world except Great Britain and Germany. In steam tonnage the Lakes nearly equal the German Empire, though the individual vessels will not average as large and costly. Nearly a third of all vessel-tonnage owned by citizens of the United States, including all our much-prized coastwise traffic on both oceans, together with our foreign shipping and our internal river business, plies the waters of the Lakes. One-eighth of the commerce of the United States passes through the "Soo" Canal—Lake vessels carrying upwards of 40,000,000 tons of freight annually, valued at $500,000,000. It is an oft-repeated comparison, that of the canal at the "Soo" with the Suez Canal, showing how much greater is the tonnage that passes St. Mary's locks in the nine months of open water every year than that which passes the Suez Canal in a whole year—a comparison legitimate and striking enough, despite the fact that the Suez cargoes, composed largely of costly manufactured goods, are more valuable than the bulk raw materials transported through the American canal.

Another point of interest lies in the fact that practically every ship on the Lakes has been built in Lake ship-yards, all of which—in Chicago, Cleveland, Superior, Detroit, and elsewhere—possess a high efficiency of equipment and are conducted with boundless enterprise. During the past two years every yard has been crowded to its fullest capacity in turning out new vessels for the Lake service, nearly all being the latest models of steel steamers. And it is Lake capital and Lake energy that are behind the ship-building enterprises, and the vessels themselves are largely owned by residents of Lake cities. During the last few years, and more particularly during the last year, there has been a marked tendency toward

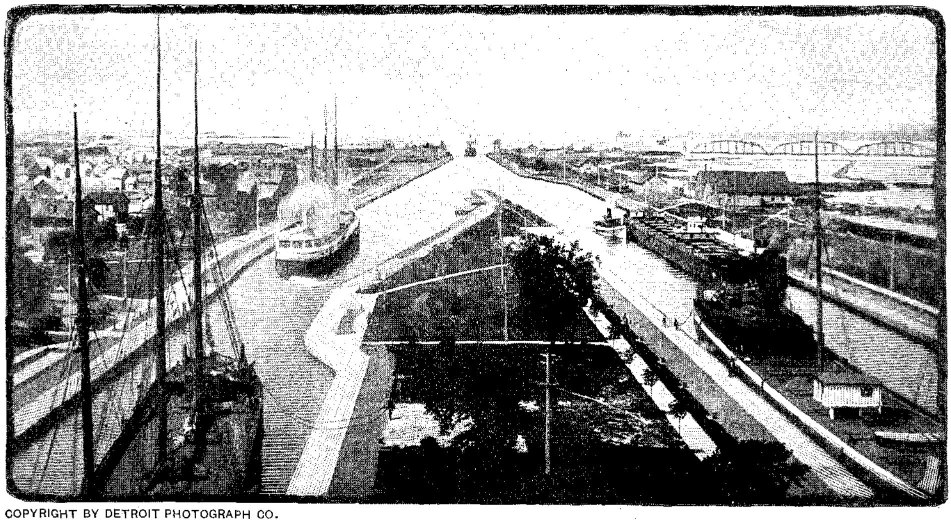


A TYPICAL SAILOR OF THE LAKES

the formation of great fleets of vessels under a single ownership. The United States Steel Corporation, for instance, which is by all odds the most deeply interested of any concern in the welfare of Lake commerce, owns no fewer than one hundred and fifteen of the finest Lake freighters, employing this huge fleet for bringing iron ore from the Lake Superior mines to the mills of Pittsburg, Chicago, and other centers of steel production. All these vessels are managed by a single department, headed by a vice-president of the great corporation, and the vessels are kept running with all the precision of a railroad system, being directed by telegraph and telephone, thereby rendering possible notable economies in the company's business. Other fleets engage chiefly in wheat carriage, others are devoted to lumber, others to coal, and there is still a large body of what is known as "wild" tonnage—that is, vessels ready to take a cargo anywhere at any time.

But the development in the vessels themselves, while striking enough, is by no means the most marvelous feature of Lake commerce. The secret of successful water transportation lies not so much in the navigation of loaded vessels from port to port, though this feature of the work appeals most strongly to the lay imagination, but rather in the loading and unloading of cargoes. It is in these respects that expenses roll up and that precious time is wasted, and here it is that the Lake shipowner has shown his greatest genius. It is well within the truth to say that nowhere else in the world has the art of filling and emptying vessels reached the state of perfection that it has at Duluth, Conneaut, and Buffalo.

Iron and steel making is said to be the basic industry, the industry upon which all others rest. Now, the important feature in iron and steel making is that of transportation; in other words, the capacity of getting the coal and iron ore together cheaply. Cheap transportation means cheap steel, and cheap steel means supremacy in the world's markets—a supremacy which the United States has now attained. It will be seen, therefore, how important



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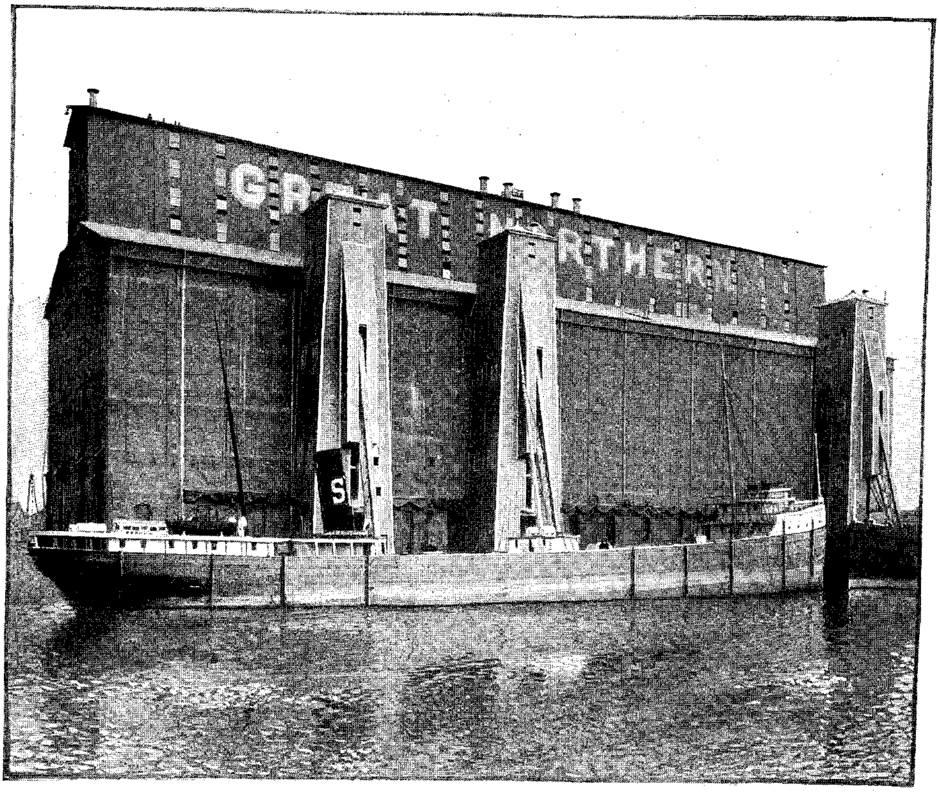
THE LOCKS AT SAULT ST. MARIE



THE LARGEST GRAIN ELEVATOR IN THE WORLD

This elevator is at Buffalo. It has a capacity of 3,000,000 bushels.

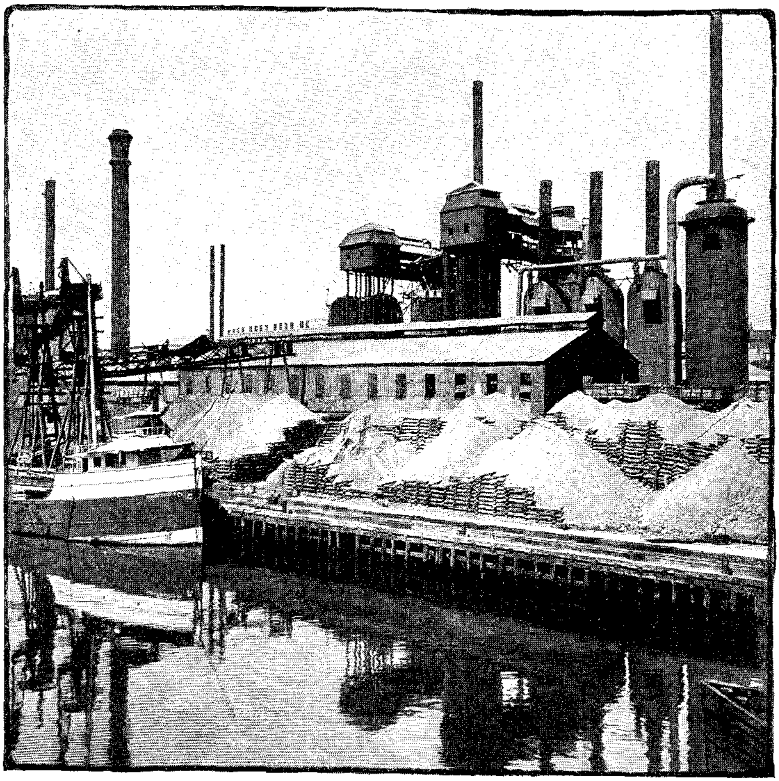
becomes the matter of loading and unloading the vessels of the Lakes. If it were necessary to trundle iron ore aboard ship in wheelbarrows, our steel industry to-day would be in its infancy. But so perfect has become the machinery of shipping that from the moment the iron ore leaves the mines of the Lake Superior country, until it issues from the steel-mills in the form of rails and other products, hand labor scarcely touches it, every step in the long process being the work of cunningly devised machinery. Think of mining iron ore and loading it on cars at a cost of five cents a ton! The ore is not even shoveled or blasted, but scooped up by a big steam bucket from the hillside and dumped into steel cars with openings in the bottom, so that upon reaching the docks a turn of the wrist will send the entire load rushing downward into a long chute the end of which rests in the ship lying ready below, or else debouches into a storage pocket in which the ore is retained until a ship is ready. And such docks as these are! At Duluth they look like stupendous black bridges yet unfinished, one end resting on the land, the other reaching for the other side of the harbor. They are so huge that the greatest vessels lie hidden alongside them, and the ore trains on top look like rows of children's blocks. A single one of these docks with its approaches at Duluth cost nearly $1,000,000, and the total length of all the ore docks in Lake Superior exceeds five miles. By this system of car-dumping the largest steamers, holding from five to eight thousand tons, can be loaded in three or four hours, at a cost of less than three cents a ton.

Wonderful as is this system of loading, still greater are the achievements in unloading. At the ports of Lake Erie a long steel arm dangling at the end of a bridgelike crane reaches down with almost human precision and takes handful after handful of the ore, tons at a time, lifts it out of the vessel hold, swings it majestically to one side and drops it on the mountainous stock heaps, whence in good time it is loaded on cars for transportation to the mills of Pennsylvania. I think no sight in the world of machinery, save in the steel-mills themselves, is more awesome than the mighty perfection of these ore-unloaders. Nowhere shall you feel more like bowing to the greatness of human genius.

Thus the Lake shippers are able to transport from Lake Superior to Lake Erie in nine months of open water nearly 20,000,000 tons of ore, paying a freight rate of some sixty cents a ton—by far the cheapest freight rate in the world. In other words, it cost (in 1898) for Lake freight 1.13 cents to transport a ton for a mile, or about a quarter of the cheapest railroad freight.

Iron-ore transportation constitutes the largest part of the Lake commerce, but there is also an immense volume of wheat shipped from Duluth, Chicago, and Milwaukee to the East, mostly to Buffalo. Here also notable improvements have been made in loading and unloading, so that a ship can be filled in an hour or two, and emptied in half a day.

At one end of the Lakes, the western end, lie the great fields, forests, and mines of the country, at the other end the factories and mills; the Lakes are the natural connection between the two. From the western end branch the transcontinental railway lines, reaching to the Pacific and connecting with ships to China and the Orient; from the eastern end stretch the lines to the Atlantic coast and thus to the crowded shores of Europe. The Lakes are the cheap, easy link between the two; and it would be hard to exaggerate the importance of the part they have played in the development of the whole country. Raw materials in bulk—iron ore, copper, salt, lumber, grain, and so on—naturally flow eastward along the Lakes, while ships bound west carry the completed products of factory and mill. Coal is the greatest exception—a raw product, mined in the East and flowing westward, so that many ships that come down loaded with ore, etc., go back loaded with coal. By this means the give and take of trade is maintained and transportation is cheapened. Another movement little mentioned but yearly growing more important is the



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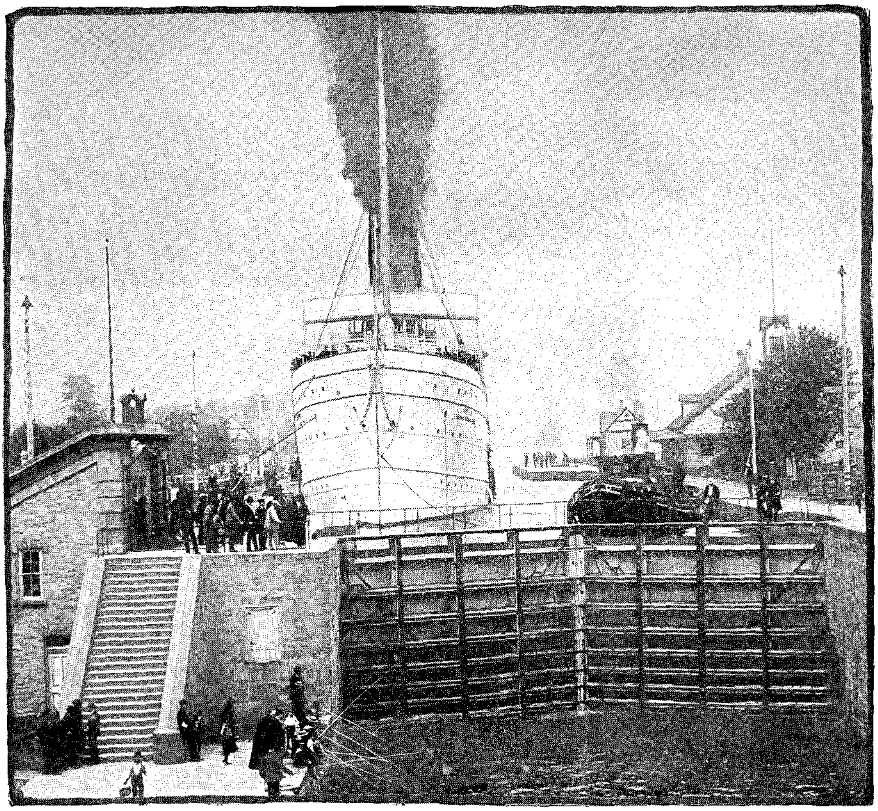
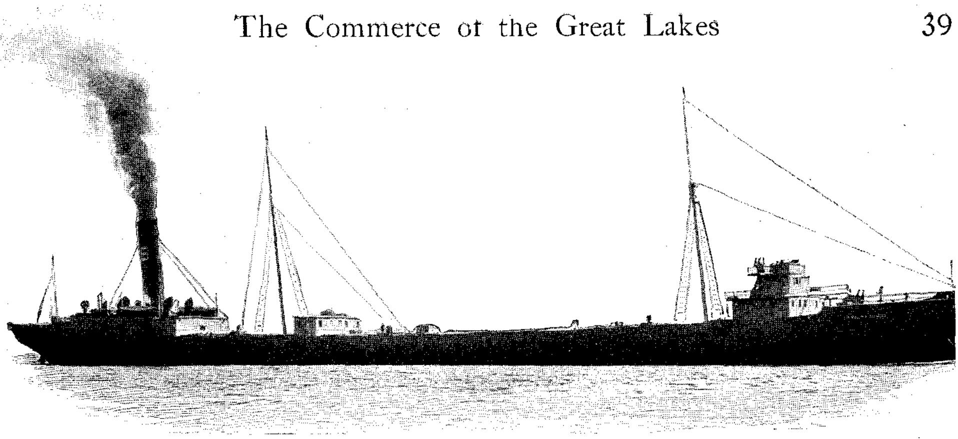
AMERICAN STEEL AND WIRE COMPANY'S WORKS AT CLEVELAND translake shipping from the United States, the country of progress and manufactures, to Canada, the country of undeveloped resources and conservatism. To-day we ship to Canada nearly twice the value of goods shipped by the mother country, Great Britain, and the Canadians send us a very large proportion of their exports.

No consideration of the commerce of the Great Lakes would be complete without mention of the hardy Lake mariner. And here, too, new environments have developed a peculiar type, as different from the typical "salt" as the waters of the Lakes are different from the seas. One can understand how the ocean seaman might naturally look with contempt on the navigator of the "fresh-water ponds," but it is surprising to find that the Lake mariner expresses equal contempt for the "salt." And many a "salt," tempted by higher wages and better treatment, has come to the Lakes only to have his seasoned stomach upset in the first sharp squall, much to the amusement of the Lake men, and to find the work so much livelier than that of the ocean craft that he has been willing enough to go back to the sea. For storms on the Lakes are sharp, short, and violent, and the harbors, locks, and rivers make a great diversity of work—and hard work, too. Instead of shipping for a voyage and standing the possibility of being "shanghaied" at ports, or abused during months at sea, the Lake mariner, engaged for the season or by the month, reaches port often, is industrious and sober, has a family at the end of his run, and makes enough in nine months to permit him to enjoy his winter vacation if he cares to do so. The officers, while men of marked intelligence, have little knowledge of scientific navigation, such as is necessary to set a course at sea, their runs being short and never far from a lee shore; but they are past-master pilots, deeply learned in the art of wriggling through crowded channels, making narrow harbors in high seas, and gliding up to docks and into

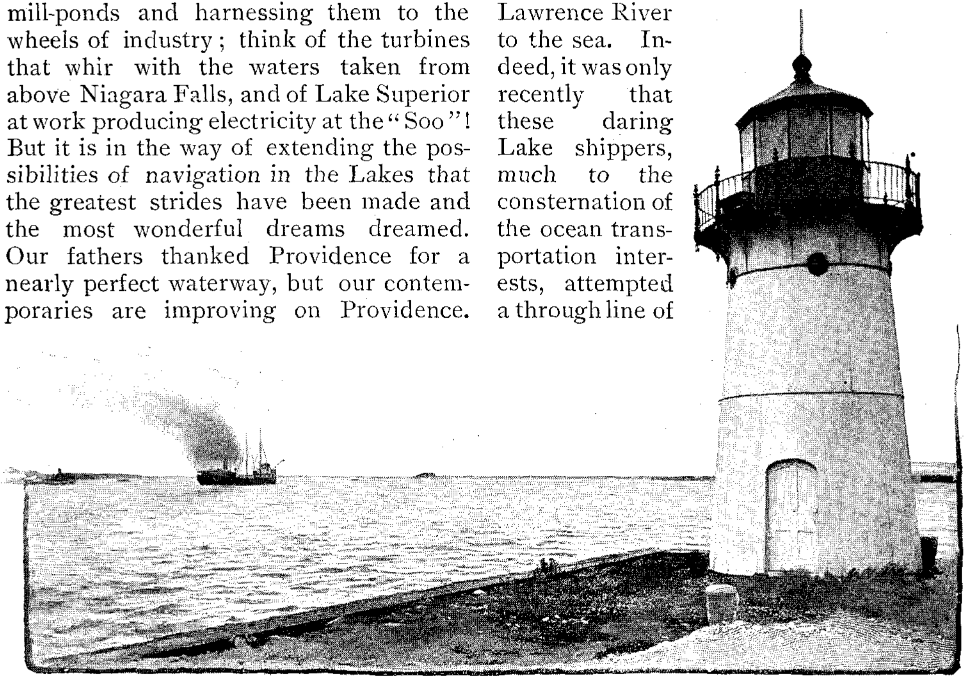

A PASSENGER STEAMER PASSING THROUGH THE BIG LOCK



ONE OF THE BIG GRAIN BOATS

canal locks with scientific accuracy. Also, they are fine fellows, bluff, hearty, full of stories, and fond of their life—and their pay is good. Over forty thousand men find employment in and about the ships of the Lakes.

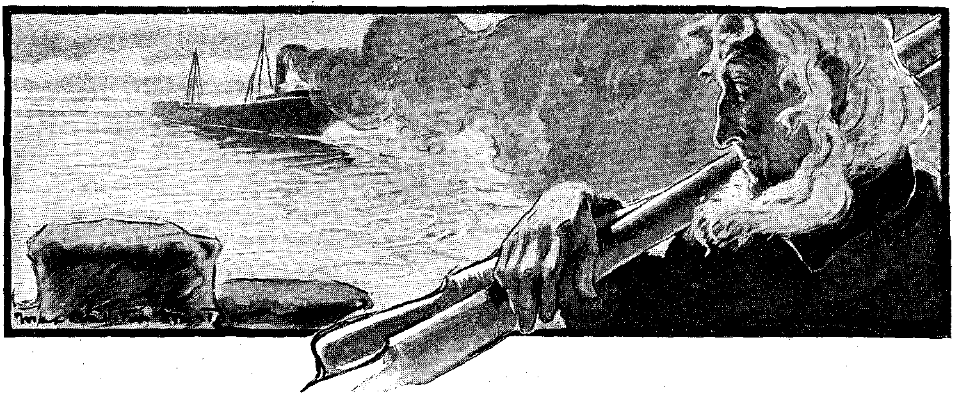
In spite of the high serviceability of these waterways, the breezy Lake dweller is not yet contented; he is busily devising methods for still further making his backyard seas serve his purposes. Apparently something about the Lakes gets hold of the imagination of men and inspires them with daring schemes. There is something peculiarly audacious in the thought of turning these big bodies of water into mill-ponds and harnessing them to the wheels of industry; think of the turbines that whir with the waters taken from above Niagara Falls, and of Lake Superior at work producing electricity at the "Soo"! But it is in the way of extending the possibilities of navigation in the Lakes that the greatest strides have been made and the most wonderful dreams dreamed. Our fathers thanked Providence for a nearly perfect waterway, but our contemporaries are improving on Providence. Witness the splendid system of canals now carrying Lake waters. The people of Chicago have recently connected Lake Michigan with a tributary of the Mississippi—a splendid canal thirty-three miles long, costing over $30,000,000. Though now used exclusively for drainage waters, it will some time bear ships from the Lakes bound southward for New Orleans. Then there is the "Soo" canal, containing the largest and costliest lock in the world—or the two "Soo" canals, for the Canadians also have a smaller canal of their own; and the Welland Canal, which enables ships to pass around Niagara Falls and thus outward along the St. Lawrence River to the sea. Indeed, it was only recently that these daring Lake shippers, much to the consternation of the ocean transportation interests, attempted a through line of



NEAR THE ENTRANCE OF THE "SOO"

steamers from Chicago to Liverpool—a project which, though temporarily unsuccessful, will some day be the means of carrying the products of our Western fields and mines directly to the doors of Europe, at a cost which will still further increase the profits of our farmers and manufacturers. Then there is the new Erie Canal, deepened and made more useful, in which the Lake engineers see the nucleus of a magnificent system of deep waterways to connect the Lakes with the Atlantic Ocean—a canal which will enable the largest ships to pass through central New York, down the Hudson and out to sea, thereby saving expensive transshipments at Buffalo and New York. Another well-advanced plan provides for the connection by a canal, through Canadian territory, of the lower point of Georgian Bay with Lake Ontario, thereby saving hundreds of miles to vessels bound to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, eliminating lower Lake Huron, the Detroit River, and all Lake Erie from the voyage, and avoiding Niagara Falls and the Welland Canal. A glance at a map will show instantly the possibilities of such a canal.

At first sight, one who beholds the activities and perfection of the present system of Lake commerce is tempted to declare that this is the full and most significant fruitage of American energy and enterprise, but a very little further observation soon prompts the conviction that the commerce of the Lakes, wonderful though it be, is yet only in the infancy of its development. It is, indeed, only as old as the West and the North, and any one who knows of the boundless plains beyond the upper Mississippi, the mines of Minnesota and Wisconsin, the forests, fields, and minerals of Canada, knows that they have only just been touched by human enterprise.



On the Wafta River

On the Canadian Pacific Railway

Foam white, the narrow river flows apace
Between the mountains where its path is set;
Like human life, with ceaseless wear and fret,
It breaks forever on their rugged base—
While far beyond, in dim, untraveled space,
Like God's white throne above our vain regret,
Our pleadings weak, our eyes upraised and wet,
They watch the hurry of its endless race.

Yet in their calm, still majesty they keep
A message for the little stream below:
Their snows fall fast with soothing on its strife;
Thus, all its weary journey to the deep,
Across the many miles that it must go,
It bears the secret of the mountains' life.

L. G. W.

Mr. Jerome's Official Home on the East Side

By Arthur Henry

NO. 8 Rutgers Street, New York City, is a plain brick building with a hideous iron fire-escape disfiguring its face. It is a decent-looking building, however, in spite of its age and the hard usage of recent years. It still bears evidence of its former state, for this was a grand mansion in the days when East Broadway was an avenue of fashion. Next door to it stands what was once the Rutgers Street Presbyterian Church, whose congregation was famous for its wealth and culture. When the hordes of peasants from Poland, Italy, Germany, Hungary, and Austria poured from the mouth of the Barge Office up Park Row to Canal Street, and far beyond, inundating all the East Side from Broadway to the river, this Presbyterian congregation and the ladies of Rutgers Street and East Broadway, who wore mink in winter and dainty lawns in summer, who rode in coaches and gave afternoon teas, were swept away. Tenements lined the streets and push-carts the curbing. A clamor of strange tongues arose. Swarms of misshapen children sprawled under foot. It was a complete investment by the invading army. The former times of gentility were forgotten, and this neighborhood became the seething, odorous center of all that the East Side now stands for. The worst of Hester Street is within sight. The church passed into the hands of the Roman Catholics, and is now the Church of St. Theresa. No. 8 became its mission school. Then William Travers Jerome, the District Attorney of the city of New York, leased it for four years, as a residence, during his term of office. He lives there now with his wife and three of his Assistant Attorneys. He has sought the old building for the reason that caused his social neighbors to flee from it. Here the masses dwell. "They believed in me," he said, "and I shall serve them."

One Friday evening in April I took dinner with him there. It was warm and pleasant, the close of the first pleasant day after weeks of cold and rain. At six o'clock I worked my way up against the tide of people tramping down Broadway to the Brooklyn Bridge. I turned east on Canal, and jostled with the crowd that, going both ways here in about equal numbers, turns the sidewalk into a hopper. I could not escape the struggle by walking in the street, because it was full of trucks and wagons, street-cars and innumerable push-carts darting here and there to escape disaster, homeward bound.

A Japanese servant answered my ring and smilingly admitted me. As I walked in I heard voices in a room on my left, and, glancing through an open door, saw Mr. Jerome at a desk, listening thoughtfully to one of the city's police captains, who has attained considerable notoriety in the recent scandals of the Department.

As Mrs. Jerome took me upstairs into the library, she said, "You see that we are all upset here yet. This is our first formal opening night, but we have been delayed by the painters and plumbers, and have been able to unpack only a portion of our things." The floors and walls were bare, and the large rooms, with their high ceilings, might, under other circumstances, have seemed cheerless; but they were exceedingly clean. Well-filled book-shelves were against the walls. Busts, plaques, pictures, and knick-knacks, having the comfortable look of favorite household possessions, were piled away wherever there was room for them, and these things, together with the presence of Mrs. Jerome, gave me a sense of the home that was soon to be here which was more powerful than the impression of present bareness.

It was evident at once that Mrs. Jerome entered naturally and simply with all her mind and heart into the active life of her husband, seconding with her counsel and her labors whatever he might seek to do. This was her first experience in a residence of such a locality, but I could see that already this was home to her.

"You seem to take this change in your affairs unconcernedly," I said.

"It is not just that," she replied, quietly. "At first I was made anxious by this purpose of Mr. Jerome's. I was anxious for his health. He has wished to come to live on the East Side for some time, but I was afraid that we could not find a place in any of these houses that have stood so long and been used by so many people that we could make clean and wholesome and homelike. Mr. Jerome does not realize this, perhaps, but I knew that he could not work as unceasingly as he does and stand the sudden loss of the home life he has been accustomed to. But when I found that we could get this place, and make it comfortable and wholesome, I was glad to come.

"I have been here several times," she added, "while the place was being repaired, and each time I come the neighborhood appeals to me in a more intimate and friendly way. These noisy streets do not disturb me. The life here is so real, so spontaneous, and, when you come to know it, so wholesome, that it refreshes and does not weary me. I have just come from the upper West Side, and I was surprised at the feeling that neighborhood gave me. It was all very beautiful, clean, and orderly up there, but it seemed meaningless compared to this."

While we were talking, we heard the front door close downstairs, and presently Mr. Jerome tramped up, whistling noisily. He rummaged among the papers on his desk for a few moments, still whistling, lit a cigarette, and threw himself on a lounge in one corner.

"Why did you come here to live?" I asked him.

"Well," said he, "I have wanted to do so for a number of years, but all the circumstances did not seem to allow it until just now. After my election, my own inclinations were supported by my pledges to the people, and I could do no less than come."

"Did you promise during the campaign that you would live on the East Side?"

"No," he said, "not in so many words, but I promised to do away with the district leader. I told these people that nothing should stand between them and the District Attorney's office. Now, the fact is, they cannot get at me during the day in the Criminal Court Building, and they certainly could not come way uptown to see me, and there was no other way to make my promise good but to come and live with them. And so I came."

"How do the people here look upon it, now that you have come?"

"They certainly take it in good faith, and are making the most of it."

As he spoke, the bell rang, and a moment later the voices of a group of Italians ascended from the hall.

"There are some of them," he said, with a pleased smile, and, getting quickly up from the lounge, he walked out with a vigorous step and went downstairs humming. When he came back, he dropped on the lounge again, and said in explanation:

"One of them was a woman who can't collect the life insurance of her husband, because another woman claims it. It seems that just when she expected to win her case the lawyer on the other side accused her of bigamy, and she was obliged to confess that she had been married years before. The man had beaten and abused her and left her. She had not heard of him for years, and supposed of course that she was free to marry again. I have talked with her, and I believe that she was telling the truth, and was guiltless of any sin in the matter. She was ignorant and innocent. Of course in a case like that there is nothing to be done. The law will not rectify her mistake for her; I could only listen to her and talk to her kindly. A great many of the appeals that come to me here are of this nature. I can only be kind to them.

"But while I was down there a man came with another kind of story to tell. He landed in this country a few weeks ago with eight other Italian laborers. When they arrived they were met by a padrone, who told them that he could get work for them at two dollars a day, and collected five dollars from each of them. Some of them did not have this amount, but they made a pool and gave him forty dollars. Since then they have not heard from him. But they have his name, and I have heard of it before. I shall now proceed to bring the man to justice, and, if possible, get the money returned to these men."

We were not permitted to talk more than a few minutes at a time, because of the people that kept pouring in. Whole families came, bringing their claims of injuries received and even neighborhood

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME, IN HIS EAST SIDE OFFICIAL HOME
Photograph by Henry Hoyt Moore.

quarrels for him to settle. His residence among them and the spirit in which he had come were certainly, as he said, taken in good faith. Those who entered the door came in as freely as they would have crossed their own sills, and they talked to the District Attorney as to a father confessor. They came with grievances years old. An astonishing number of them had heard that he was there to receive them who did not know exactly what his powers were, nor where to find the Criminal Court Building. One was a pretty Italian woman, with pathetic dark eyes and thin, sensitive face, who cried softly as she told him of a policy-shop where her husband spent all he made. " If it is not closed," she said, " we will lose our home." A number of such complaints as these have been made in just this way, followed in each case by prompt action. The shops have been pulled and closed.

" Why don't they go to the police ?" I asked. " These places seem to be everywhere."

" They know better than that," he replied. " If a man were to go to a station-house with such information, the sergeant would glower at him across the desk. ' How do you know it's a policy-shop ?' he would roar at him. ' Have you been in there ? have you played the game ?' The sergeant, of course, is an Irishman, with a contempt for Italians and their language. The informer can scarcely make himself understood. He is frightened by the sergeant's glare and rough voice. He perhaps thinks himself threatened with arrest, and is glad to get away quickly by denying all knowledge of policy-shops."

During the evening two young Italian women, accompanied by a neighbor, came with a pitiful complaint. The man told the story for them while they sat near, twisting their hands nervously in their red shawls, and looking with wistful eyes eagerly into the face of the "judge." The man, with forty others, had been approached by a fellow who told them that there was a railroad strike in Pennsylvania, and that he could get them all work at $2.80 a day. " It don't matter," he said, " what you have done before. You will do. They must have men." He collected five dollars apiece from them, and took them away. He had, by some method, made arrangements with an agent of the road. This agent, however, told them at the depot in Jersey City that unless they were engineers or expert mechanics it would be useless for them to go. The man who had collected them told them not to pay any attention to this, but to go, for it would be all right. They were put upon the train and shipped free to Pittsburg, and from there to some little town near by. When they arrived there was nothing for them, for it was true that only engineers and mechanics were wanted. They slept out in the rain all night, and went without food the next day. The company then took pity on them and shipped them back as far as Pittsburg. There they sought work in vain, or, finding odd jobs to do, shared the money among themselves, sleeping where they could, begging when they must. This one man who was telling the story had managed to get back. The women who were with them were wives of men still stranded there.

All that can be done in such a case as this is to communicate with the authorities at Pittsburg and try to get that city to return the men.

" It is a strange thing," said Mr. Jerome during the evening, " that there should be such a deep seated distrust on the part of all these people toward the city government. And it is a terrible thing. Here is a vast, active, emotional mass of our population, suffering every conceivable injury because of their fear and ignorance, preyed upon by all manner of adventurers, and afraid to speak, because the administration of our city government appeals to them only as an antagonistic and brutal force. I hope that, as an officer of the city, I can do something to change this feeling by coming here to live. I know that it will require an exhaustless patience and a constant kindly attitude on the part of myself and my assistants who will live here with me to accomplish this, but that is what we hope to do, if we can do no more."

The New Immigrant Commissioner

Frank P. Sargent, who succeeds Mr. Powderly, is the President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and is a member of the Arbitration Board lately appointed by the Civic Federation.

Henry Clay Evans

The resignation of Mr. Evans as Commissioner of Pensions, an office he has held for five years, has been accepted by the President, and it is understood that Mr. Evans will be appointed to some other office of equal or greater responsibility. His successor will be Mr. E. F. Ware, of Kansas. Mr. Evans's administration of the Pension Bureau has resulted in the defeat of many plans for defrauding the Treasury, and it is believed that the President and the country at large realize that a careful and scrupulous application of the law is really for the highest interests of all deserving soldiers who are entitled under the law to receive the bounty of the country. Such an administration of the law, however, was bound to make, and did make, many enemies for Mr. Evans in the great army of people who are constantly trying to stretch the law beyond its proper limits. Mr. Evans is a native of Pennsylvania, but enlisted as a soldier in the Civil War from Wisconsin. After the war he entered into business at Chattanooga, where he had been stationed in the Quartermaster's department, and he has been since closely identified with the business and political interests of Tennessee; he has been Mayor of Chattanooga and has twice represented Tennessee in Congress. In 1894 he was elected Governor of Tennessee on the face of the returns, but by the Board of Supervision of Elections his Democratic opponent was declared elected.

THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE SPANISH COURT

BY STEWART L. WOODFORD

FORMERLY UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SPAIN

THE young King of Spain will be formally recognized this month as the actual monarch of that ancient kingdom. Many will wish him well, and none more heartily than the people of the United States. I accede gladly to the request of The Outlook to give very briefly, but very cordially, some recollections and impressions formed during my stay at the Spanish Court.

We reached San Sebastian, where the Queen Regent was holding her summer Court, on the morning of the first of September, 1897. The day was perfect; the journey had been without incident, and the time schedule had been kept to the very minute. I mention this last because I had heard much of railway delays in Spain. At the station, officials from the Palace and from the city government met us and gave us most courteous welcome. Mr. Hannis Taylor, the retiring American Minister, was in the receiving party, and I wish to acknowledge here most cordially the kindness which he showed me in so many ways until his official duties had been ended and he left for Paris.

San Sebastian lies in very picturesque position on a small horseshoe-shaped bay that runs in from the troublous waters of Biscay. Bold, rocky promontories sentinel either side of its entrance, and within their protection the bay is quiet as an inland lake. As shelter for small craft and as a bathing beach it is perfect. On the headland to the east is a fort, strong in the days of old artillery. In a quaint graveyard near the summit lie the remains of many Englishmen who died here during the Peninsular Wars. To the west is the signal light. On a beautiful slope rising just west of the bathing beaches is the palace of Miramar, which is the favorite summer resort of the Queen Regent, and where she was then holding her summer Court. It is a modern building, spacious, comfortable, and such a summer resting-place as good sense would plan for repose and quiet recreation.

We had been at San Sebastian but three days when, driving out in the afternoon, we met the Queen returning from an excursion to the country. Several outriders preceded her carriage. She and her son, the young King, and her two daughters were in the landau, and two or more mounted staff officers followed. Of course we got but a glimpse of the royal party—only enough to see that she and all her children were fair-haired and of the distinctly Austrian type. She bowed with most gracious salutation, the young King touching his cap in military fashion. Each time that I saw her Majesty thereafter deepened the impression formed at that first meeting that she was a thoughtful, sincere woman, who was a good mother and who sought conscientiously to be a good Queen.

We walked and rode much during the next three or four weeks, exploring the roads and foot-paths over the hills in every direction, and quite frequently met the Queen and her family driving, and several times saw the young King out riding, accompanied only by an aide and one or two orderlies. He was then only in his twelfth year, having been eleven on the 17th of May, 1897. He was slight, of fair height for his age, blue-eyed, with finely cut features, and singularly like his mother. He had the chin and mouth that are such a distinguishing mark of the Hapsburg royal family. He looked as if he were in delicate health, and yet he was of erect carriage, and, as soldiers would say, "well set up." He rode like a little centaur.

About the thirteenth day of September I was formally presented to the Queen at her palace. No one was in attendance in her salon except the Duke of Tetuan, who was then her Minister of State. Her Majesty conversed with me in perfect English. Her linguistic accomplishments are great. Her English is idiomatic, and, but for a slight German accent, you would think that she had been educated in England. I recall that when she received the King of Siam the following winter at Madrid, and the members of the Diplomatic Corps were invited to the function, she passed down the line of Ambassadors and Ministers, who were formed in a semicircle, and spoke to each, save the Russian, the Italian, and the Turk, in his own tongue. To them she spoke in French. But she was equally at home in using German, English, French, and Spanish. I think she read Italian, but did not converse in it.

I did not see the young King while at San Sebastian, save as I met him driving or riding. But the ladies of my party saw him frequently as he went to and from his bathing pavilion during the bathing hours.

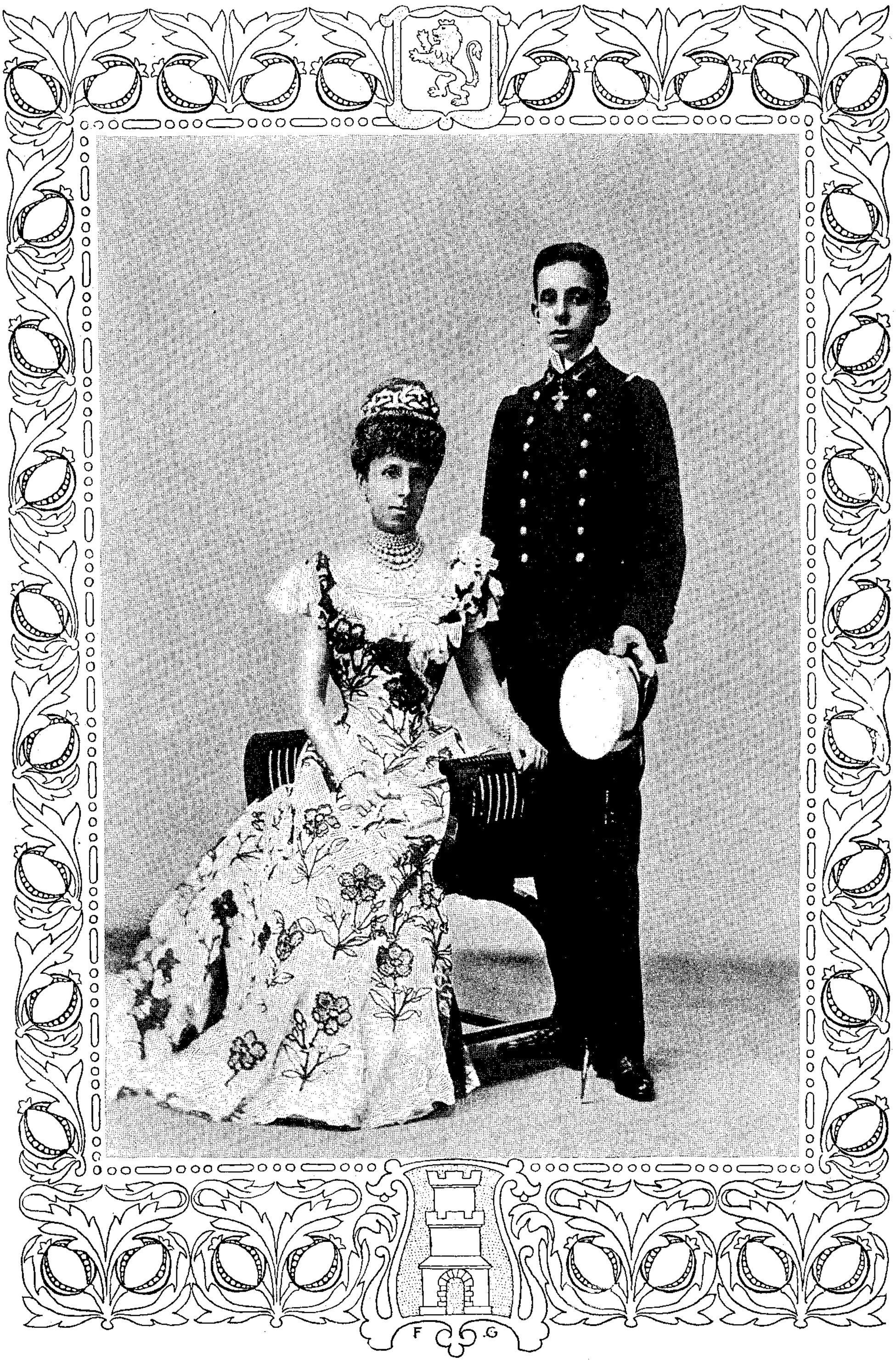
Possibly I should mention two instances of peculiar courtesy shown to our legation while we were at the seashore. Diplomatic etiquette forbids that an arriving Minister on reaching his post should call on the representatives of any foreign power until after he has been formally presented to the Court to which he is accredited. Then he notifies each of the Ambassadors of such presentation, and asks that a time be set when he may call on them. Such calls, being made, are promptly returned, and his social and official acquaintanceship is thus most decorously begun. But very soon after our arrival at San Sebastian, and before the American Minister had been received by the Queen, the Ambassadors of Great Britain and Germany did him the great and unusual kindness of calling at his hotel in an informal and unofficial way. The personal acquaintance thus begun ripened into friendship which remained unclouded and unbroken until I left Madrid on the 21st of the following April. I do not know that I shall ever have the good fortune to meet either of them in life again, but I am glad to have met and known Sir Henry Wolf and Herr von Radowitz.

After several weeks at San Sebastian, we went up to Madrid, where we found temporary quarters at the Hotel di Roma. A few days afterward the Court came up from its summering by the sea and the autumn routine of official life began.

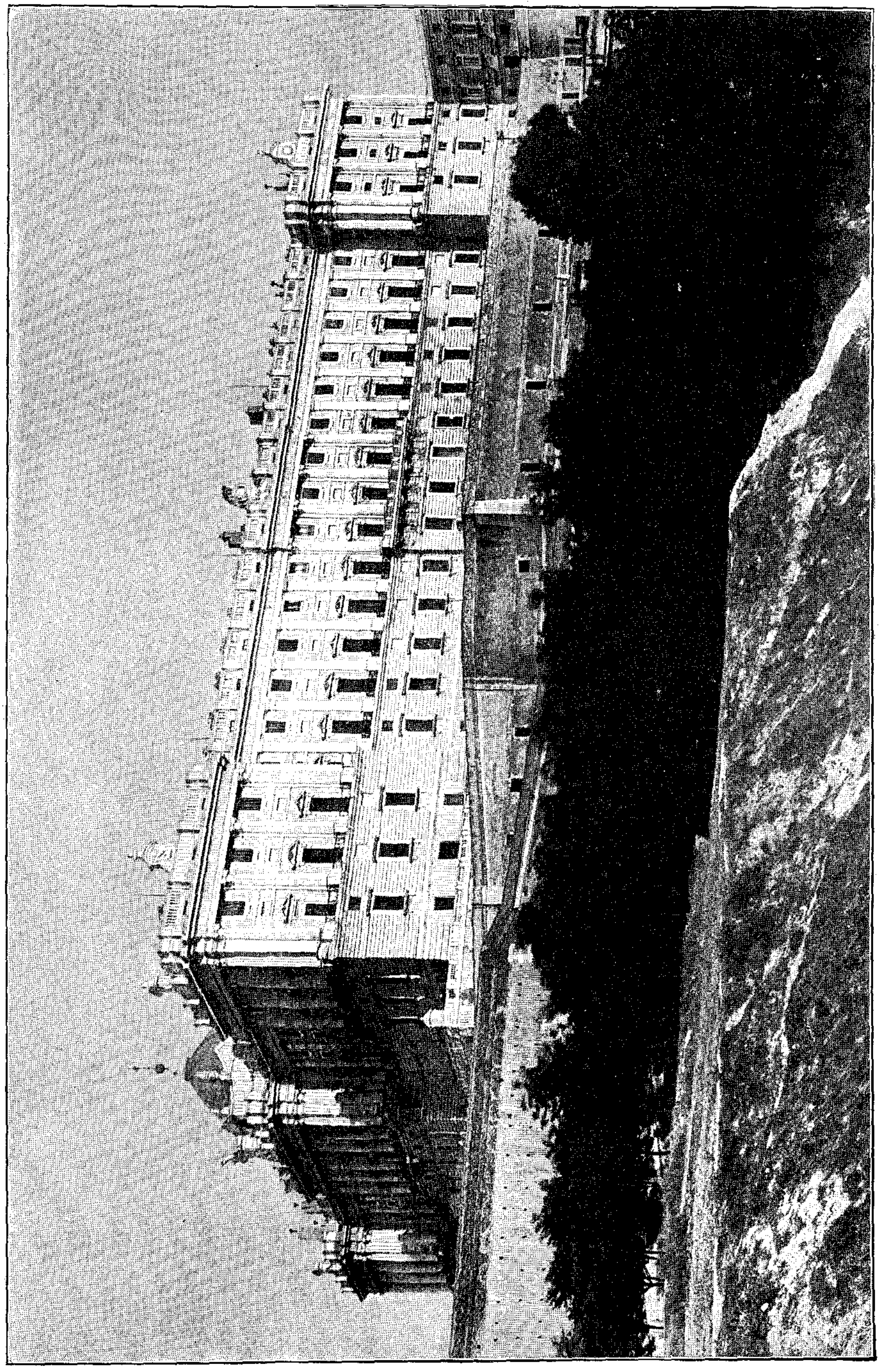
We had no social life at Madrid outside the Court official circle and the Diplomatic Corps. Polite Spanish society was distinctly cool toward the American legation, and although we had formal and courteous invitations to the leading clubs, it was soon evident that, in the strained relations between the two Governments, we were politely tolerated and not heartily welcome. But the Court was in all respects and at all times perfectly kind and cordial, and as I now look back I cannot recall a single occasion when anything occurred that was not exactly correct even judged by the stateliest courtesy of Spanish etiquette.

The Diplomatic Corps, without a single exception, were cordial and hospitable, and our social and official intercourse with them made our winter at Madrid pleasant.

My duties permitted me to see the Queen Regent quite frequently, and the first impression formed at San Sebastian ripened into deep appreciation of her rare qualities of statesmanship and profound respect for her womanly grace and motherly devotion to her son. Hers was indeed a difficult position. She was an Austrian. Her son was to come to the throne at the early age of sixteen. His dominions were threatened by revolutions in Cuba and the far Philippines. There was unrest even in the Peninsula. Party strife ran high and the Carlists were active. The Queen did her best to keep his kingdom intact for her son, and she



KING ALFONSO XIII. AND HIS MOTHER



THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID

did that best very wisely and bravely. War came, and the Antilles were torn from the Spanish crown in the Caribbean Sea, and the Philippines in the Orient, but this was the fate of history and through no fault of hers.

The Queen Regent has been a wise, I think a great, ruler, and she will retire from the throne with the respectful affection of all who were permitted to be at her Court during the troublous winter that preceded the Spanish-American War.

During that autumn and winter I saw the young King frequently on his rides and walks in the Casa Blanca. This is the great park that stretches beyond the palace built by Charles III., which is the royal residence at Madrid.

His life was studious and his training severe. He was not quite twelve. His education in books had to be forced and practically finished before the age at which young men are usually fitted to enter the *gymnase*. He rose at seven each morning. After coffee he was with his tutors until noon. He had daily military drill and took daily rides on horseback. He was trained especially in mathematics, of far higher range than young lads are usually given, and was kept at constant practice in the modern languages. On one occasion, when a reception to all the high functionaries, army, navy, clerical, and civilian, was held at the Palace, just before the Lenten season began, all the Diplomatic Corps were present, being formed opposite the throne. He sat at his mother's right upon the royal dais. As the long train of officials swept by, saluting as they passed, he bore it patiently and recognized the salutes with such grave dignity that I was heartily glad when at last the boy grew tired and mischievously kicked away the cushion placed for his foot-rest. When the procession had passed, the Queen came to the line of Ambassadors and Ministers and greeted them in stately, ceremonious fashion. The young King accompanied her and gave brief salutation to each of us. I found that he had his mother's rare gift for language and

THE SUMMER PALACE AT SAN SEBASTIAN

spoke naturally and easily in French, German, Italian, and English. His English pronunciation was simply perfect, and did great credit to the cultivated English lady who had long been his personal governess. He looked, as when I had seen him first at San Sebastian, pale, delicate, precocious.

He comes to the throne in May. He will have loyal support from the leaders of both the great Liberal and Conservative parties. His task will be difficult, his burden severe. It was my duty to be at Madrid when events ripened into war, and I shall always remember the patient, brave Queen, whose prayer and efforts were for peace, and the fair young boy for whom, and for whose kingdom, she strove with a woman's wit and a mother's devotion. Spain should have a future of success. Her three thousand miles of coast offer great opportunities for commerce. Her mines are rich with iron, with quicksilver, with coal, with copper, and with salt. Her climate affords every variety for agricultural production. Her peasantry are patient, frugal, sober, industrious. If her rulers are wise and brave and progressive, she may win a large share in the future of Europe.

Other Men's Motives

By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

When the poor, tired Worldling comes to die,
He thinks that now, At Last, he shall know Why
His streams ran blood, his fields were choked with tares,
His every pleasure clogged with carking cares.
When the poor, tired Worldling comes to die,
He thinks that now, At Last, he shall know Why
His Love was false, his Friend estranged, his Foe
The only constant factor in his woe,—
Poor, puzzled Worldling, yearning through his pain
For God's full promise to make all things plain,—
Yet when that Worldling at the Judgment Day
Stands up to share the solving of the way,
And hears the searching, awful edict pealed,
"*The Secrets of All Hearts shall be Revealed!*"
Then that same Worldling, clutching at his breast,
Flees like a madman tortured and possessed.
"The secrets of all hearts? Yes, thine, and thine,
But oh, for Christ's dear sake, not mine, *not Mine!*"
Poor, selfish Worldling, with his zeal to ken
The hidden motives of the Other Men!

EDVARD GRIEG

The Work of Grieg

By Daniel Gregory Mason

TO the musical amateur no contemporary composer is better known than Grieg. Every school-girl plays his piano pieces, young violinists study his delightfully melodious sonatas, and few concert pieces are more widely loved than the Peer Gynt Suite. Yet from professional musicians Grieg does not meet with such favor. Many speak of him patronizingly, some scornfully. "Grieg?" they say. "Oh, yes, very charming, but—" and the sentence ends with a shrug. The reason for this discrepancy of estimate seems to be that the layman, fascinated by Grieg's lovely melodies, unusual and piquant harmonic treatment, and contagious rhythm, looks for no further quality; but the musician, unconsciously referring all music to a standard based on works of greater solidity, greater breadth and force and passion as well as wider learning and superior skill, is too conscious of the shortcomings of this Norwegian minstrelsy to do justice to its qualities. It is, of a truth, music in which merit and failing are curiously mingled; its delicate beauty is unique, its limitation extreme. It is as fair as a flower, and as fragile. It is, in short, the effluence of a personality graceful without strength, romantic without the sense of tragedy, highly gifted with all gentle qualities of nature, but lacking in the more virile powers, in broad vision, epic magnanimity, and massive force.

Of this personality, as it appears in the flesh, we get an interesting glimpse in Tschaikowsky's Diary.[1] "During the rehearsal of Brahms's new trio," writes

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[1] "Diary of My Tour in 1888," translated in "Tschaikowsky, His Life and Works," by Rosa Newmarch. (John Lane, New York, 1900.)

Tschaikowsky, "as I was taking the liberty of making some remarks as to the skill and execution of the relative *tempo* 2–3—remarks which were very good-naturedly received by the composer—there entered the room a very short, middle-aged man, exceedingly fragile in appearance, with shoulders of unequal height, fair hair brushed back from his forehead, and a very slight, almost boyish beard and mustache. There was nothing very striking about the features of this man, whose exterior at once attracted my sympathy, for it would be impossible to call them handsome or regular; but he had an uncommon charm, and blue eyes, not very large, but irresistibly fascinating, recalling the glance of a charming and candid child. I rejoiced in the depths of my heart when we were introduced to each other, and it turned out that this personality which was so inexplicably sympathetic to me belonged to a musician whose warmly emotional music had long ago won my heart. He proved to be the Norwegian composer Edvard Grieg." This was in 1888, when Grieg was forty-five. We may compare with it another description, made a year later by a Frenchman, M. Ernest Closson, when Grieg was playing and conducting his works in Paris. "Grieg is small, thin, and narrow-shouldered," writes M. Closson.[1] "His body, which is like a child's, is always in motion—the movements short, lively, singularly jerky and angular, each step shaking the whole body and hitching the shoulder as if he limped; a 'bundle of nerves' ["*paquet des nerfs*"], to use a doctor's phrase of picturesque energy. The head, which looks massive on so small a body, is intelligent and very handsome, with long grayish hair thrown back, thin face, smooth-shaven chin, short, thick mustache, small but full nose, and eyes!—eyes superb, green, gray, in which one can fancy one catches a glimpse of Norway, with its melancholy fjords and its luminous mists. His gaze is serious, wonderfully soft, with a peculiar expression, at once worn, tentative, and childishly naïve. The entire effect is of kindness, gentleness, candor, a sincere modesty."

It is thus obvious that Grieg is of the nervous, sensitive temperament, the temperament of Keats and Stevenson, quick and ardent in feeling, and in art notable for subjective, intimate work rather than for the wide objective point of view. Grieg's music is of value, indeed, just because it is the artistic expression of delicate personal feeling. We shall find that his whole development tended toward a singularly individual, or at most national, utterance; that his efforts toward a complexer or more universal style, such as in poetry we call epic, were unsuccessful; and that his real and inimitable achievement is all in the domain of the pure lyric.

Edvard Grieg was born in Bergen, Norway, in 1843. At an early age he showed musical talent, starting in to learn the piano and theory at six, under his mother's direction. Gesine Grieg, born Hagerup, descendent from a forceful Norwegian family which had produced some famous men, was a woman of musical and poetic instinct and of strong character. She had studied music in Hamburg and in London, and given some concerts and many soirées in Bergen. In a word, her son could not have found a better guide in his first studies. At nine Grieg surprised his school-teacher by submitting in place of a literary composition a set of original variations on a German melody, a substitution which was not kindly received. He was told to stop such nonsense, but does not appear to have been long dissuaded. The artistic temperament revealed itself also in great sensitiveness to the beauty of the somber Northern landscape, and at fifteen Grieg wished to become a painter. Fortunately, however, his musical ability was recognized by the famous violinist Ole Bull, at whose suggestion his parents decided to send him to the Leipsic Conservatory, whither he traveled in 1858. Here again the romanticism of the boy showed itself in his fretfulness under the strict régime of his masters, Hauptmann, Richter, Rietz, Reinecke, and Moscheles, and in his passionate devotion to the works of Schumann and Chopin, who were then looked upon in academic circles as somewhat dangerous revolutionaries. Except for a vacation of some months at home, necessitated by the pulmonary trouble which has ever since weakened Grieg's health, he spent four years in the Conservatory, being graduated in 1862.

In his earliest compositions, produced

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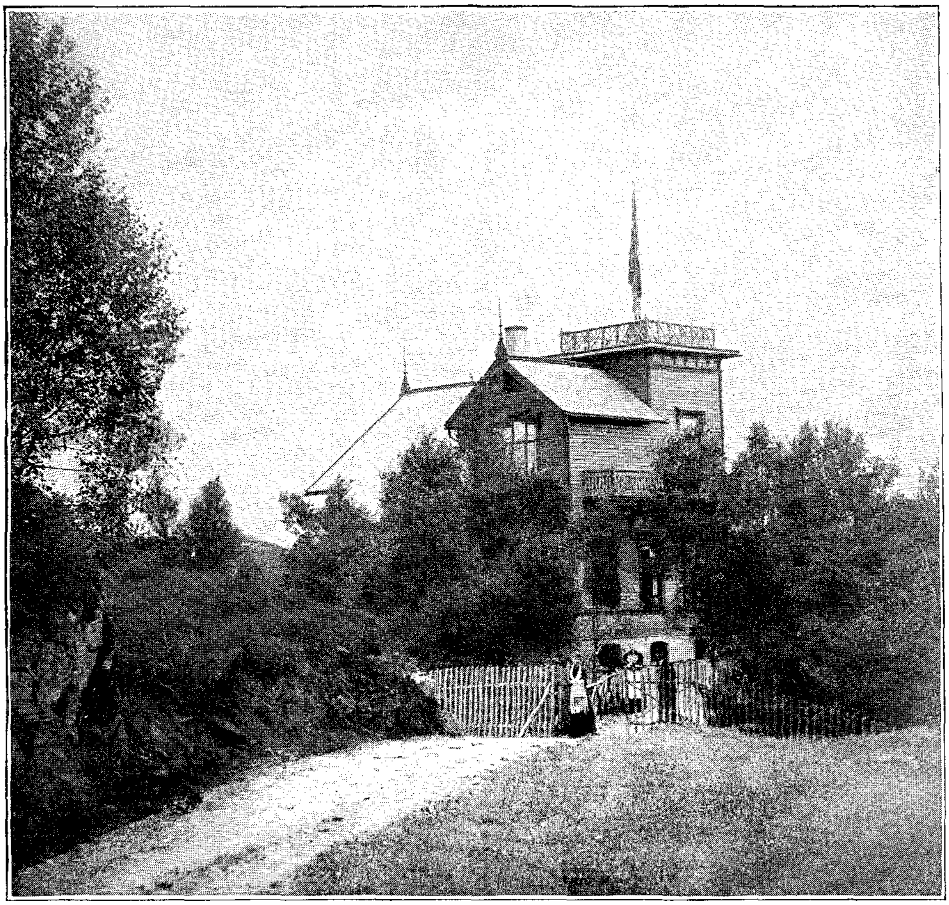
[1] "Edvard Grieg et la Musique Scandinave," Ernest Closson. (Paris, Librairie Fischbacher, 1892.)



VILLA TROLDHANGEN, GRIEG'S COUNTRY HOUSE NEAR BERGEN

From a photograph in the collection of Dr. William Mason.

at this period, the traits that afterwards distinguished him are rather hampered by academic influences and uncertainty of intention. The Four Pieces, opus 1, by no means devoid of his peculiar flavor, are yet tentative in style and reminiscent of older masters, particularly Chopin and Mendelssohn. Of the Poetic Tone-pictures, opus 3, the second and fourth are the well-established type of graceful *salon* piece. Number four, indeed, might almost be a strayed leaf from that gentle but hackneyed work which some modern cynic has called the "Songs without Music." Yet the very next piece is full-fledged Grieg. Here is the short four-measure phrase, transposed a third and repeated, here the descending chromatic harmonizations, here the raucous fifths as of peasant players, that we shall presently learn to look for among the hall-marks of his writing. But more important than any such technical details is the general animation, producing trenchant rhythm, graceful melody, and warm harmony, that always sparkles in Grieg's best work. In the Poetic Tone-pictures he is already himself, though not his mature self.

Being at graduation somewhat bewildered and uncertain as to his future course, Grieg turned his steps in 1863 to the Danish capital, the home of a great man whom he idolized. "One day," he writes in an autobiographical fragment, "I had gone out with my friend Matthison-Hansen to Klampenborg. Suddenly he nudged my arm.

"'What is it?' I said.

"'Do you see that little man with the large gray hat?'

"'I see him.'

"'Do you know who it is?' said he.

"'I haven't the least idea.'

"'That's Gade,' he said. 'Shall I introduce you?'

"And without waiting for my reply he took me up to the Professor, with the curt announcement:

"'Professor, a Norwegian friend of mine—a good musician.'

"'Is it Nordraak?' asked Gade.

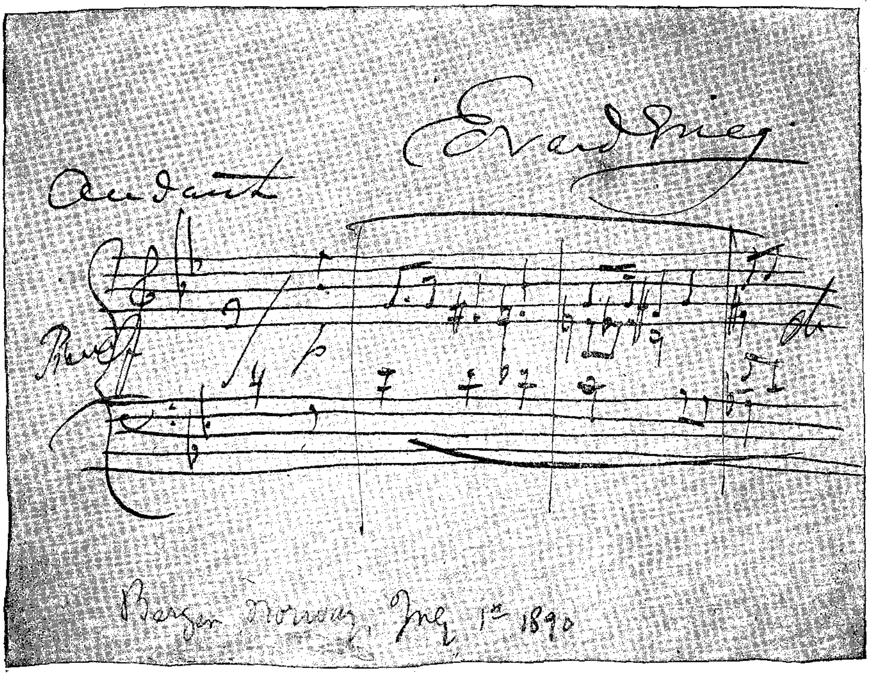
"'No, it is Grieg,' answered Matthison-Hansen.

"'Oh, that's who it is,' said Gade, scanning my insignificant and humble self from head to foot with a searching glance, while I stood, not without awe, face to face with the man whose works I treasured so highly. 'Have you something to show me?'

"'No,' I answered. For the things I had finished didn't seem good enough.

"'Then go home and write a symphony,' recommended Gade."

It is indicative of the groping stage at which Grieg's genius still paused that he actually tried to write a symphony, two movements of which are preserved in the Symphonic Pieces, opus 14—Grieg, whose talent was symphonic in about the degree that Brahms's was operatic. Contact with the friendly little man in the large gray hat, who has been dubbed the "Danish Mendelssohn," was doubtless a stimulus to the young Grieg; but other and more radical influences were needed to awaken his personality and bring him to his own. Such influences, however, he eventually found in Copenhagen. The "Nordraak" for whom Gade had at first taken him, a fervently patriotic Norwegian of magnetic personality, acquainted him with Norwegian folk-songs and fired him with an ambition to found on them a finished art. Meeting in solemn conclave, with all the self-importance of youth, these two enthusiasts took the oath of musical allegiance to their fatherland. "It was as though scales fell from my eyes," writes Grieg; "for the first time I learned . . . to understand my own nature. We abjured the Gade-Mendelssohn insipid and diluted Scandinavianism, and bound ourselves with enthusiasm to the new path which the northern school is now following." Nor did their zeal confine itself to composition. In 1864 they founded, with their Danish friends Horneman and Matthison-Hansen, the Euterpe Musical Society, for the performance of Scandinavian works. This institution, which must have reacted stimulatingly on their composition, they supported energetically up to Grieg's departure in 1866 for Christiania.



A MUSICAL AUTOGRAPH OF GRIEG

GRIEG AND HIS WIFE

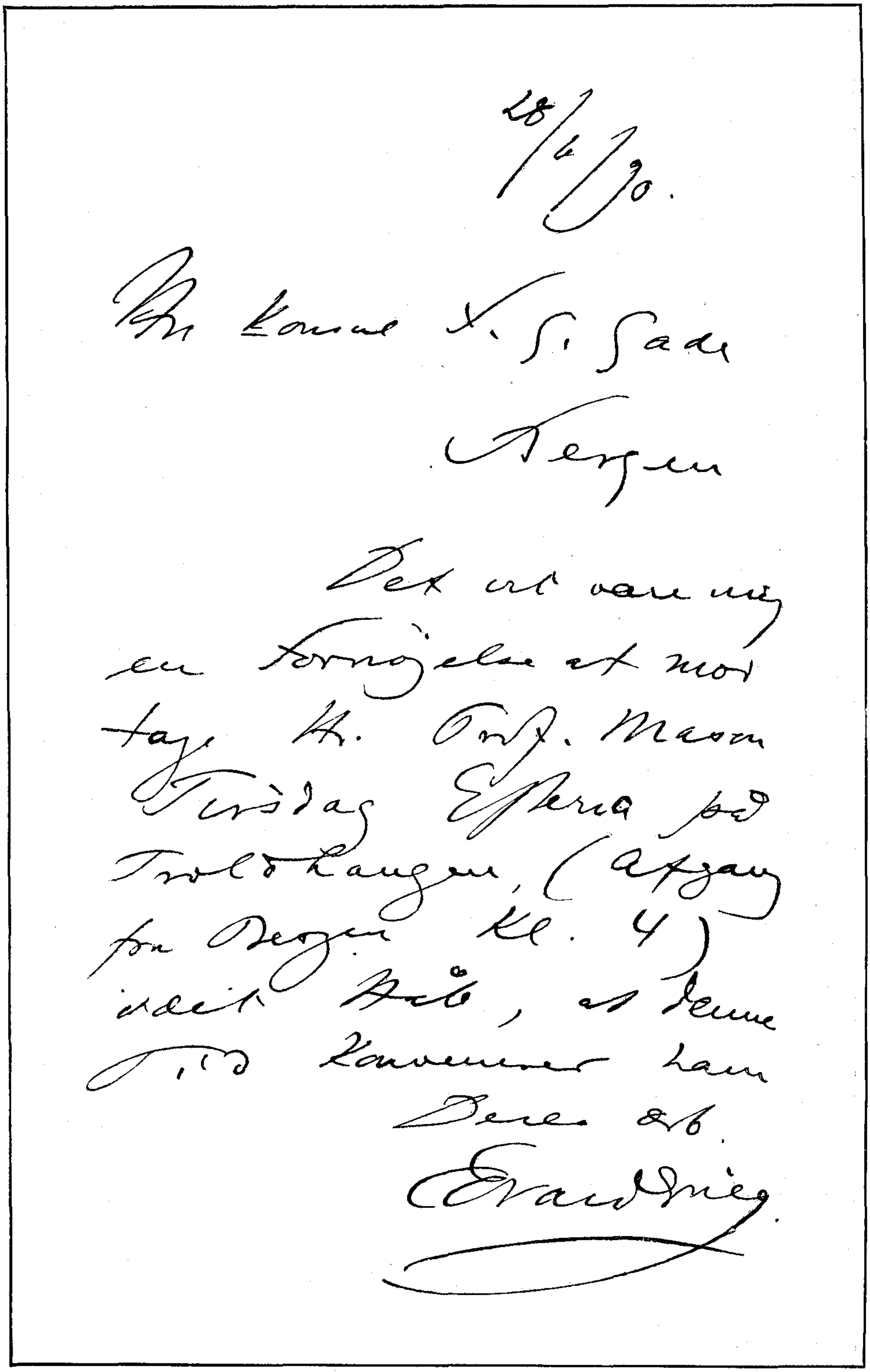
From the collection of Dr. William Mason.

Finally, it was in these years of his freshest vigor, in which he was conscious both of inner power and of outer opportunities, that Grieg met the lady, Miss Nina Hagerup, his cousin, who became in time his wife. It is not to be wondered at that no period in his life was so fruitful as this.

His most characteristic works, accordingly, were composed between his graduation from the conservatory and the early seventies — between his twentieth and his thirtieth years. There are the two inimitable Sonatas for Violin and Piano, opus 8 and opus 13; the Piano Sonata, opus 7; the incidental music to Ibsen's Peer Gynt; some of the most charming of the Lyric Pieces for piano and of the Songs, and the Piano Concerto, opus 16; the best part, certainly, of his entire musical product. It were a hopeless as well as useless task to describe in words the qualities of these compositions. What shall one say in words of the flavor of an orange? It is sweet? Yes. And acid? Yes, a little. And it has a delicate aroma, and is juicy and cool. But how much idea of an orange has one conveyed then? And similarly with this indescribably delicate music of Grieg; there is little that can be pertinently or serviceably said of it. One may point out, however, its persistently lyrical character. It is like the poetry of Mr. Henley in its exclusive concern with moods, with personal emotions of the subtlest, most elusive sort. It is intimate, suggestive, intangible. It voices the gentlest feelings of the heart, or summons up the airiest visions of the imagination. It is whimsical, too, changes its hues like the chameleon, and often surprises us with a sudden flight to some unexpected shade of expression. Again, its finesse is striking. The phrases are polished like gems, the melodies charm us with their perfect proportions, the cadences are as consummate as they are novel. Then, again, the rhythm is most delightfully frank and straightforward; there is no maundering or uncertainty, but always a vigorous dancing progress, as candid as childhood. It is hard to keep one's feet still through some of the Norwegian Dances. And though in the Lyric Pieces rhythm is idealized, it is always definite and clear, so that they are at the opposite pole from all that formless sentimentality which abandons accent in order to wail. Again, one must notice the curious exotic flavor of this music, a flavor not Oriental but Northern, a half-wild, half-tender pathos, outlandish a little, but not turgid—on the contrary, perfectly pellucid. An example is the little Waltz that figures as number two of the Lyric Pieces, opus 12. Grieg's music, then, is lyrical, intimate, shapely, and exotic, if such words mean anything—yes, just as the orange is sweet, acid, and aromatic. One who would feel the quality of these works must hear them.

On the other hand, Grieg is never large or heroic; he never wears the buskin. He has neither the depth of passion nor the intellectual grasp needed to make music in the grand style. Probably of all his peculiarities the most significant is the shortness of his phrases and his manner of repeating them almost literally, displaced a little in pitch, but not otherwise altered. Almost all his music can be cut up into segments two or four measures long, each segment complete in itself, an entire musical thought. If the reader will examine the little Waltz just mentioned, for example, he will see that it is constructed as follows: after two introductory measures a phrase of melody is announced, four measures in length; this is immediately repeated, at the same pitch but slightly varied in rhythm; then enters another phrase, two measures long, which is repeated literally, a third lower; its latter half is twice echoed, and there is a two-measure cadence. All is then repeated. The middle part of the piece, in A major, is built in much the same way; after it the first part is given once more, and there is a short coda. The construction of this charming piece, in a word, is very like that of the passages from primers that are familiar to us all: "Is this a boy? This is a boy. Has the boy a dog? The boy has a dog. This is the dog of the boy." And Grieg's coda adds meditatively, "Of the boy . . . . the boy . . . . boy." His thoughts complete themselves quickly; they have little span, and they are combined, not by interfusion, but by juxtaposition. He never weaves a tapestry; he assembles a mosaic. We have only to compare his music with that of some great master, of wide scope and large synthetic power, like Brahms or Beethoven, to feel precisely in what sense he is lyrical rather than heroic, charming rather than elevated, suggestive rather than informative. Compare, for instance, with his waltz the waltz of Brahms, number eight in opus 39. Here there is a sustained flight of twelve measures, the tune poising and soaring as it were on a rising and falling breeze, or like a kite that now dips and now is up again, but never touches the earth. It is interesting to play the two waltzes one after the other, noting the difference in effect between the precise, dainty, clipped phrases of the one and the broad-spanned arch of melody of the other. Such contrasts are at the basis of all significant discriminations of musical form.

How much the "short breath" of Grieg is due to the nature of his thematic material is a difficult question to answer. Folk-tunes, it is certain, are simple in structure, composed of short phrases expressing the naïve emotions of childlike minds. On the other hand, had they not fulfilled Grieg's personal needs, supplying the sort of atmosphere he was meant to breathe in, he could never have assimilated them as he has done. Perhaps a true account of the matter is that his nature is of such unusual simplicity and ingenuousness as to find in folk-melodies its natural utterance, and to feel in their primitive phrase-structure no limitation. Intellectually, the man is not more mature than the people. From whatever sources he might draw his germinal ideas, he would never combine them in complexer forms or larger patterns than he has found ready-made to his hand in the national song. There are, however, in Norwegian music peculiarities of a different sort that we can hardly conceive as proving other than hindrances in the formation of a wholesomely eclectic style—peculiarities which are all present full-fledged in so early a work of Grieg as the Piano Concerto, opus 16, written in 1868. At the very outset, in the descending octave passage, there are two melodic tricks that recur everywhere in Grieg—the fall from the seventh of the scale to the fifth, and from the third to the tonic. Both progressions, anomalous in classic music, are prominent features of the Northern folk-tunes. Then, in the first theme, assigned to the orchestra, there are to be noticed, besides these melodic steps, the bodily displacement of the phrase already described, carrying it from A minor into C major. In the second theme, as well as in the *cantabile* piano passage that prepares the way for it, there is a rhythmic device characteristic of Grieg—the mixing in one measure of three notes to the beat with two notes to the beat, of which the prototype is to be found in the "Springtanz" of Norwegian peasants. Here also is the weak cadence, that is to say, the cadence with tonic chord coming on an unaccented beat.



28/6/90.

Hr Konsul F. G. Gade

Bergen

Det vil være mig en fornøjelse at modtage H. Prof. Mason Tirsdag Efterm. på Troldhaugen, (Afgang fra Bergen Kl. 4) idet Båd, om denne Tid konvenerer ham.

Deres ærb.

Edvard Grieg.

A LETTER FROM GRIEG TO A FRIEND

So much for melodic and rhythmic peculiarities; as a harmonist Grieg has methods equally persistent. His love of bare fifths, reiterated in the bass with boorish vigor, and his habit of harmonizing with descending chromatic sixths or thirds, both of which we remarked in opus 3, are illustrated in this Concerto; the first in the conclusion-theme of the first movement, the second in measures fourteen to sixteen of the beautiful Adagio. Finally, he is devoted to the secondary sevenths, especially in harsh and daring sequences such as make up most of the Norwegian March, opus 54, No. 2. Mannerisms like these Grieg has, on the whole, in larger measure than any other composer. On almost any of his pages the student will have no difficulty in finding for himself instances of one or more of these mannerisms.

Now, so many little tricks and idiosyncrasies, however piquant in the work of a beginner, could hardly escape becoming, as time went on, an incubus to even the most vigorous imagination. Nothing menaces thought more than affectations and whimsicalities of style. And even in the meridian of Grieg's activity, when he was charming a staid world with the fresh beauties of the Piano Sonata and the two early Violin Sonatas, there were not wanting critics who discerned his danger and foresaw that he must either broaden his methods or deteriorate. Over twenty years ago the following words were written in an English magazine by Frederick Niecks: "My fear in the case of Grieg always was that his love of Norwegian idioms would tend to narrow, materialize, and make shallow his conceptions, and prevent him from forming a style by imposing upon him a manner." Subsequent events have proved that this fear was but too well founded. Although, during the years at Copenhagen, and the eight years, from 1866 to 1874, that Grieg lived in Christiania teaching and conducting, he continued to do excellent work, he seems to have even then reached the acme of his powers, and thenceforward to have imperceptibly declined. It is rather a melancholy fact that when, in 1874, receiving a pension of sixteen hundred crowns from the Government, which enabled him to resign the conductorship of the Musical Union of Christiania, he began to devote himself almost entirely to composition, his mental vivacity was waning and his lovely lyrical utterance was beginning to be smothered under mannerisms. From this time on he advanced more by familiarizing the world with his earlier compositions than by adding to them anything particularly novel or precious. He traveled in Germany, Holland, and Denmark; gave concerts in England in 1888, and visited France a year later, playing and conducting his works at Paris. For the rest, he retired to his picturesque villa, Troldhangen, ten miles from Bergen, where he lives a peaceful and secluded country life.

It is not difficult to see why Grieg's later works should decline rather than advance. In the first place, his interest had been from the first concentrated on personal expression. His impulse was individual, not universal. He never sought to widen or deepen the forms of musical beauty, to extend the range of resources at the command of musicians; he merely used what he found ready-made to voice his own poetic feeling. In this he succeeded admirably. In the second place, charmed by the exotic quality of Norwegian music, a quality that he found also in his own nature, he adopted the native idiom with eagerness, and spent the years most composers devote to learning the musical language in acquiring—a dialect. Thirdly, his mind was of the type which cares much for beauty of ornament—even more, perhaps, than for a highly wrought harmony of line and form. It was the inevitable result of these three circumstances that, first, he should reach his highest activity in early youth, when romantic feeling is at its acme and thought habitually subjective, and thereafter decline; second, that the dialect which at first was so charming, with its unfamiliar words and its bewitching accent, should eventually reveal its paucity and its provincialism; and, finally, that a mind naturally fond of rich detail, neglectful of large shapeliness, should have recourse, in the ebb of inner impulse, to transcription, paraphrase, and all the other devices for securing superficial ornament and luxury of effect. With opus 41 Grieg began transcribing his own songs for piano, dressing up the simple melodies in all sorts of arpeggios, curious harmonies, and other musical decorations; and between his fiftieth and seventieth opus-numbers there is little but re-presentation of Norwegian tunes, now in one guise and now in another, but seldom indeed with any of the old novel charm. (A trace of it there is, perhaps, in opus 62, No. 2, and again in opus 70, No. 4.) The extraordinary pyrotechnical display that the transcription, opus 41, No. 5, makes out of so simple a song as "The Princess" is branded by M. Closson as "un crime de lèse-art." And to one who has felt the magic of the Kuhreigen, opus 17, No. 22, it is saddening to turn to the same melody as it appears in opus 63, No. 2, with all its maiden grace brushed and laced and furbelowed into an *à la mode* elegance and vacuity. Thus Grieg has not, like the more cosmopolitan, objective, and universal composers, advanced in his work up to the very end. As years have progressed, the accidental in it, the inessential, has become more prominent, has tended to obscure what is vital and beautiful. As the spirit waned, the letter has become more rigidly insistent. Idiosyncrasy has supplanted originality. To find the true Grieg, supple, spontaneous, and unaffected, we must go back to the early works.

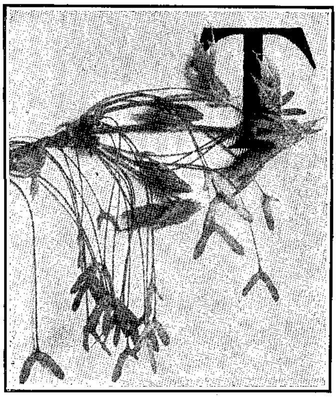
When all is said, however, Grieg has in these early works made a contribution to music which our sense of his later shortcomings must not make us forget. His Piano Sonata and his Violin Sonatas supply chamber-music with a note of pure lyric enthusiasm, of fresh unthinking animation, not elsewhere to be found. His Peer Gynt Suite fills a similar place among orchestral works. His best piano pieces, and, above all, his lovely and too little known songs, are unique in their delicate voicing of the tenderest, most elusive personal feeling, as well as in their consummate finesse of workmanship. It is a Lilliputian world, if you will, but a fair one. That art of the future which Grieg predicts in his essay on Mozart, which "will unite lines and colors in marriage, and show that it has its roots in all the past, that it draws sustenance from old as well as from new masters," will acknowledge in Grieg himself the source of one indispensable element—the element of naïve and spontaneous romance.

Bibliographical Note.—Grieg has had the good sense to publish almost all his works in the inexpensive and excellent Peters Edition. The amateur will wish to acquaint himself first of all with some such representative pieces as the following: Piano-pieces—Poetic Tone-pictures, opus 3, Humoreskes, opus 6, Sonata, opus 7, Northern Dances, opus 17, Albumblätter, opus 28, and the Lyric Pieces, opera 12, 38, 43, and 47 (opera 54, 57, 62, 65, and 68 are inferior). Four-hand arrangements—Elegiac Melodies, opus 34, Norwegian Dances, opus 35, and the first Peer Gynt Suite, opus 46. Chamber-music—the three Sonatas for Violin and Piano and the 'Cello Sonata, opus 36. Of the Songs, sixty are printed in the five "Albums" of the Peters Edition. The second contains half a dozen of Grieg's most perfect songs, among them "Ich Liebe Dich," "Morning Dew," "Parting," and "Wood Wanderings." "To Springtime" in Album I., "A Swan" and "Solvejg's Song" in Album III., and "By the Riverside," "The Old Mother," and "On the Way Home" in Album IV., are also characteristic and beautiful. The reader who feels Grieg's charm at all will end by buying all five Albums, though there is little of value in the last.

A STORY OF SOME MAPLES

BY J. HORACE McFARLAND

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author



THIS is not a botanical disquisition; it is not a complete account of all the members of the important tree family of maples. I am not a botanist, nor a true scientific observer, but only a plain tree-lover, and I have been watching some trees bloom and bud and grow and fruit for a few years, using a camera now and then to record what I see—and much more than I see, usually.

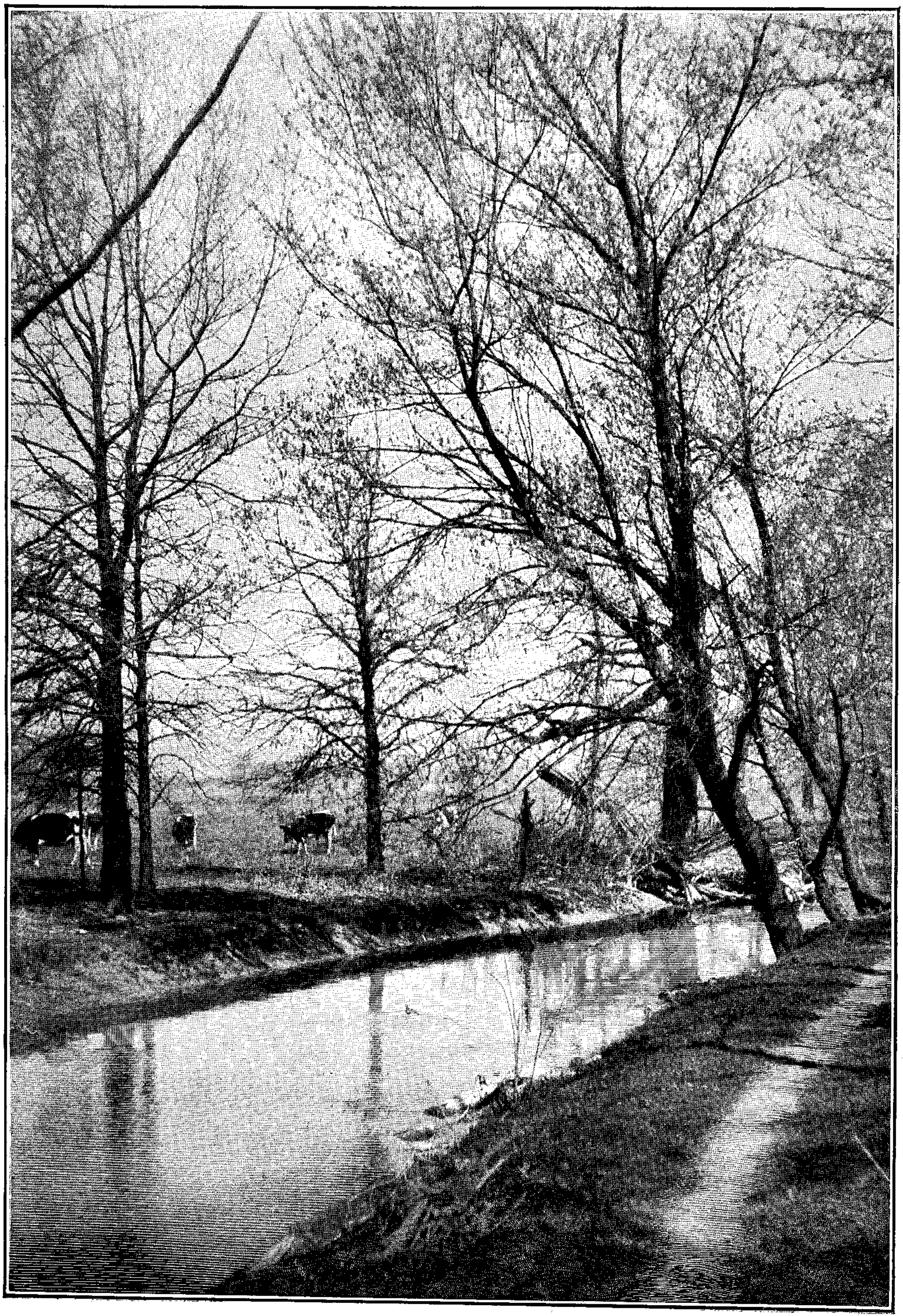
Just now, because we are in the midst of the time of year when the rising of the sap incites some to poetry, some to making maple sugar, and some to watching for the first flowers, I want to show a few tree-blooms, and direct attention to a hunt that can be made with profit in city street or park, as well as along country roadsides and in the meadows and woods.

Who does not know of the maples that are all around us? Yet who has seen the commonest of them bloom in very early spring, or watched the course of the peculiar winged seed-pods or "keys" that follow the flowers? The white or "silver" maple of streets or roadsides, the soft maple of the woods, is one of the most familiar of American trees. Its rapid and vigorous growth endears it to the man who is in a hurry for shade, and its sturdy limbs are the joy of the tree-butcher who "trims" them short in later years. Watch this maple in very early spring—even before spring is any more than a calendar probability—and a singular bloom will be found along the slender twigs. Like little loose-haired brushes these flowers are, coming often bravely in sleet and snow, and seemingly able to "set" and fertilize regardless of the weather. They hurry through the bloom-time, as they must do to carry out the life-round, for the graceful two-winged seeds that follow them are picked up and whirled about by April winds, and, if they lodge in the warming earth, are ready to grow into fine little trees the same season. Examine these seed-pods, keys, or samaras (this last is a scientific name with such euphony to it that it might well become common!), and notice the delicate veining in the translucent wings. See the graceful lines of the whole thing, and realize what an abundant provision Dame Nature makes for reproduction, for a moderate-sized tree completes many thousands of these finely formed greenish-yellow winged samaras.

This same silver maple is a bone of contention among tree men at times. Some will tell you it is "coarse;" and so it is when planted at an improper place upon a narrow street, allowed to flourish unrestrained for years, and then ruthlessly cropped off to a headless trunk! But set it on a broad lawn, or upon a roadside with generous room, and its noble stature and grace need yield nothing to the most artistic elm of New England. And in the deep woods it sometimes reaches a majesty and dignity that compel admiration. The great maple at Eagles Mere is the king of the primeval forest, towering high over mature hemlocks and beeches.

But there is another very early maple to watch for, and it is one widely distributed in the Eastern States. The red or scarlet maple is well named, for its flowers, not any more conspicuous in form than those of its close relation, the silver maple, are usually bright red or yellow, and they give a joyous color note in the very beginning of spring's overture. Not long are these flowers with us; they fade, only to be quickly succeeded by even more brilliant samaras, a little more delicate and refined than those of the silver maple, as well as of the richest and warmest hue.

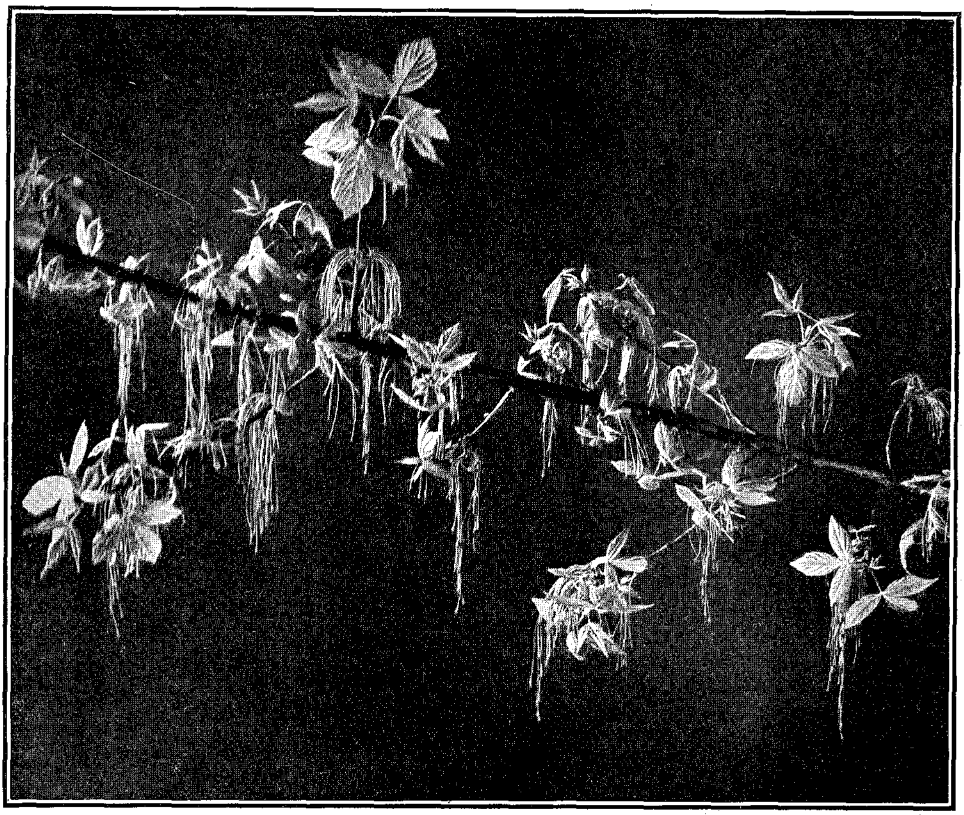
The leaves of the red maple—it is also the swamp maple of some localities—as



A FRINGE OF BOX-ELDERS BY A CREEK

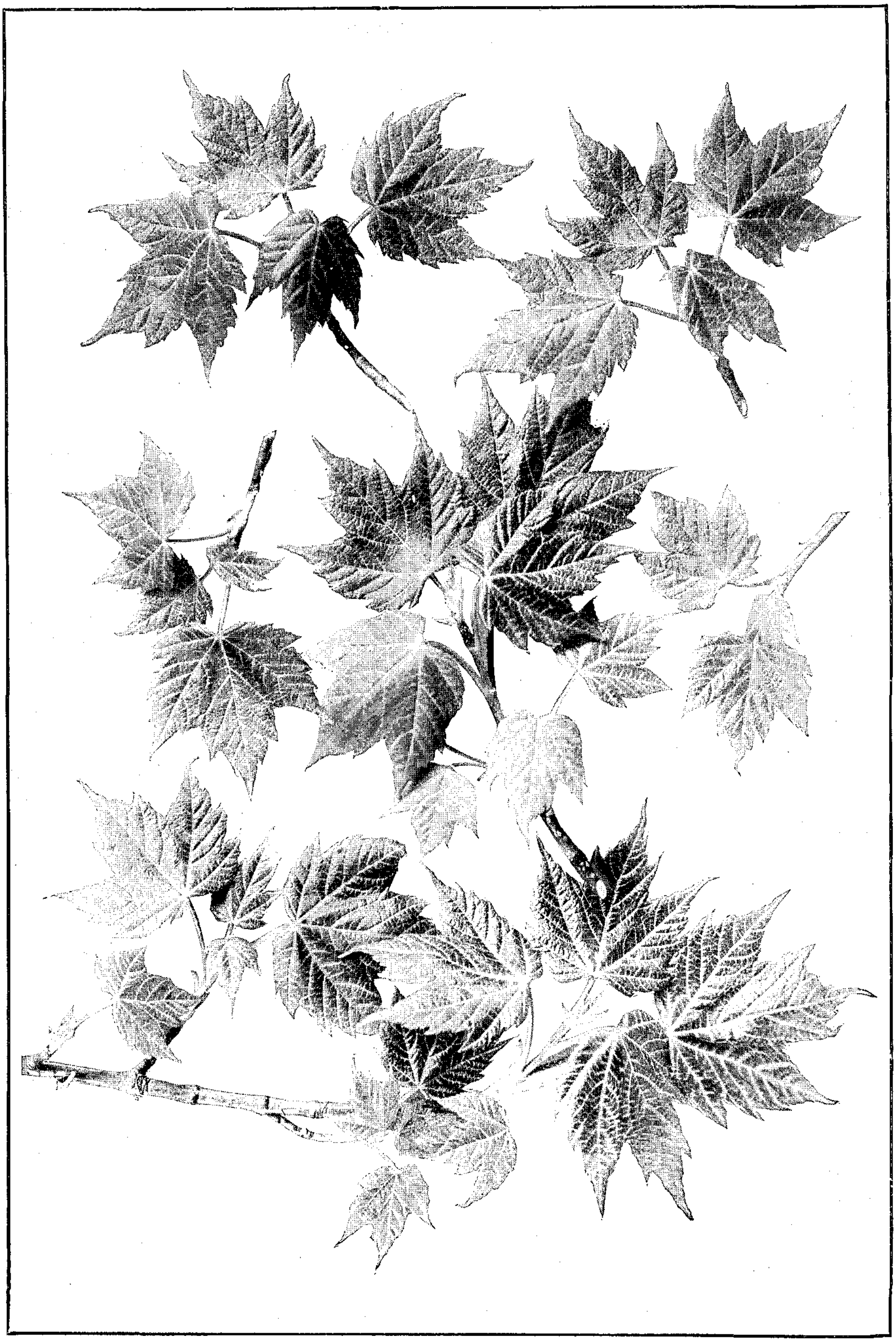
they open to the coaxing of April sun and April showers, have a special charm. They are properly red, but mingled with the characteristic color is a whole palette of tints of soft yellow, bronze, and apricot. As the little baby leaflets open, they are shiny and crinkly, and altogether attractive. One thinks of the more aristocratic and dwarfed Japanese maples in looking at the opening of these red-brown beauties, and it is no pleasure to see them smooth out into sedate greenness. Again in fall a glory of color comes to the leaves of the red maple, for they illumine the countryside with their scarlet hue, and as they fall form a brilliant thread in the most beautiful of all carpets—that of the autumn leaves.

As the ground warms and the sun searches into the hearts of the buds, the Norway maple, familiar street tree of Eastern cities, breaks into a wonderful bloom. Very deceptive it is, and taken for the opening foliage by the casual observer; yet there is, when these flowers first open, no hint of leaf on the tree, save that of the swelling bud. All that soft haze of greenish yellow is bloom, and bloom of the utmost beauty. The charm lies not in boldness of color or of contrast, but at the other extreme—in the delicacy of differing tints, in the variety of subtle shades and tones. There is a charm of form and fragrance, too, in this Norway maple—the flowers are many-rayed stars, and they emit a faint spicy odor, noticeable only where several trees are together in bloom. And these flowers last long, comparatively; so long that the greenish yellow of the young leaves begins to combine with them before they fall. The tints of flower and of leaf melt insensibly into each other, so that, as I have said before, the casual observer says, "The leaves are out on the Norway maples," not knowing of the great mass of delightful flowers that have preceded the leaves above his unseeing eyes. I emphasize this, for I hope to direct a few of the Outlook family to a new pleasure this spring—the blooming of this maple.

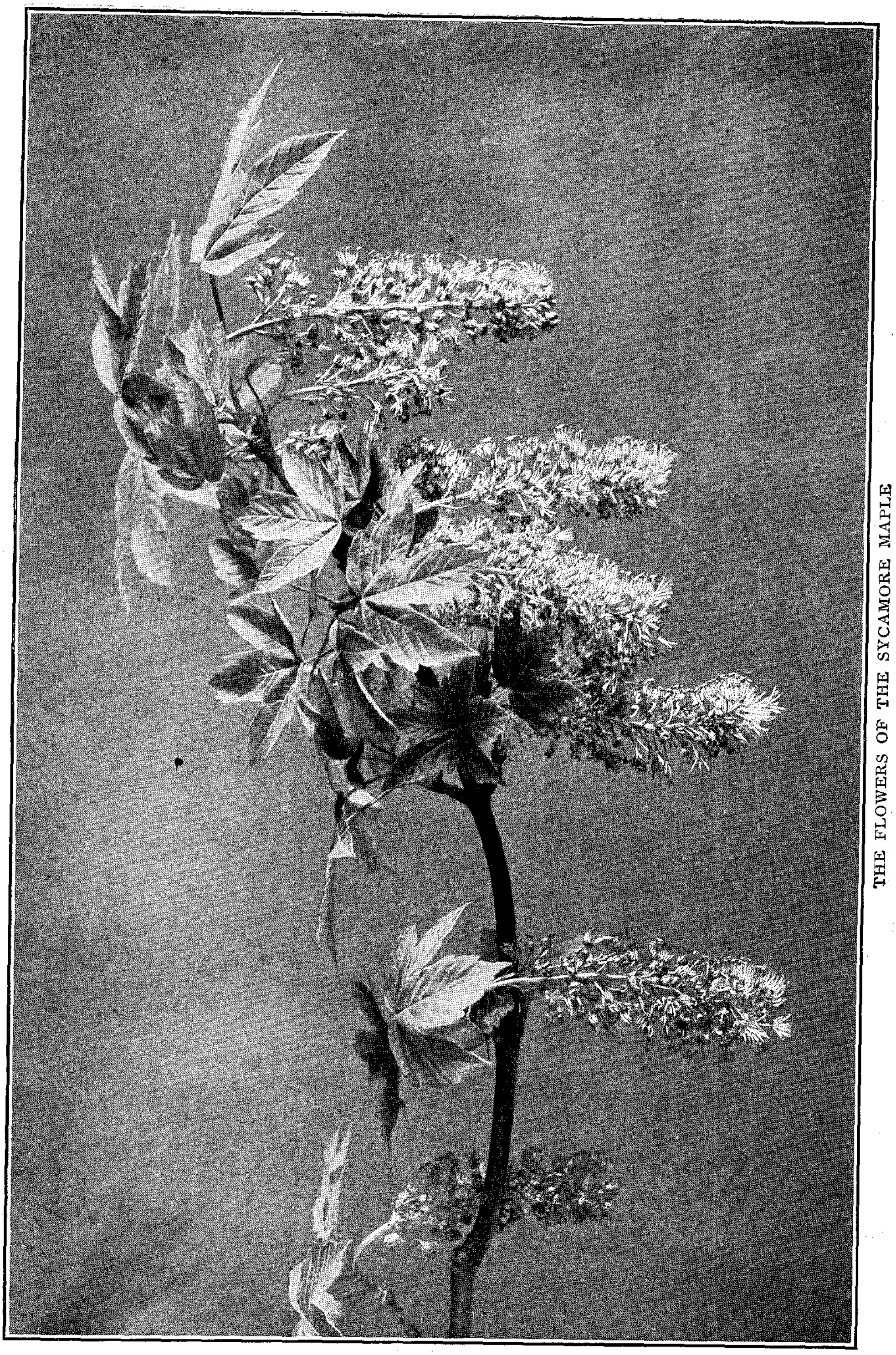


THE FLOWERS OF THE ASH-LEAVED MAPLE

The samaras to follow on this Norway

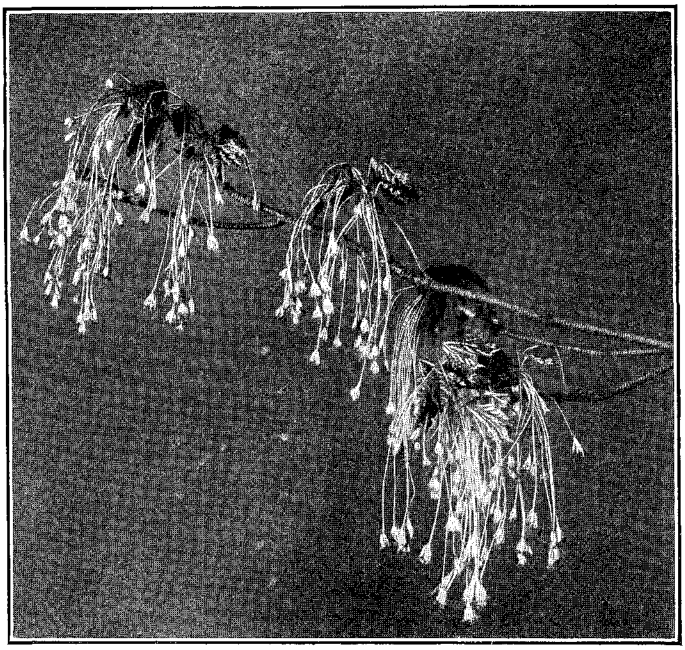


THE YOUNG LEAVES OF THE RED MAPLE



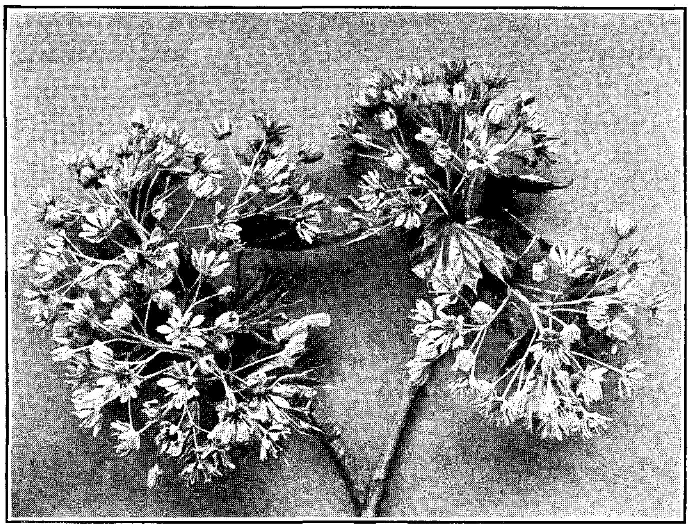
THE FLOWERS OF THE SYCAMORE MAPLE

maple are smaller than those of the other two maples mentioned they hang together at a different angle.



"THESE SUGAR-MAPLE BLOOMS HANG ON SLENDER STEMS"

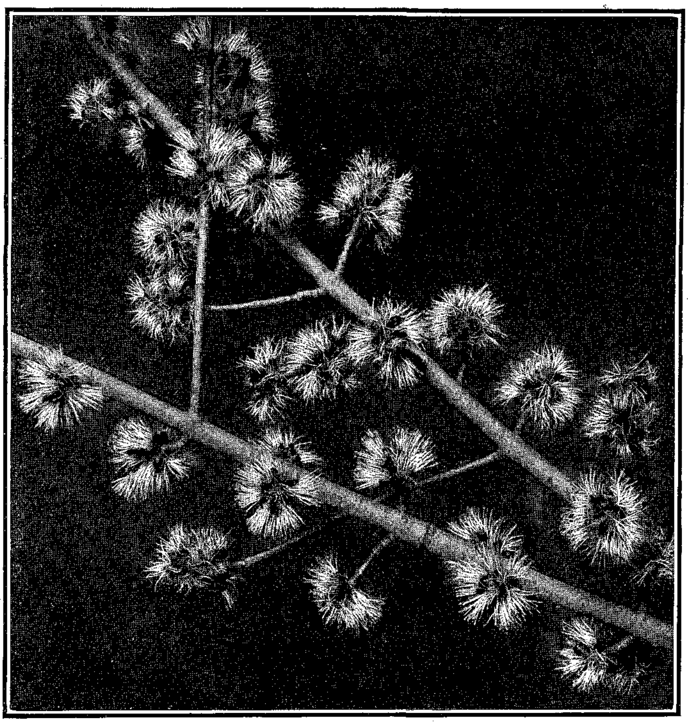
A purely American species, and one of as much economic importance as any leaf-dropping tree, is the sugar maple, known also as rock maple—one designation because we can get sweetness from its sap, the other because of the hardness of its wood. The sugar maples of New England, to me, are more individual and more essentially beautiful than the famed elms. No saccharine life-blood is drawn from the elm; therefore its elegance is considered. I notice that we seldom think much of beauty when it is connected with something we can eat! Who realizes that the common corn, the American maize, is a stately and elegant plant, far more beautiful than many a pampered pet of the greenhouse? But this is not a corn story—I shall hope to be heard on the neglected beauty of many common things some day—and we can for the time overlook the syrup of the sugar maple for its delicate blossoms, coming long after the red and the silver are done with their flowers. These sugar-maple blooms hang on slender stems; they come with the first leaves, and are very different in appearance from the flowers of other maples. After all, it is the autumn time that brings this maple most strongly before us, for it flaunts its banners of scarlet and yellow in the woods, along the roads, with a swing of its own. The sugar possibility is forgotten, and appreciating the richness of color is a pure autumn pleasure, followed by the more sober cognizance of the elegance of outline and form disclosed when all the delicate tracery of twig and bough stands revealed against winter's frosty sky.



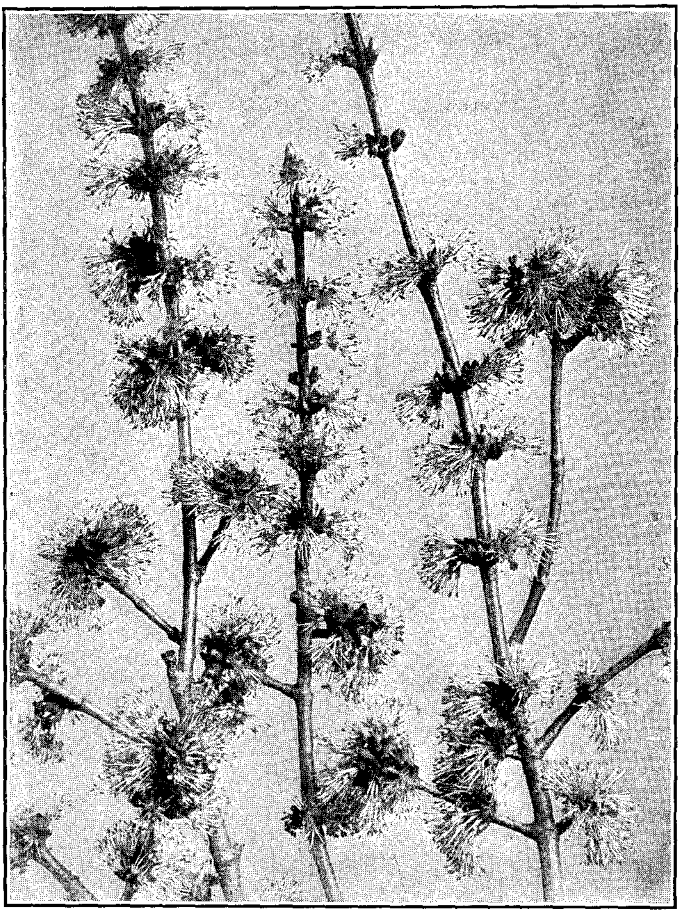
"THE NORWAY MAPLE BREAKS INTO A WONDERFUL BLOOM"

The Norway maple is botanically *Acer platanoides*. The sycamore maple is *Acer pseudo-platanus*, which being translated means that old Linnæus thought it a sort of false Norway maple. Both are European species, but both are far more familiar as street and lawn trees to us dwellers in cities than are many of our purely American species. There is a little difference in the bark of the two, and the leaves of the sycamore, while almost identical in form. are darker and thicker than those of the Norway, and they are whitish underneath, instead of light green. The habit of the two is twin-like; they can scarcely be distinguished when the leaves are off. But the flowers are totally different, and one would hardly believe them to be akin, judged only by appearances. The young leaves of the sycamore maple are lush and vigorous when the long, grape-like flower-clusters appear below the twigs. "Racemes" they are, botanically—and that is another truly good scientific word—while the beautiful Norway maple's flowers must stand the angular designation of "corymbs." But don't miss looking for the sycamore maple's long, pendulous racemes. They look more grape-like than grape blossoms; and they stay long, apparently, the transition from flower to fruit being very gradual. I mind me of a sycamore I pass every winter day, with its dead fruit-clusters, a reminiscence of the flower racemes, swinging in the frosty breeze, waiting until the spring push of the life within the twigs shoves them off.

Another maple that is different is one variously known as box-elder, ash-leaved maple, or negundo. Of rapid growth, it makes a lusty, irregular tree. Its green-barked, withe-like limbs seem willing to grow in any direction—down, up, sidewise—and the result is a peculiar formlessness that has its own merit. I think of a fringe of box-elders along Paxton Creek, decked in early spring with true maple flowers on thread-like stems, each cluster surmounted by soft green foliage apparently borrowed from the ash, and it seems that no other tree could fit better into the place or the season. Then I remember another, a single stately tree that has had a great field all to itself, and stands up in superb dignity, dominating even the group of pin-oaks nearest to it. 'Twas the surprising mist of bloom on this tree that took me up the field on a run one spring day, when the running was sweet in the air, but sticky underfoot. The color effect of the flowers is most delicate, and almost indescribable in ordi-



BLOSSOMS OF THE RED MAPLE



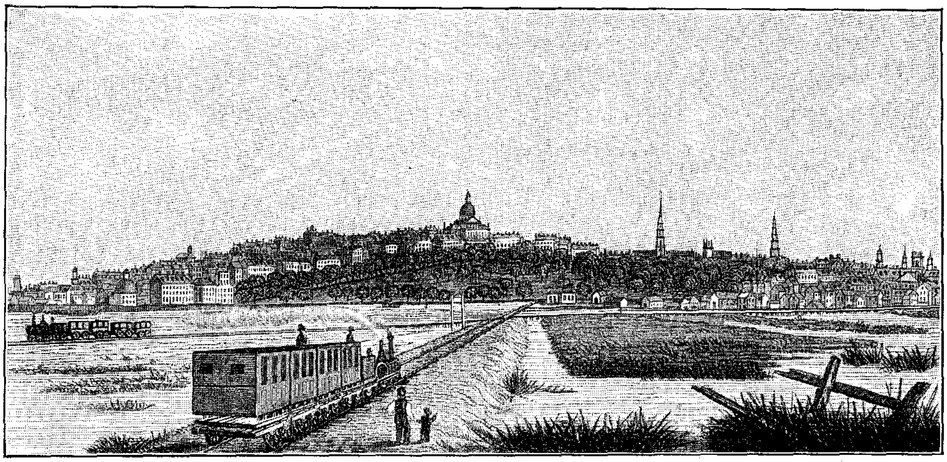
FLOWERS OF THE SILVER MAPLE

nary chromatic terms. Don't miss the acquaintance of the ash-leaved maple at its flowering time this spring of 1902, my Outlook friends!

I have not found a noticeable fragrance in the flowers of the box-elder, such as is very apparent where there is a group of Norway maples in bloom together. The red maple also gives to the air a faint and delightfully spicy odor, under favorable conditions.

Of the other maples of America—scores of them there are—I might write pages, to weariness. The striped maple of Pennsylvania, a small and rare tree, with peculiar bark, soft, large leaves, and a delicate June bloom; the black maple of the Eastern woods, the large-leaved maples of the West, the mountain maple—all of these and many more are in this great family, to say nothing of the many interesting cultivated forms and variations introduced from European nurseries, and most serviceable in formal ornamental planting. But I have told of those I know best, and those that any reader can know as well in one season, if he looks for them with the necessary tree love that is but a fine form of true love of God's creation. This love once planted means surer protection for the trees, otherwise so defenseless against the unthinking vandalism of commercialism or incompetence—a vandalism that has not only devastated our American forests, but mutilated shamefully many trees of priceless value in and about our cities.

Of the Japanese maples—their leaves seemingly a showing of the ingenuity of these Yankees of the Orient, in their twists of form and depths of odd color—I could tell a tale, but it would be of the tree nursery and not of the broad outdoors Let us close the book and go afield, in park or meadow, on street or lawn, and look to the maples for an unsuspected spring feast of bloom.

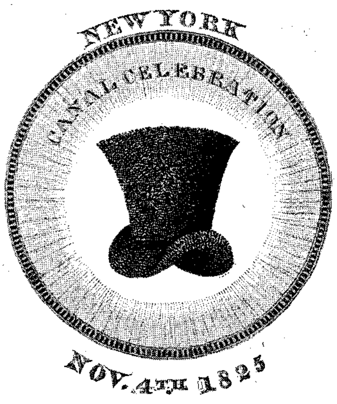


A VIEW OF BOSTON SHOWING THE PROVIDENCE AND THE WORCESTER RAILWAYS
From an early drawing.

Memories of a Hundred Years[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

VII.



INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT

IN an earlier paper of this series I told a story of the way in which the Connecticut River students of Williams College traveled fifty miles to and from their homes. In 1902 a student can go from Northampton to Williamstown in less than three hours. My father, in 1806, went from the same Northampton to Boston by what was called "the stage" on a journey which he supposed would take two days. In fact, it took three. He began by taking the public conveyance from Northampton to Brookfield, a ride perhaps of thirty-five miles. At Brookfield this line connected with the stage line from Springfield to Boston. He had taken a through passage, or, as our English friends would say, was "booked through," so that he was sure of a seat in the carriage from Springfield when it came along. While they waited at Brookfield, a lady appeared who was very anxious to go to Boston as soon as possible. But when the Springfield wagon appeared, there was no seat for her, the six seats being all taken. With all his own kindness of heart, my father gave up his seat to her, spent twenty-four hours with a classmate, and went on to Boston the next day. When, afterwards, he built the Boston and Worcester Railroad and directed the preliminary surveys for the Boston and Albany roads, which now carry thousands of passengers daily between Boston and the Connecticut River, he liked to tell this story of his three days from the Connecticut River to his future home. I have already told the family story of his voyage from New York to Troy, which required twelve days.

When one compares such anecdotes, which for time and distance are on the scale of Sindbad's voyages, against the incidents of our daily lives, he gets some feeling of the contrast, almost absurd, between the beginning of the century and the end. The steps of advance can be marked quite distinctly. And I should think that one of the wide-awake young men who are connected with the more than gigantic railway system of the country would find it worth his while to give to us a thorough history of the progress in this business of going from place to place. A hundred years have changed almost every detail of almost every life in America by the changes wrought in travel. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the second of that illustrious name, has made some interesting studies in that line. Perhaps he will build on his own foundations.

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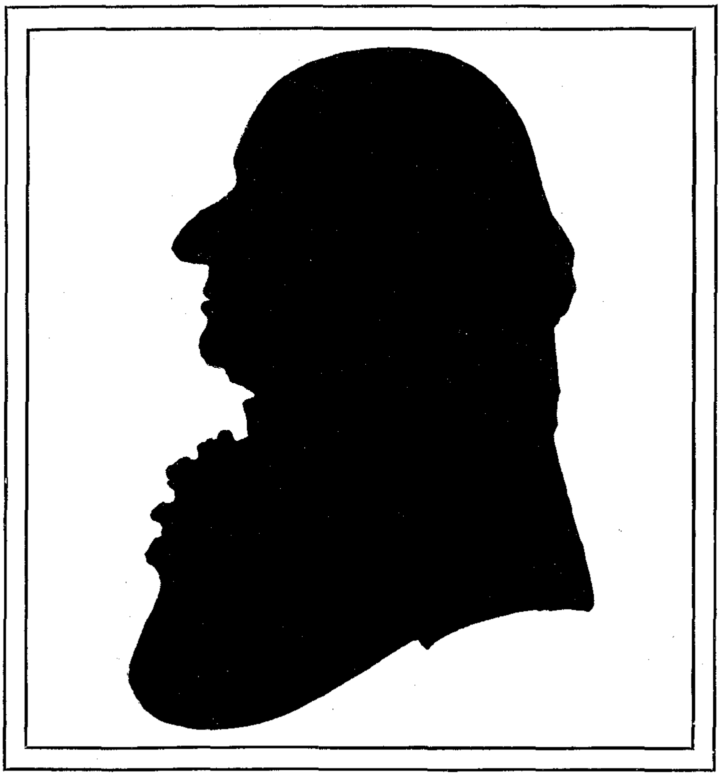
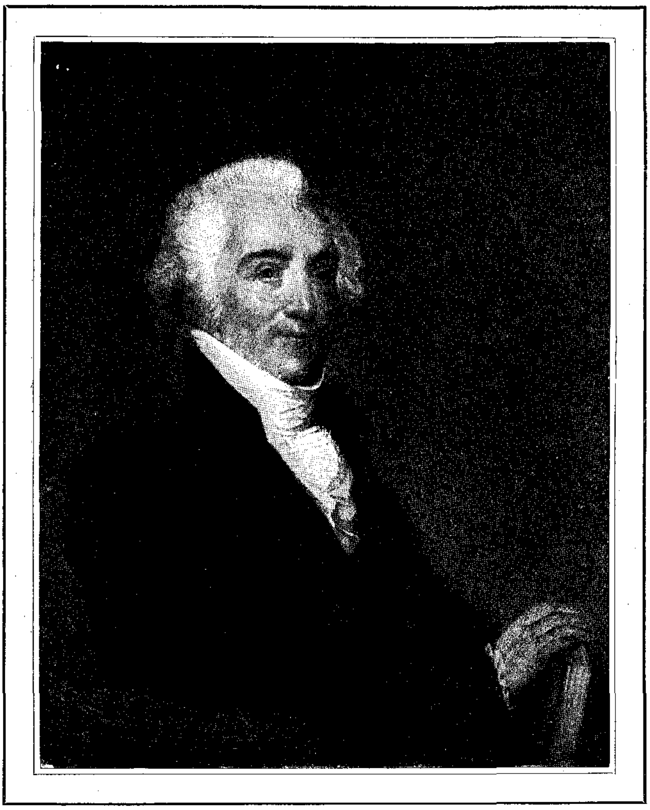
[1] Copyright, 1901, the Outlook Company.

It shows what manner of man Washington was that, in the literature of the subject, what he wrote about the importance of opening up the West, and of the details of method as well, is more in amount than everything on record said by all his contemporaries in the same years. It really seems as if Washington were the only person in the country who even began to comprehend its future. After the Revolution his diaries are full of the journeys which he took, even as far as the valley of the Ohio, and they often dwell on this great business. It was a matter of course that the New York people should see those natural facilities for reaching the lake region which they afterward developed. Every soldier in every army which tramped through central New York, as well as every trader who brought in a pack of beaver, told the same story of a country without mountains, easy for canals or other highways. Travelers do not perhaps recollect generally that, until a period which does not seem very long, the waters of the West did not seek the valley of the St. Lawrence, but crossed to what we call the Hudson River, and found the ocean by what I suppose I must call the Vanderbilt route. I suppose that till the end of the eighteenth century, however, the Iroquois Indians seemed an important and inconvenient obstacle in the way of roads or canals.



COLONEL LOAMMI BALDWIN
From a silhouette. The only known portrait from life.



JAMES SULLIVAN
President of the Middlesex Canal Company
After the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

Washington's wishes for Virginia turned on the improvement of the navigation of the James and Potomac Rivers. There is on record a conversation of his in the latter part of his life in which he foreshadowed the Erie Canal. For thirty years more, far-sighted people were planning and building canals westward. In New York these people were led by De Witt Clinton.

This canal was opened in 1825, and has been a benefactor to millions who do not know enough to thank the men who built it. "Give us this day our daily bread," this is the daily prayer of millions upon millions of such people. Of which millions, let us hope, one-half thank the God who answers it. But I am afraid that even of that half, not one child of his in a thousand thanks the agents of the good God in this affair. Yet they insisted that his children through the world watered by the Atlantic should buy their flour for four dollars a barrel, as they do to-day, instead of paying sixteen dollars, as their ancestors often did before De Witt Clinton built the Erie Canal.

When I was in college, the Josiah Quincy of that generation, the man who was born just before the Revolutionary Josiah Quincy died, told me this about the cereal food of Massachusetts in his boyhood. I knew perfectly well that his family was in as comfortable circumstances as any family in New England. He said that until his manhood white bread, the bread made from wheat flour, was, so to speak, a luxury on his mother's table. I remember he said it was served as nice cake might be served in the average New England family of the time when we were speaking. His mother would have her loaf of white bread in the house, but it would be used, not as the substantial bread of the family, but as a sort of extra luxury at the table. The family food was "rye 'n' injun," as we Yankees say, by which we mean the bread which is sold at restaurants as Boston brown bread.

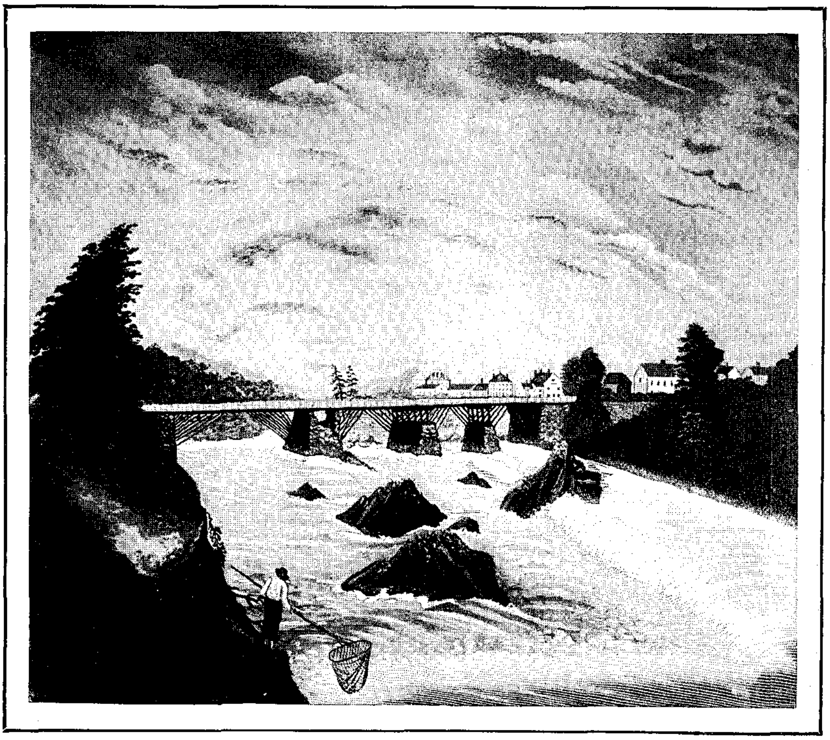
So much interest attached to the subject of canals that in Rees's great quarto Cyclopædia, the ancestor of the great cyclopædias of to-day, one hundred and seventy-five pages are given to the subject, and a separate account is given of every canal in the British Islands at the beginning of the century. The American editor introduces a long and careful account of the canals undertaken in the United States from the time when, under Franklin, the route was surveyed for a canal across New Jersey. This account gives the history of American canals up to 1805 and 1806, when the article was prepared.

On the 4th of July, 1817, the first spadeful of earth was turned for the Erie Canal, and in October, 1825, this longest canal in the world was open for traffic. The whole construction is an admirable object-lesson in the study of American life and American success. Half of the men who built it had never seen a canal. Mr. Fitzgerald tells a story of a young New Yorker who had to do with it crossing to Europe for the purpose of seeing European canals. He walked on the tow-paths of those canals and came home with the results of his observations. In just such fashion was the whole early school of American civil engineers trained, and we owe it to the country's skill in self-education that this school of engineers has achieved the methods of to-day. Once and again I must beg that some of the gentlemen who belong to it, and give distinction to the Nation, will work out its history even in detail.

In Chapter III. of this series we have printed a facsimile of a note of De Witt Clinton's in 1817, in which he alludes to the great work which has given immortality to his name.

The Erie and Champlain Canals were built entirely by the State and cost only ten million dollars. Before 1830 they were paying an annual income of more than eight per cent. to the State, and it was already estimated that the canals had increased the value of the real estate of New York by a hundred million dollars. Such successes are conveniently forgotten to-day by people who, while eating their daily bread, whine about the dangers which accrue to a State which owns its own highways.

It was quite natural that the men of



THE FALLS IN THE MERRIMACK AT CHELMSFORD

From a painting by a wandering English artist.

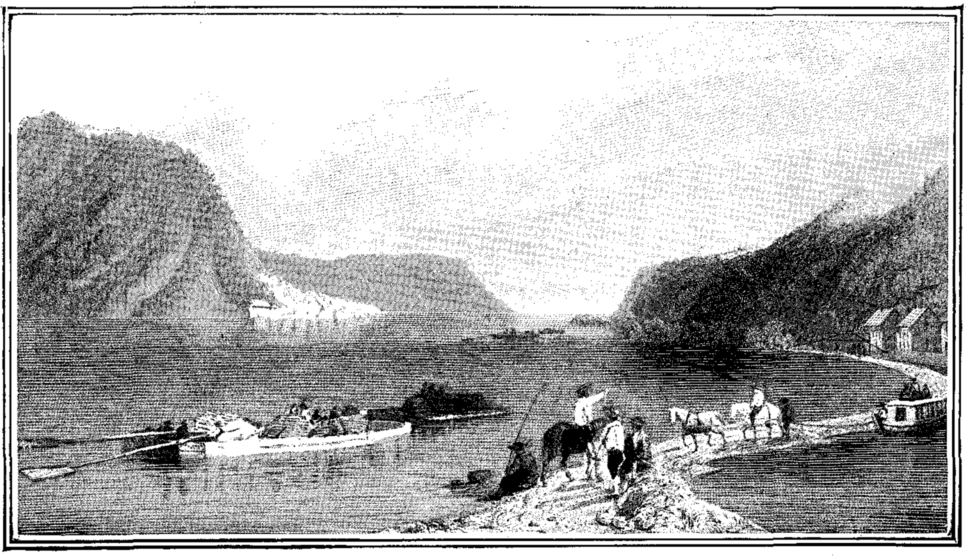
the future, if one may call them so, in America, should first turn their attention to the establishment of navigable canals. The General Reader, though he is a person who knows very little, still recollects the names of Stanhope and of the Earl of Bridgewater and of the great engineers of those times.

In point of time the Santee Canal of South Carolina is earliest of the American series of canals, but the first of importance which actually got to work was the Middlesex Canal, uniting the Merrimack River of the northern part of Massachusetts with Boston Harbor. This canal was in operation until 1833, when it passed into the ownership of the competitor which ran near it, the Boston and Lowell Railroad. During a considerable part of its existence it paid dividends.

The charter for this canal was signed by John Hancock on the 22d of June, 1793. In the next October the directors chose James Sullivan, afterwards Governor, to be their President, Loammi Baldwin to be their first Vice-President, and John Brooks, afterwards Governor, the second Vice-President. The early accounts say that it was difficult to collect capital stock, but eventually five hundred thousand dollars was subscribed for this purpose. Mr. Weston, an English engineer, was engaged to make surveys, and in the spring of 1794 the work began. The canal was opened in 1803. There are not many persons now living who have sailed from Boston to Lowell in a packet-boat on that canal. But for me, one of my earliest memories is a voyage for a day upon it in the General Sullivan packet-boat from Charlestown, opposite Boston, to Chelmsford. At Chelmsford they were building the dam which has created the water-power of the city of Lowell. My father was interested in such work, and took us all down to Chelmsford when he went to see the progress of the dam. Lowell was incorporated with its new name the next year, the territory being taken from the old territory of Chelmsford.

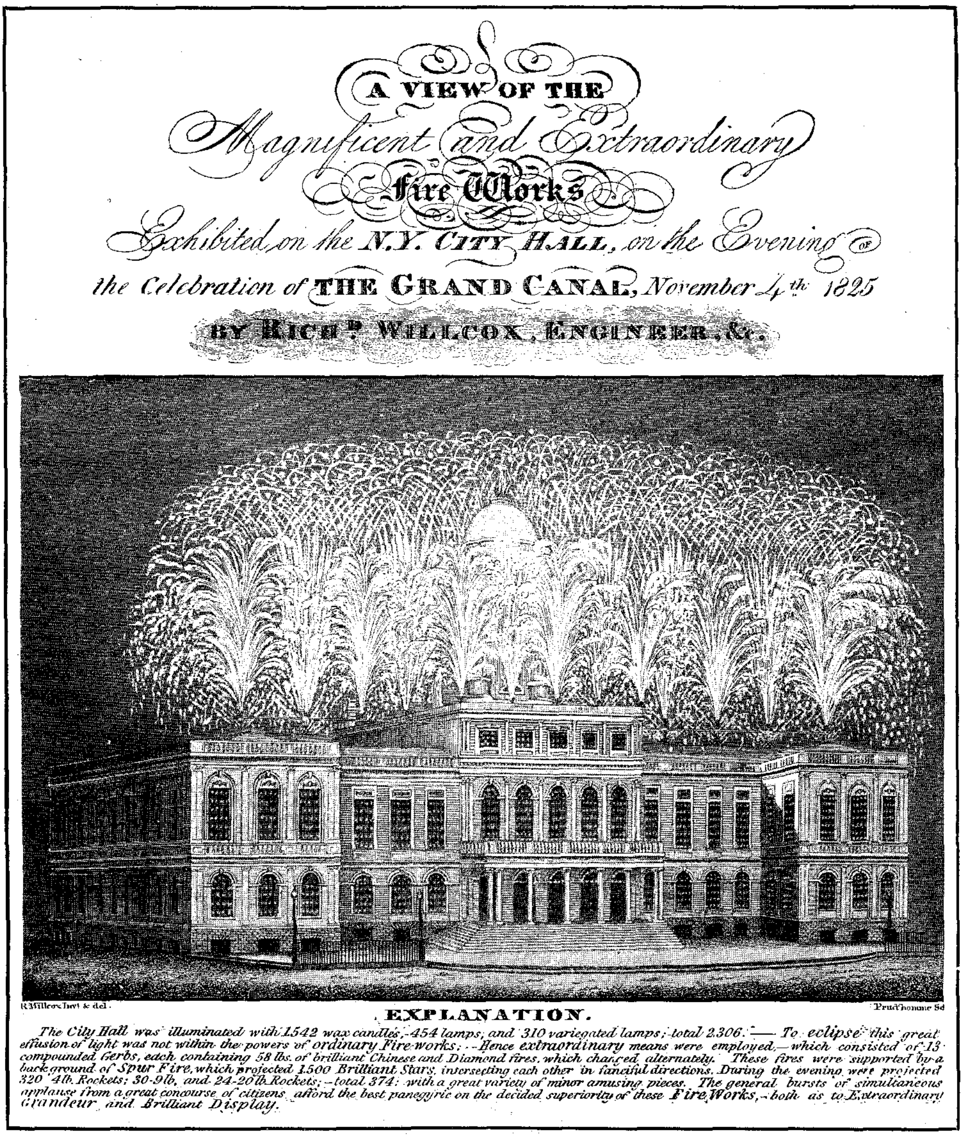
I am told that for many years no salmon has succeeded in flinging himself up over the dam. But in that early day, when the Falls had the picturesque look which we are able to reproduce from an old painting by an English artist, the salmon had not deserted the homes of their ancestors. It was a familiar tradition that, on one of those excursions of the gentlemen of the Lowell Company to Chelmsford, Mr. Isaac P. Davis, one of the leaders of Boston, went out to the innkeeper of the Chelmsford Tavern to ask what he should give them for dinner. The man said he thought they would like a nice salmon, and that that would be the resistance-piece for their party.

As the morning went on, Mr. Davis



THE SUSQUEHANNA AT LIVERPOOL, PA., SHOWING THE PENNSYLVANIA CANAL

A comparison of the two modes of carrying freight.



A VIEW OF THE
Magnificent and Extraordinary
Fire Works
Exhibited on the N.Y. CITY HALL, on the Evening of
the Celebration of THE GRAND CANAL, November 4th 1825
BY RICHD. WILLCOX, ENGINEER, &c.

R.Willcox Invt & del.

Prud'homme Sc

EXPLANATION.

The City Hall was illuminated with 1542 wax candles; 454 lamps; and 310 variegated lamps; total 2306. — To eclipse this great effusion of light was not within the powers of ordinary Fire works; —Hence extraordinary means were employed, — which consisted of 13 compounded Gerbs, each containing 58 lbs. of brilliant Chinese and Diamond fires, which changed alternately. These fires were supported by a back ground of Spur Fire, which projected 1500 Brilliant Stars, intersecting each other in fanciful directions. During the evening were projected 320 4lb. Rockets; 30-9lb. and 24-20lb. Rockets; —total 374: with a great variety of minor amusing pieces. The general bursts of simultaneous applause from a great concourse of citizens afford the best panegyric on the decided superiority of these Fire Works, —both as to Extraordinary Grandeur and Brilliant Display.

ILLUMINATION OF THE NEW YORK CITY HALL DURING THE GRAND CANAL CELEBRATION

thought he should like to see the salmon, and went out to ask that permission could be given him. To which the reply was: "You don't think I am such a fool as to catch him before we want him? He is in the pool, and will not go up for twenty-four hours; I shall go out before dinner and catch him." And so he did; such were the simple refrigerators in which men kept their fish in those early days.

The enthusiasm for building canals which Washington and his more intelligent contemporaries had attempted to awaken, gradually extended itself and became almost a mania. The cyclopædias and reports of the time give the names of such enterprises as these, which are among the most important. All of them took new life with the triumphant success of the Erie Canal:

The Middlesex Canal, in Massachusetts.

The system of Pennsylvania, spoken of as the largest system of all; but the Erie Canal was the longest.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

The Dismal Swamp Canal of Virginia, which was among the earliest finished.

The large system in Ohio, and in other

States large appropriations for the improvement of rivers.

In Maryland the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was begun in July, 1828, and it was using steam power in 1831.

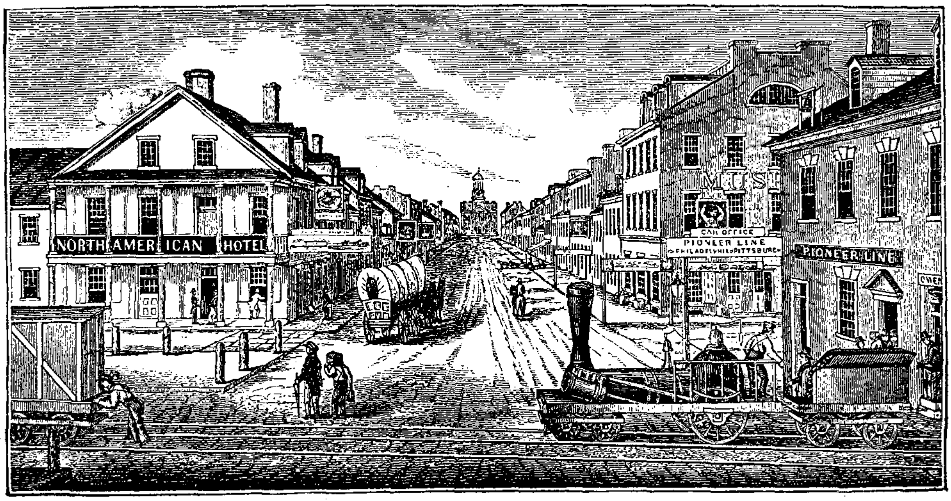
The reader will see that there is no large enterprise till we come to De Witt Clinton and his great Erie Canal. Of Burr's two families which divided, as he says, the politics of New York, the Livingstons gave to America the steamboat with Fulton's co-operation, and the Clintons gave to America the Erie Canal. No work or word of Jefferson's administration is to be compared with these, excepting the Louisiana purchase, the credit of which, as has been said, belongs to Livingston and Napoleon.

Traces of the canal epidemic and its results may still be seen in Ohio. These owe their place in history, however, to the fact that John Quincy Adams crossed Ohio in a canal-boat; and that the Ohio canals find a place in Mr. Howells's history of his boyhood. In those level prairie States of the Northwest there were certain possibilities for such enterprises. The attempt of the great State of Pennsylvania to take a canal across the Alleghanies seems to us now almost magnificent in its blundering audacity. Possibly this reader may live to see how our poor Pennsylvania, or rich Pennsylvania, had to pay forty million dollars to Sydney Smith and others who had furnished the money for this quixotic endeavor. New Jersey lent herself more readily to such enterprises.

But if Mr. Eads's successors shall give us, as they think they can, a railway on which ocean steamers shall be lifted to cross the Isthmus of Tehuantepec from ocean to ocean, why, in their success the Pennsylvanian legislation of the twenties will be remembered and justified.

The reader in America should remember what Mr. George Morison reminds us of in his address at Chicago, that there never has been a time when canals were considered so important a part of the transportation system of Europe as in this very day.

There is a curious letter of Robert Fulton's written by him as early as 1807 to Albert Gallatin, then Secretary of the Treasury. It accompanies Gallatin's report to the National Government on canal communication. I would quote from both at length if we were not in such a hurry. Gallatin shows how freight could be carried from Boston to Savannah without exposure to an enemy's cruisers. This report was prepared in days when the English frigates Belvedere and Leander and Leopard and Guerriere were parading up and down our coasts, were occasionally running into our waters for the impudent purchase of supplies, and were enraging every man who loved his country as they picked off seamen at the will of their commanders from American merchantmen. Gallatin advised the Nation to send its freight barges from Boston by Weymouth to Taunton, in a canal built for that purpose. Then the canal-boats



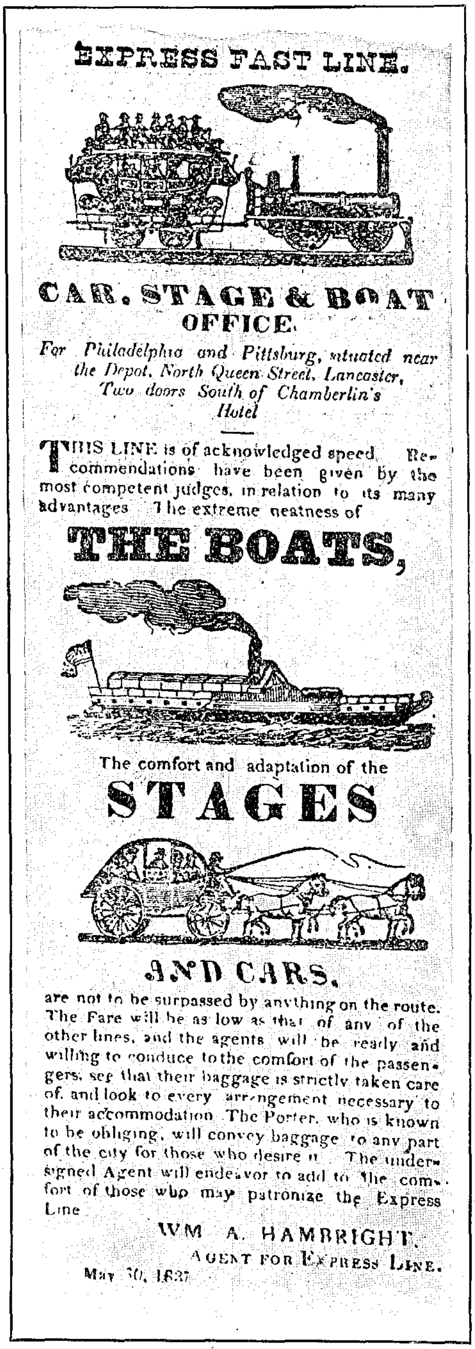
THE PIONEER LINE STATION AT LANCASTER

would sail down Taunton River. They were then to run the gauntlet into Long Island Sound, taking the chances of fog and northwest gales for dodging their enemies into these safer waters. By the Sound and Hell Gate and the East River and New York Harbor, behind Staten Island perhaps, they were to come to Amboy, from Amboy to cross by a canal to Philadelphia; they were then to float down the Delaware to Wilmington, to cross by another canal to the head of the Chesapeake, to go down the Chesapeake as safely and prosperously as Rochambeau and Washington went. Then, through lines which adventurous readers take to-day through the Dismal Swamp, for instance, and this or that sound, which are protected from English cruisers and easterly storms by Cape Fear and Cape Hatteras and Cape Lookout, the Hingham pails of Massachusetts and the negro-cloths of Woonsocket were to be delivered at Savannah.

I cannot find that Fulton's interesting letter is alluded to by any of his so-called biographers. He discusses in detail the value of a canal system. Of the several canals suggested by Gallatin for his voyages all are now in operation excepting that by which he meant to cross Massachusetts.

Fulton says in his letter that he had been pressing canal service on the Nation for eleven years. He urged a good canal system, first, for its effect to raise the value of the public lands; second, in cementing the Union and extending the principles of confederate republican government. "At the conclusion of my work there is a letter in which I contemplate the time when canals should pass through every vale and wind around each hill, and bind the whole country together in the bonds of social intercourse. And I am now hoping to find that the period has arrived when an overflowing treasury exhibits abundant resources and opens the mind to works of such immense importance." This was written on the eighth day of December, 1807.

Gallatin's table at the end, which tells how much it will cost to build the necessary canals between Boston and Savannah, shows that they need only be ninety-eight miles long, have a total lockage of 548 feet, and cost $3,050,000.



EXPRESS FAST LINE.

CAR. STAGE & BOAT OFFICE.

For Philadelphia and Pittsburg, situated near the Depot, North Queen Street, Lancaster, Two doors South of Chamberlin's Hotel

THIS LINE is of acknowledged speed. Recommendations have been given by the most competent judges, in relation to its many advantages. The extreme neatness of

THE BOATS,

The comfort and adaptation of the

STAGES

AND CARS,

are not to be surpassed by anything on the route. The Fare will be as low as that of any of the other lines, and the agents will be ready and willing to conduce to the comfort of the passengers, see that their baggage is strictly taken care of, and look to every arrangement necessary to their accommodation. The Porter, who is known to be obliging, will convey baggage to any part of the city for those who desire it. The undersigned Agent will endeavor to add to the comfort of those who may patronize the Express Line.

WM. A. HAMBRIGHT,
Agent for Express Line.
May 30, 1837.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE EXPRESS LINE BETWEEN LANCASTER, PHILADELPHIA AND PITTSBURG

From a newspaper of 1837.

Of all the canal enterprises of that time, I suppose that the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal is now the most important, with the great exception of the Erie. I believe the chief service of this canal is the delivery of Cumberland coal at navigable waters. It never reached the Ohio River, as its name and charter proposed. I believe that its great tunnel, by which it crosses a spur of the Alleghanies, required the manufacture of more brick than was ever undertaken for one enterprise at any other place or time.

But the knell of American canals had, for the time, struck. In 1825—about the time when, with firing of cannons and ringing of bells, New York celebrated the marriage of the Hudson with Lake Erie—George Stephenson built a special engine-factory at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in England, that he might create a school of men. I count that enterprise as the date when modern civilization begins. He meant to have men who could build machinery which could be relied upon. He created a school of men. He invented the tubular boiler, and those men and he built the Rocket, and the Rocket won the prize of five hundred pounds which the Liverpool and Manchester Railway had offered for a workable locomotive engine. The word "locomotive" came into use. Modern civilization was changed.

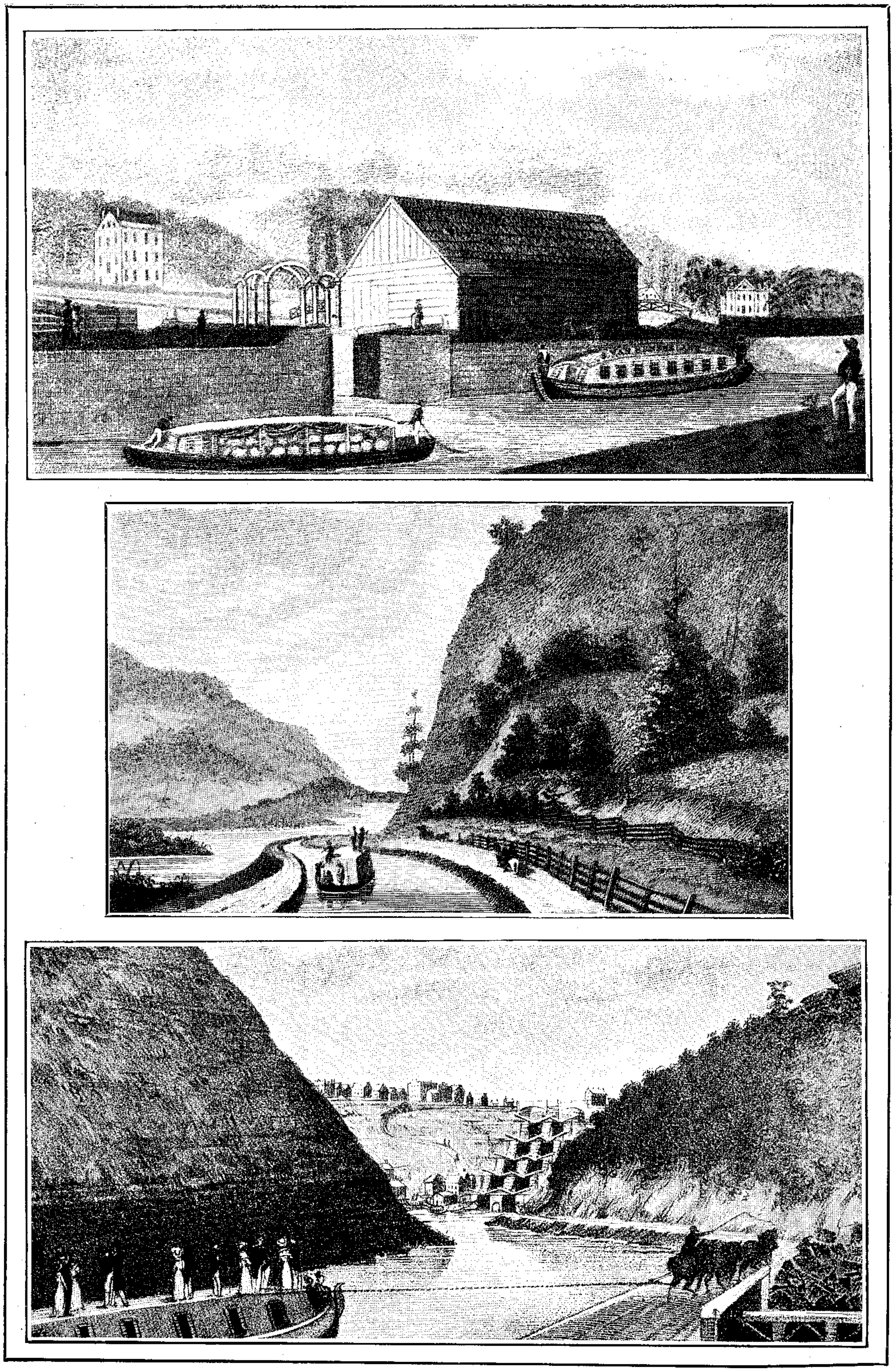
My father has been called, rightly enough, I think, the founder of the railroad system in New England. When I was a child, he made with his own hand a model of a railway, which stood in our parlor, that he might explain to visitors what he was talking about when he spoke of a rail or a flange or an inclined plane. As a child, I understood as well as I understand now the look of pity on people's faces as they left the room, thinking how sad it was that a man of as much sense as he should give himself up to such delusion. He forced the Legislature of Massachusetts to the formation of an Internal Improvement Commission, and, as a member of that Commission, he wrote its reports after the first.

In earlier reports of the Internal Improvement Board he had followed up in detail the success of Stephenson and of steam power in England. But I cannot but notice that in their first report to their own stockholders the Worcester Railroad Directors do not even allude to steam power. It seems as if they would not introduce at a business meeting a subject which was still matter of discussion. But the next report takes steam power almost for granted. And it was as early as 1828 that locomotive engines had been used in New Jersey, in Maryland, and in South Carolina. It is in the report of 1832 that there is a full computation made of the saving of steam power over power of horses. Readers in New England will be amused by the statement of the number of persons who traveled between Boston and Worcester in the year 1830 and the year immediately before. Fifty thousand travelers is the largest which can be estimated after you have calculated on stage-coaches and turnpike tolls and have guessed at private vehicles which went over the old road.

In the case of the Boston and Worcester road, Mr. John Milton Fessenden was engaged as engineer-in-chief—a young gentleman who had graduated at West Point only a few years before. It is said in the report that he had traveled in Europe and had seen all the railways in Europe at that time. In his first report he compares the price and value of the T rail against the flat rail which was used on most of the early American roads. He speaks of the Stevens Rail by name, a bit of which was presented to Mr. Carnegie the other day. When this is spoken of as the first T rail, the first American rail is meant. Stephenson had used the T rail in England before this rail was rolled. Those of us who are more than sixty years old have often ridden on flat rails. The special excitement of such a ride was the possibility that the end of the rail might loosen, and that the wheel of the car might run under the rail instead of above it. In this case the rail became what was called a snake, and, with its sharp point entering the bottom of the car as the train went on, all the passengers who sat directly over the rail were transfixed and spitted as so many pigeons might be prepared on the spit for dinner.

The State of Pennsylvania, with a sort of plucky audacity which, as it seems to me, has characterized Pennsylvania more than once, adopted the scheme of carrying out two plans which were in rivalry.

Louis Philippe used to call himself the representative of the "juste milieu" in France. His radical enemies used to say that the King's principle was this: One set of men said two and two make four; another set of men said two and two make



THE ERIE CANAL IN 1825

Entrance into the Hudson at Albany. Through the Mountains. The Locks at Lockport.

six; and he determined that two and two make five. This is in truth a good definition of the "juste milieu." The State of Pennsylvania could not complete a canal from Philadelphia to Pittsburg because of the Alleghany Mountains. Still it wanted to try canals. They started a canal from the Susquehanna up the Juniata. They then took the boats on the railway over the mountains, and on another canal carried them down to the port of Pittsburg.

In the year 1843 it was obliged to suspend the payment of the interest on its loan. The loyal citizens of the State felt very badly about this, and no wonder. The disgrace was vividly pointed out in what may still be remembered as Sydney Smith's letter about Pennsylvania.

The men of character and ability addressed themselves at once to reform the State's finances; the back interest was paid; and at this moment the credit of the State is as high as it ever was. In this crisis the railways and canals were sold to the great Pennsylvania Company who now carry us from Philadelphia to Pittsburg in seven or eight hours.

The early travelers to the West give very amusing accounts of the transfer from water to land and from land to water. Of such accounts, Dickens's in the "American Notes" is perhaps the best remembered, but there is a very bright sketch by Mrs. Stowe which ought not to be forgotten:

> "But, say, there ain't any *danger* in a lock, is there?" respond the querists. "Danger!" exclaims a deaf old lady, poking up her head. "What's the matter? There ain't nothin' burst, has there?" "No, no, no!" exclaim the provoked and despairing opposition party, who find that there is no such thing as going to sleep till they have made the old lady below and the young ladies above understand exactly the philosophy of a lock. After a while the conversation again subsides; again all is still; you hear only the trampling of horses and the rippling of the rope in the water, and sleep again is stealing over you. You doze, you dream, and all of a sudden you are startled by a cry, "Chambermaid! Wake up the lady that wants to be set ashore." Up jumps chambermaid, and up jump the lady and two children, and forthwith form a committee of inquiry as to ways and means. "Where's my bonnet?" says the lady, half awake, and fumbling among the various articles of that name. "I thought I hung it up behind the door." "Can't you find it?" says poor chambermaid, yawning and rubbing her eyes. "Oh, yes, here it is," says the lady; and then the cloak, the shawl, the gloves, the shoes, receive each a separate discussion. At last all seems ready, and they begin to move off, when, lo! Peter's cap is missing. "Now, where can it be?" soliloquizes the lady. "I put it right here by the table leg; maybe it got into one of the berths!" At this suggestion the chambermaid takes the candle and goes round deliberately to every berth, poking the light directly in the face of every sleeper. "Here it is," she exclaims, pulling at something black under one pillow. "No, indeed, those are my shoes," says the vexed sleeper. "Maybe it's here," she resumes, darting upon something dark in another berth. "No, that's my bag," responds the occupant. The chambermaid then proceeds to turn over all the children on the floor, to see if it is under them. In the course of which process they are not agreeably waked up and enlivened; and when everybody is broad awake, and most uncharitably wishing the cap, and Peter too, at the bottom of the Canal, the good lady exclaims, "Well, if this isn't lucky; here I had it safe in my basket all the time!" And she departs amid the—what shall I say?—execrations?—of the whole company, ladies though they be.

The old announcements of successive steps in the advance of internal transit are often very funny. Sometimes the appalling ignorance of the future crippled men's best efforts. In the treaty of 1814 it was with difficulty that even Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Clay could be held up to the mark of retaining for the United States the great Northwestern Territory. "What is the use? It only gives you the care of the Indians." Yet in that doubtful territory are now our States of Iowa, Wisconsin, half Michigan, Minnesota, and who shall say how much of the country westward?

Neither Gallatin nor Clay apprehended the value of the steamboat in this matter. Here is a triumphant announcement from the Boston "Weekly Messenger" of November 1, 1811, as to what might be expected of it—"thirty-five miles a day"!

> THE STEAM-BOAT
>
> Built at Pittsburg, by Rosewelt & Co., for the navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, to carry goods and passengers between New Orleans and the different towns on those rivers, was loaded at Pittsburg the beginning of this month, and would sail about the 10th instant for New-Orleans. We are told she is an excellent, well constructed vessel, about 140 feet long, will carry 400 tons of goods, has elegant accommodations for passengers, and is every way fitted in great stile. It is supposed that she will go 35 miles a day against the stream, and thereby make a passage from Orleans to Pittsburg in six weeks; but as she must go considerably faster with the current, she will make the passage down in two or three weeks.

Observe Rosewelt!

The Three Best Things

By Henry Van Dyke

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the right way:"

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

LIFE

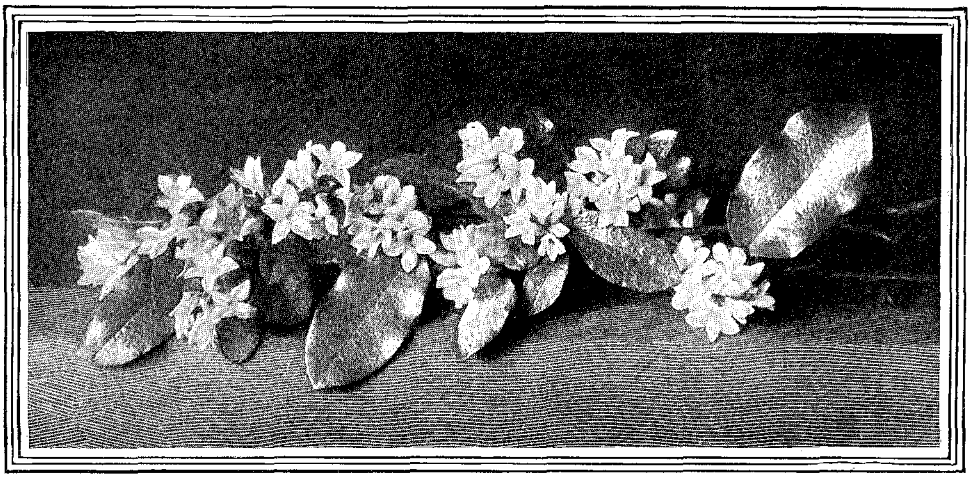
Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer:

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

LOVE

Let me but love my love without disguise,
Nor wear a mask of fashion old or new,
Nor wait to speak till I can hear a clue,
Nor play a part to shine in others' eyes,
Nor bow my knees to what my heart denies;
But what I am, to that let me be true,
And let me worship where my love is due,
And so through love and worship let me rise:

For love is but the heart's immortal thirst
To be completely known and all forgiven,
Even as sinful souls that come to heaven;
So take me, love, and understand my worst,
And pardon it, for love, because confessed,
And let me find in thee, my love, my best.



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. HORACE MCFARLAND

A Spray of Arbutus

By John Burroughs

IT would not be easy to say which is our finest or most beautiful wild flower, but certainly the most poetic and the greatest favorite is the arbutus. So early, so lowly, so secretive there in the moss and dry leaves, so fragrant, with the hues of youth and health, so hardy and homelike, it touches the heart as no other does.

April's flower offers the first honey to the bee and the first fragrance to the breeze. Modest, exquisite, loving the evergreens, loving the rocks, untamable, it is the very spirit and breath of the woods. Trailing, creeping over the ground, hiding its beauty under withered leaves, it is stiff and hard in foliage, but in flower like the cheek of a maiden.

One may brush away the April snow and find this finer snow beneath it. Oh, the arbutus days, what memories and longings they awaken! In this latitude they can hardly be looked for before April, and some seasons not till the latter days of the month. The first real warmth, the first tender skies, the first fragrant showers—the woods are flooded with sunlight, the dry leaves and the leaf-mold emit a pleasant odor. One kneels down or lies down beside a patch of the trailing vine, he brushes away the leaves, he lifts up the blossoming sprays and examines and admires them at leisure; some are white, some are white and pink, a few are deep pink. It is enough to bask there in the sunlight on the ground beside them, drinking in their odor, feasting the eye on their tints and forms, hearing the April breezes sigh and murmur in the pines or hemlocks near you, living in a present fragrant with the memory of other days. Lying there, half dreaming, half observing—if you are not in communion with the very soul of spring, then there is a want of soul in you. You may hear the first swallow twittering from the sky above you, or the mellow drum of the first grouse come up from the woods below or from the ridge opposite. The bee is abroad in the air, finding her first honey in the flower before you and her first pollen in the pussy-willows by the watercourses below you. The tender, plaintive love-note of the chickadee is heard here and there in the woods. He utters it while busy on the catkins of the poplars, from which he seems to be extracting some kind of food. Hawks are screaming high in the air above the woods; the plow is just tasting the first earth in the rye or corn stubble, and it tastes good. The earth looks good, it smells good, it is good. By the creek in the woods you hear the first water-thrush—a bright, ringing, hurried, brief song. If you approach, the bird flies swiftly up or down the creek, uttering an emphatic "chip, chip."

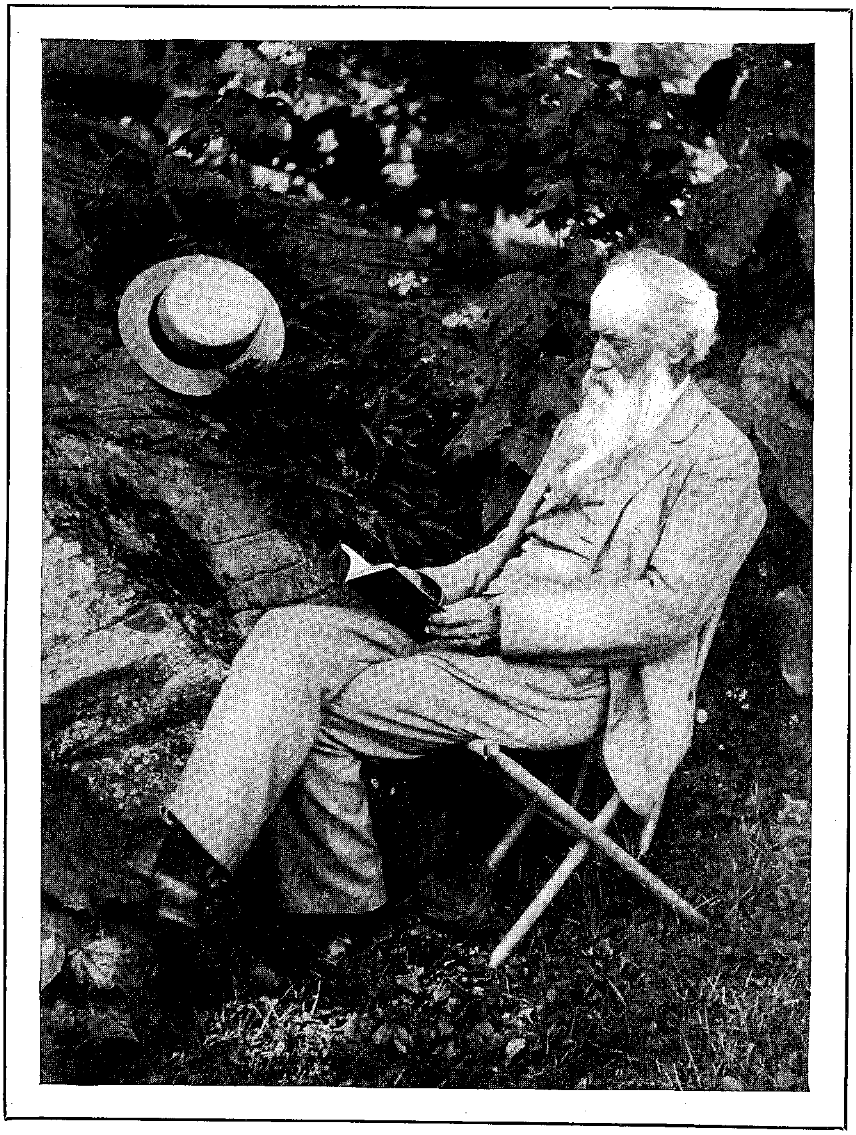
In wild delicate beauty we have flowers

that far surpass the arbutus; the columbine, for instance, jetting out of a seam in a gray ledge of rock, its many crimson and flame-colored flowers shaking in the breeze; but it is for the eye alone. The spring-beauty, the painted trillium, the fringed polygala, the showy lady's-slipper, are all more striking to look upon, but they do not quite touch the heart; they lack the soul that perfume suggests. Their charms do not abide with you as do those of the arbutus.

Sequestered flower of April days,
Thy covert bloom in leafy ways
A spell about me weaves;
Thy frosted petals faint pink glow,
Crystal pure like urns of snow
That all with incense overflow
Half hid beneath the leaves.

Thy ear lies close upon the ground,
Far off it hears the trilling sound
Of spring's returning tide;
Nor lingering snow, nor chilling day,
Can keep the swelling flood at bay
That clothes thee as a bride.

Thy brittle leaves so harsh and hard
And torn by winds, or winter marred,
Belie thy tender face;
But he whose days are ever green,
Though storms do come and frosts be keen,
Is sharer in thy grace.



JOHN BURROUGHS

Anne: A Tale of Old Salem

By Waldo L. Fullerton

IT was on the twelfth day of September, 1691, about four o'clock in the afternoon, that the two-masted bark, Blessing of the Bay, from London, Captain Joshua Greaves, master, dropped anchor in the harbor of Salem town.

I was sitting at a table in the bowed window of my father's study, writing, with a folio volume lying open before me. Alternately I jotted down a word or two, and nibbled the end of my goosequill. No easy task is it for a young divinity student to make an abstract of the pithy and pregnant matter of one of Mr. Cotton Mather's sermons. The discourse was of "Some Remarkables of God's Providence." I had just got to the second sub-heading, "Sea-Deliverances," in the third division of the first part of the sermon, when Dick Swayn, the tanner, came running up the walk as fast as his brown fustian legs could carry him, scattering the gravel into the rose-bushes as he ran.

"Master Seaborn," he cried, stopping as he sighted me, and pointing in the direction of the sea, "the Blessing of the Bay is come in!"

I threw more sand than I intended on the last sentences I had written, and, hatless, followed Dick's flying heels out at the gate and down the dusty roadway that led to the water.

The town was making a general holiday of the occasion of the ship's arrival. I daresay most of the population, excepting the impotent sick and the little white-faced apprentices of that hard man, Timothy Farley the harness-maker, got to the wharf sooner or later. Already, as we panted into the gathering at the water's edge, it was become difficult to make one's way to a place of vantage. In the wake of the tanner's broad, rusty shoulders as he cleft a passage through the crowd, I squeezed a way to the edge of the wharf, and sat down on one of the string-pieces overlooking the water.

The Blessing of the Bay had hove to not above twoscore rods off shore, and now, with every spar of her mirrored on the tranquil surface, lay taking rest after her long voyage. While I gazed in admiration, there came a puff of smoke from the starboard bow, and presently the harbor hills were alive with the reverberation of the salute. The echoes of the cannonading died away; and beneath the lifting smoke four small boats in succession put off and came ashore.

In the last and smallest of the boats were, besides the sailor who rowed it, only two passengers—women. Seemingly there was none upon the shore to give them greeting. No friendly eye and tongue had sighted and proclaimed their leaving the ship's side; no friendly voice called to them; none waved a kerchief in welcome as they neared the land, or waded knee-deep in water to drag their boat high on the beach, or fell upon their necks, tearful for joy, when eventually they landed. She who, though heavily veiled, was evidently the elder, was helped to alight by the rower; the other woman stepped lightly upon the gunwale and thence to the sand with no proffer of assistance on the part of any.

There was something in the self-possessed carriage of the younger woman that arrested my attention and held it till I should have known her again in any company.

She was not above the medium stature, yet, when she happened to turn a look of frank inquiry upon me, she seemed taller than she was. Her hair beneath her soft gray hood fell round about her ears and temples in a charming disorder over a loosely knotted cambric kerchief. Gold I had hitherto thought the color of beautiful hair; hers was not quite golden, nor yet was it brown, but rather a merging of the two. The color of her eyes one who looked on them would not remember, but he would say it were hardly possible a man could be found who should lie to them. They seemed to have known suffering, which, bravely borne, had not impaired but meliorated their grave beauty. Her cheek was fair as the skin of a snow-apple; and I was near enough to see the network of little blue veins in their midst that betokened a delicate nurturing.

It may be that I give some of these

details from what I subsequently saw of this young woman; 'tis certain she did not pause long at the landing for observation, but gathered the skirts of her dimity about her, and, taking the arm of the elder woman, led her through the lane of gazing faces till it closed after them, and I was left sitting on the string-piece to watch the minnows as they huddled and darted beneath my dangling feet in the clear green water.

I came into the house from an errand to the farrier's one blustering afternoon in the early spring of 1692, and found the Rev. Mr. Cotton Mather closeted with my father in the study. The minister sat in the Russia-leather chair with a flagon on a tri-cornered table at his elbow. Something was being said, I remember, about the Quakers, who had always seemed to me harmless people enough, though occasionally over-zealous, and I made bold to say as much, whereupon Mr. Mather bridled.

"Sirrah, I have no patience when the talk is of Quakers! They are chokeweeds of true Christianity and fireships among the churches, with their furacious exorbitancies. The stench of the name of their windmill-headed Roger Williams makes me queasy at stomach. I am sure, for my part, I wish these Quakers a safe convoy to the bottom of hell-pit, where they belong, there to dwell evermore in chains and torment amid the grisly cohorts of the damned!"

Inured as I was to the mild and gentle ministry of our dear Mr. John Higginson, I was surprised that Mr. Mather should "set the beacon of his great soul on fire at the landing of such a little cock-boat" as that I had so innocently launched. The pastor of the little flock at Salem loved his fellow-men too well to hurl promiscuous malediction. Some persons, for that reason, found him lacking; others held that, like Mr. Hooker of blessed memory, he "angled" more to heaven by ways of pleasantness than many another preacher who terrified the little children with lively pictures of hell.

"But there are worse abroad than even these runagate children of unpersuadableness," resumed Mr. Mather, fixing upon me eyes in which burned the fires of spiritual unrest. He leaned half out of his chair toward me, and lowered his voice to scarce above a whisper. "That the Devil is darkening the skies up and down in these days with his black arrows, none who is circumspective will venture to deny. When Mr. Livewell Chapman, the ferryman of Charlestown ferry, lay a-dying last Thursday sennight, I'm told the bystanders saw a lump in the bed, of about the bigness of a cat, that shifted about so rapidly beneath the clothes there was no laying hold on it. And some who were present declare that a pale blue fire like the flame of a Yuletide pudding hovered above the counterpane, whilst groanings of a soul in hell torment resounded through the chamber. Last Wednesday Mr. Increase Sparhawk comes to me and tells me that one evening as he sate by the fire after supper he distinctly saw the boards of the floor to buckle and swell as under the feet of some one invisibly walking; and forthwith the cat, lying quiet in her corner by the fireplace, was taken by the tail and hurled in his face. Why, sir, the other day, on going to build a fire of sticks upon my own hearth, ashes were flung at me from the fireplace and a shower of soot and pieces of brick was rained down the chimney upon my head to the accompaniment of derisive whistlings and hootings! Aye, these devils domineer at such a rate, striking with their tails at the very stars of God, that I fear lest an Asiatic removal of the candlesticks be shortly to come upon us. There is not any people, I verily believe, more deep in the belly of hell than is our bemisted, unhappy New England at this present moment. And the Devil, with his damned brood, improves the Egyptian darkness of the present affair to push us more and more into a blindman's buffet, wherein we shall be madly and hotly mauling one another in the dark for a time to come. O New England! unhappy New England! Dost thou not hear the Lord Jesus clucking unto thee out of heaven to gather thee under the umbrage of his wing? And thou wilt not, preferring still to be playing about the hole of the asp, till, because thou hast been beguiled by the Devil's legerdemains, He whose eyes are coals of fire, who walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks, shall, with his besom of destruction, sweep thee from the earth!"

Mr. Mather was not fond of hearing

another broach a contrary opinion, and so customarily took the bit of the conversation in his own teeth. I was fairly startled, therefore, when from his monologue he turned on me abruptly with the inquiry:

"You are acquainted, I believe, with Judith Leigh and Anne her daughter, who lately came among us from England?"

"I have met them, sir," I answered.

"Know you aught against the good name of either?"

"The townsfolk cry out upon Judith Leigh for a witch," said I.

Mr. Mather's eyes distinctly shone, and his fingers twitched on the arms of the chair. "What was I telling you, Timothy?" said he, looking at my father. "'Tis the common belief, and can't wholly rest without foundation."

Beside my father on the judges' bench that thirtieth day of July sat Justice Sewall, Justice Hathorne, Justice Corwin, and the lieutenant-governor, William Stoughton, clad all alike in black gowns of haircloth trimmed with crimson-dyed squirrel's fur, and wigs upon their heads. The witnesses, whose depositions had been taken during the three days preceding, sat on benches to the left of the judge's desk—Anne Putnam, Abigail Williams, the Parris child, Mercy Walcott, Sarah Churchill, Susannah Sheldon, children, all of them, from nine to seventeen years of age; Giles Corey, John Indian, William Bly, men and fathers of families; Abigail Hobbs, Ruth Asher, Sarah Yeomans, the Widow Dyshart, women grown, mothers of children. The jury were seated on benches to the right of the tribunal.

Anne Leigh was not allowed admission to the prisoner's pen where her mother was. The girl was seated on the first row of benches; I was in the same row, a dozen persons between us. Mrs. Leigh knelt alone in the paled inclosure directly before the judges. She was heavily veiled; her dress was of black, even to her finger-mitts.

When Sheriff Whittle stood up for the formal reading of the indictment, there was leaning forward to catch the mumbled syllables. The rustle of the scroll as he unrolled it was as loud to our ears as the breaking of biscuit.

"In the fourth year of the King and Queen, William and Mary, and in the year of our Lord 1692, the jurors of our Sovereign Lord and Lady the King and Queen do present that Judith Leigh, widow, in the County of Essex, wickedly and feloniously a covenant with the Evil Spirit the Devil did make, in and by which she the said Judith Leigh her soul and body to the Devil did give, and promised to serve and obey him and keep his wages, contrary to the statute of the first year of the reign of King James the First in that case made and provided, and against the peace of our sovereign Lord and Lady the King and Queen, their crown and dignity."

The prisoner was summoned to the bar.

Mrs. Leigh arose from her knees and stood with her hands trembling on the rail. As she stood up, there was commotion in the witness-box. Anne Putnam writhed and gasped.

"Your Honor, she is pinching me!"

"And me!" echoed Abigail.

"Woman, stretch out your arms," commanded the deputy-governor.

Mrs. Leigh did as he bade her.

"And keep them extended."

Whilst he was fumbling among memoranda on the desk, the Yeomans woman and Ruth Asher plied the little girls with salts, and took them in their laps to soothe and comfort till their composure had returned.

The deputy-governor cleared his throat and took up the scarlet thread of the examination.

"Woman," he began, frowning, "you are brought before this court charged with as horrible and foul a crime as man's mind is able to conceive. It is charged that you, being in the hire and pay of the Devil, have wantonly consumed, afflicted, wasted, and pined diverse worthy inhabitants of this village and town adjoining, times without number. The court is disposed to deal as leniently with you as may be, in view of the heinousness of your offense. A full confession may do much to mitigate the rigors of the judgment which will be passed upon you. Now come, what have you to say in your own behalf?"

In a low voice Mrs. Leigh made answer: "I have nothing to say, sir."

"Tut, tut, woman! what's this, what's this? Do you deny, then, the charges brought against you by so many God-fearing persons?"

"I am innocent of all they say."

"Why, then, should they have brought these charges against you?"

"I do not know why they should seek to compass my undoing. I have not done them any harm."

"How and when did you first begin to commit the acts of witchcraft specified by the deponents?"

"Ah, sir, these little children with their soft faces—they know not what they do. They cannot be my opponents."

"Deponents, woman, deponents.—Come now, no subterfuge is going to avail you; we mean to probe this matter to the bottom; we will have a true, forthright, yea-and-nay answer. Come, without juggling or equivocation, tell us fully and freely all."

"I have nothing to tell."

"There was a black book with seven seals brought you to sign?"

"No, sir."

"Weren't you threatened with death if you did not sign a book?"

"No, sir."

"Did not a tall black man in a high-crowned hat come to you and bid you sign some document or paper?"

"I know not what you are speaking of; I have seen no such sights as you describe."

At this point there was an outcry from Abigail Williams.

"Your Honor, Goody Leigh has climbed up on the rafter, and sits there grinning at us!"

All the court-room, including the prisoner herself, involuntarily glanced upward. To me there was nothing notable about the beam except the hatchet-marks made in trimming. But some whispered and pointed fearfully.

There was an added ring of sternness in the judge's voice as he proceeded.

"What say you to this? You seem to stand here in your own person at the bar, yet these witnesses declare they see you sitting on the beam overhead. Pray, how do you account for it?"

Mrs. Leigh, who had raised her veil, disclosing a face care-furrowed and stained with the traces of recent weeping, looked helplessly hither and thither—at the judges, at the row upon row of gazing faces, finally at the huddled group of girls assembled to testify against her. Immediately there was renewed uproar in the witness-box. Abigail Williams burst out crying, and from crying fell to immoderate laughter. Anne Putnam likewise went into hysterics; Sarah Churchill tumbled backwards in a swoon, and, striking her head upon the form, lay motionless. The court-room was in ferment; above the babel of voices one bawled for a chirurgeon; a woman shrieked that she was being pressed to death; the Widow Dyshart wrung her hands and called on heaven. In vain the voice of the presiding justice implored and commanded quiet, and the court officers, as they strode about shouting "Silence!" at the top of their lungs, emphasizing their words with prods and thwacks of their staves, only added to the confusion. 'Twas a full quarter-hour by the big sand-glass on the judge's desk ere peace was restored and the Putnam girl and Sarah Churchill came again to their senses. Sarah's cheeks were like bleached linen; and, on essaying to stand, she trembled violently, as if with fever and ague; so that she was obliged, perforce, to take her seat again upon the form.

The justice warned Mrs. Leigh that she must on no account cast her baleful glance a second time in the direction of the witness-box.

"I shall try not to do so," she responded. "Your Honor, I have scarce strength to hold these hands out longer."

"You had strength to torment the witnesses."

"Might not one come and wipe away my tears?"

Upon this Anne rose in her place with a great cry, and would have overpassed all barriers between her mother and herself but that an officer interposed his staff to prevent. Anne sank back on the bench and covered her face with her hands.

"Let me hear you say the Lord's Prayer," resumed the pitiless inquisitor, heedless of Mrs. Leigh's request.

"Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name—"

"What's that? *Hollowed* be Thy name?"

"I said hallowed, sir."

"You did not; you said hollowed. You would make the name of the Lord null and void—a mere nonentity; and thus it becomes a curse rather than a prayer. So, 'tis plain you are unable to say this prayer without perverting."

At this the poor old woman sobbed aloud. I wonder that she kept possession in fee simple of her wit. But there were no bowels of mercy in that iron man before her.

"Now, then, you may as well tell us what it is you have done and are so resolved on concealing." The judge leaned far over and focused his gaze like a burning-glass upon the woman's countenance. "There is no way out of it. You have got to say something."

At this my father plucked Mr. Stoughton's sleeve, and whispered in his ear as though to remonstrate. Whatever it was he said, the deputy-governor took it amiss, for he flushed to the ears, and, with a petulant shrug, faced about upon the woman again.

"Come, now," said he, in the sharpest tone he had yet used, "this shilly-shallying won't serve. Out with it; have you written or signed your name in any book?"

"No."

The judge was silent a moment ere his final replication.

"You will be answerable for this contumacy in the great hereafter—to Him that searcheth all hearts."

I did not need to see the woman's face to know that she beheld the beatific vision. For her arms left their benumbed and agonizing posture, and seemed to be asking God to take her to himself.

. . . .

Like one in a dream I sat and heard the grunting of the bench and chair-legs as panel and tribunal—O travesty of justice!—were rising to leave the room for colloquy—collusion, rather, shall I say?—like one in a dream, when the noise of their reseating had subsided, and in all the crowded court-room only a little baby cooed and gurgled, I heard the voice of the lieutenant-governor.

"Justice Trevelyan will read the verdict as agreed upon."

I did not dare to look at the face of my father while he read. The last words were: "Wherefore we do pronounce the said Judith Leigh guilty of the sin of witchcraft, and do sentence her on the sixth day of August next, at high noon, to be hanged by the neck until she is—dead."

And then my father broke down utterly, and cried like a little child.

There was nothing for it now but to find the governor, and to lay the case before him.

Sir William Phips was at Pemaquid, busied in erecting that great stone folly, long since demolished, of Fort William Henry, intended to protect the eastern country against the incursions of the French and the Indians. Some weeks before, the governor had stopped at my father's house for luncheon on his way to the Maine wilderness. From Boston to Salem he was enabled to use his traveling-carriage; arrived at our village, he made the shift to horseback for the remainder of the journey. Aye! but that carriage, as it whirled to our door in a glittering cloud of dust, was a marvel of beveled glass and shaking plumes and coruscating gilded ornament! The three white horses curveted and pranced as though proudly conscious that behind their sweeping tails rode the little Cæsar of our colony; the coachman, periwigged and beruffled, wore the serious importance of a militia major on a training day.

The story of Sir William's rise in the world had been for years the fireside talk of New England; gossips told over their tankards how that, while still a young ship-carpenter, ere riches and his title came to him, the future wife had scorned his advances; and he had gone away, promising one day to return and make her my Lady Phips and mistress of a manse of brick fronting upon Boston Common. Then the story went how, sailing for the Spanish Antilles, he had there disinterred the wrack of a Spanish merchantman with gold bars and pieces of eight in her hold sufficient to make himself and his heirs rich men forever, and to make the mouths of them water who should thereafter hear or tell the story. And the lady who had formerly fleered at his proposal he now found willing enough to become the mistress of that great brick house with the clambering trumpet-vines that even at this day, in the green Lane of Boston, utterly confounds the houses neighboring.

The recent fiasco of the Quebec expedition, though it had served to dim, did not wholly obliterate in men's minds the luster of Sir William's earlier achievement at Port Royal. So that, whenever and wherever he thrust out at carriage door his gold-headed malacca and white-stockinged, gouty leg, while the postilion stood at the crested panel profoundly congeeing, something of his bars of gold and the military glory he had won still descended from the chariot with him.

Sir William Phips was angry on the evening of the second of August when he broke the seal of my packet and came on the following letter:

Salem, July 30, 1692.

My dear Sir William:

I despatch these few scrabbled lines by my son to say, that I doubt not but that matters in your absence go beyond what your Excellency would approve. Within the fortnight after your departure, Bridget Bishop was put to death for the nefandous crime, protesting to the very last her innocence; and since that time several. In some cases we see through a glass darkly, and cannot surely say if they were guilty or no. But in the case of a woman this day sentenced, meseems there exists no reasonable ground for doubt. This woman hath ever had the good report of all who know her, as the enclosed signed and sworn depositions testify. 'Tis inconceivable to me how she should have fallen under the accusation of doing the things forbidden, save the Archenemy put it into the hearts of some to say all manner of evil against her falsely. By this circumstance it will be seen to what an excess matters are at present carried, that even my Lady Phips herself is cried out upon for a witch by several witnesses who have appeared before us sitting in the court at Salem. I doubt not that in view of these things your Excellency will see fit to shew mercy unto the unhappy guiltless woman who now lies in jail awaiting the day of her execution. The time set is noon of the sixth of August; and so it will be seen that in case your excellency should see fit to interpose, there is need of the utmost expedition, that the pardon may not arrive too late.

I will say no more than to subscribe myself,
Your Excellency's most humble and obedient servant,
TIMOTHY TREVELYAN.

To Sir William Phips, Esq., Governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay.

Sir William brought his clenched fist down on the little pine table so that the candles jottered; and a glittering handful of the artisans' pay that lay on the table hopped jingling to the bearskin tent-rug. Only his blush-faced stripling of an orderly and myself were by.

"By the Lord!" he cried, "I'd ought to ha' known Stoughton would— My Lady Phips, is it? Ha! we'll see if she be a witch or no!— By the King's beard! I'll write a pardon this minute with my own hand, that there may be no mistaking— You can start with it at daylight— The inkhorn, sirrah!— So; he thinks to play the little Nero, does he, while I'm gone? I care not if I am out of the colony-limits. Tell him, wherever I go, I carry the King of England with me— And when I get back I'll make him feel it!— He shall find out if Sir William Phips be governor or no!— Give me!— The quill's bad, sirrah; can't you see? Another!— Steady the leg of the table, there—this hand trembles so—my Lady Phips a witch, ha!— Stoughton, you— I've broke my nib; fetch me another—'their Majesties'—'defenders of the faith'—'by the authority in me vested'—'wholly acquit, absolve, and pardon'—'witness hereunto my hand and seal, William Phips, Governor'— and by heavens, that's what I am!— So! to-morrow at earliest daylight, sir, you'll take this, and ride hell-bent with it, and spit it in the face of William Stoughton there at Salem; and tell him if he allow one word more to be breathed against my Lady Phips, when I get back again I'll carve him up in little pieces so fine the geese on Boston Common can't find 'em— You'll be needing a fresh horse to-morrow; I'll give orders— What, that little spindle-shanked filly? All this way in three days, and take you back in three more? Impossible!—Not to-night! not to-night! Are you stark mad, man?— It's pitch dark; and the Indians!— You infernal fool!"

For I was out of the tent and mounting the little brown mare.

On the third morning from that time, the little brown mare, a useless cripple, was turned out to pasture for the remainder of her days; and they bore me, though sick of a fever, to the town-house in my mother's sedan-chair, with the writ of pardon clenched in my hot hands; because I had a furious notion it should not be surrendered to any but William Stoughton in his own person. He sent a messenger out of court to fetch it, but I would let no proxy have the precious document; and finally the great man must come himself to the flowered crimson curtains of my chair. And from his face of belluine rage as, finished with reading, he cried, "We were in a fair way to have cleared the land of these!" it was eight delirious days, I have been told, to the next face that I remember. And when at the end of those eight days I saw that face, for a moment I thought I was come among the angels; but no! for there are no tears in Heaven. It was the face of Anne, weeping by the bed I had slept in since a child.

Have the Standing Rock Indians been Fairly Treated?

A Reply to Commissioner Jones's Letter[1]

By George Kennan

I HAVE read attentively the reply of the Indian Commissioner to my recently published article. I shall refrain from expressing any opinion with regard to its merits as a defense, because I do not wish to be discourteous; but I will take up, in their order, the points that Mr. Jones attempts to make, and briefly consider them.

1. He defends his illegal "permit-system order" of October 9, 1901, by saying that the reservation was overrun by trespassing cattle, and that it was better, in the interest of the Indians, to collect a dollar a head from the owners of such cattle, under the permit system, than to let the "freebooters" get their pasturage for nothing. I am not prepared to admit that illegal action on the part of the trespassers justified the Department in condoning and sanctioning the illegality by accepting payment from the wrong-doers; but it is not necessary to go into the merits of that question, inasmuch as there is very great doubt as to the existence of the alleged evil. The Indians themselves have never complained of "freebooters;" I have not been able to find a single reference to trespassing cattle in the reports of the Standing Rock agents to the Indian Office; trustworthy persons who have just come from the reservation assure me that there are very few, if any, trespassing cattle within its limits. Agent Bingenheimer said, less than a year ago, "You can ride across the country for days and never see a critter" (Sen. Doc. 212, p. 91); and Mr. Jones himself declared, on the 23d of last January, before the Senate Committee, that "there is a lot of idle land there which is used neither by the Indians *nor by anybody else*" (Sen. Doc. 215, p. 67). I find complaints of trespassing cattle in the reports of agents on other Sioux reservations—particularly Cheyenne River and Rosebud—but not one from Standing Rock. If the cattle were there, why did not the Indian Office have them removed? Removal, apparently, would not have been difficult. Agent McChesney reports to the Commissioner that his farmers, with the aid of a few Indian police, removed 8,000 trespassing cattle from the Rosebud Reservation in 1899. (Rep. of the Indian Commissioner for 1899, p. 341.) There are nearly 4,000 Indians on the Standing Rock Reservation, and they own 10,000 horses. Is it conceivable that they could not have driven off the trespassing cattle if there were any there? And is it probable that they would have submitted to such a trespass without protest if it had any real existence?

The Commissioner assured the Senate Committee that there have been for years, and are now, more trespassing cattle on the Standing Rock Reservation than it is proposed to put on under the leases. (Sen. Doc. 212, p. 18.) As Lemmon and Walker, under the terms of the leases, are to have a right to put one head of stock on every forty acres, or 30,000 head on the 1,200,000 acres of leased territory (Sen. Doc. 212, p. 46), the Commissioner's statement to the Senate Committee is equivalent to an assertion that there are more than 30,000 trespassing cattle on the reservation now. How does he propose to reconcile this assertion with his other statement that "there is a lot of land there which is used neither by the Indians nor by anybody else," and with Agent Bingenheimer's assertion that "you can ride across the country for days and never see a critter"?

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[1] The letter of Commissioner Jones to which this article is a reply appeared in The Outlook dated April 29. Mr. Kennan's first article was printed in The Outlook of March 29 last.

As a matter of fact, the Standing Rock Reservation is not overrun by trespassing cattle now, and it never has been. This defense of the illegal "permit-system order," therefore, is a breastwork of straw.

2. In a letter from New York to Assistant Commissioner Tonner, written on the 15th of May, 1901, Mr. Jones expressly said that he could not inaugurate the permit system without the Indians' consent, and directed the Assistant Commissioner to ascertain from Agent Bingenheimer, by telegraph, whether the Indians had not "experienced a change of heart" in the matter. If they had—that is, if they would consent—he "would issue permits at once" (Sen. Doc. 212, p. 63). He now says, in reply to my article, that the Indian Office "did not contemplate securing the consent of the tribe" for the inauguration of the permit system, "neither did it require such action." In May last he said he must have the Indians' consent, and now he says that he didn't need it and had no idea of asking for it. Which statement is true? It is hardly possible that both can be true.

But there is another point of that permit-system order upon which Mr. Jones contradicts himself. The last sentence of the order reads as follows: "Due care should be taken by you" (Agent Bingenheimer) "*not to admit such number of outside stock* as to overgraze the lands." If this means anything, it certainly means that the Commissioner expected the order to result in the bringing in of "outside stock." He now says, however, in reply to my article, that "there was no proposition nor intention to invite cattlemen to bring in additional numbers of cattle for grazing purposes; it" (the order) "simply provided that a tax of $1 per head should be paid for grazing" (trespassing) "stock already on the reservation." The order says outside cattle are to be brought in; but his reply declares that there was no intention to bring outside cattle in. Which of these statements is true?

If there were no trespassing cattle on the reservation, the permit-system order which frightened and coerced the Indians into an agreement to lease cannot be justified or excused on that ground. If there was no consent on the part of the Indians, it was in violation of a treaty obligation.

The only other defense set up by the Commissioner is that "the end sought justifies the means." Morally and legally, that is a very shaky proposition in any circumstances, and it is far from constituting a good defense when the "end sought" was the acquirement, in the interest of a cattle syndicate, of lands that the Indians had refused to give up, and the "means" were a broken promise and a violation of a guaranteed right. The testimony given before the Senate Committee shows conclusively that the consent of the Indians to lease their lands was obtained from them by means of the coercive influence of this illegal permit-system order. They consented to lease, not because they wanted to do so, nor because they were willing to do so; but because they were, as they said, "under pressure," and could escape the permit system in no other way. Metaphorically speaking, their consent was obtained with a club. (Sen. Doc. 212, pp. 51–53.)

3. The next point of the Commissioner's reply raises the following question: When the Indians gave a qualified consent to lease—that is, a consent to which certain stipulations and conditions were attached—had the Department discretionary power to ignore all the conditions and still hold the Indians to the consent?

The Commissioner says that "the council proceedings" (the conditions of the consent) "were in no sense an agreement, unless it be an agreement among the Indians themselves, to which the Department is in no sense a party." As a legal proposition, and in a very strict sense, that may be true; but in the circumstances of this case it amounts to an assertion that the Indians have no right or power to attach any stipulation whatever to their consent to lease lands. They may not say that they will lease only unoccupied lands; nor that they will lease only one-third of their reservation; nor that they will lease only a certain specified township. If they once consent to lease a single acre as pasturage for one small foreign calf, the Department, in its discretion, may take away from them a whole million acres, throw that million-acre tract open to foreign cattlemen, and then say to them (the dissatisfied Indians), "Your council proceedings, by which you attempted to limit the amount of land you would lease, have no binding force as against the Department. It is true that we can't take a single acre of your reservation without the 'authority of your council speaking for you'" (Act of Congress of February 28, 1891), "but if you once consent to lease that single acre, we can throw open to cattlemen as much of your territory as we think best—occupied or unoccupied—and upon such terms as we choose."

That may be good law, but it strikes me as a very dubious proposition from an ethical point of view. The Act of Congress which authorizes the leasing of Indian lands reads as follows:

"Where lands are occupied by Indians who have bought and paid for the same, and which lands are not needed for farming or agricultural purposes, and are not desired for individual allotments, the same may be leased by authority of the council speaking for such Indians, for a period not to exceed five years for grazing or ten years for mining purposes, in such quantities and upon such terms and conditions as the agent in charge of such reservation may recommend, subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior." (Act of Congress of February 28, 1891.)

I do not know whether this law has ever been judicially construed or not; but its intent would seem to be to give the Department a certain supervisory control over the decisions of the Indian councils in the matter of land, with a view to restraining such councils when they show a disposition to lease their lands injudiciously, in too large quantities, or at a foolishly low price. Its object was to protect an inexperienced and naturally improvident people from exploitation by the whites. Congress, apparently, intended to say: "You may lease, for your own benefit, such parts of your lands as you do not need; but you must act in such matters through your council, and its decisions, as to the quantity of land to be leased and the terms of payment therefor, are subject to Departmental supervision and control." It seems to me extremely improbable that Congress intended to give the Interior Department power to lease two million acres of land that the Indians had "bought and paid for," when the council had agreed to lease only one-third of that amount, and to turn cattlemen and their cattle into the occupied parts of the reservation when the council had consented to lease only the unoccupied parts.

4. But there is another aspect of the case that should have attention in connection with the Commissioner's plea that the conditions of the Indians have no binding force on the Department. After being frightened by the threat of the permit system, the Indians were finally induced to consent to a lease by certain promises and representations made to them by the Department's agent. Mr. Bingenheimer admitted, before the Senate Committee, that the Indians agreed to lease only their *unoccupied* lands; that he "did not propose to lease anything they wanted to use;" that he distinctly promised them that the unoccupied land should be determined and its boundary fixed and staked out by a commission to be composed of three representative Indian chiefs and himself; and that this promise or agreement had not been fulfilled. (Sen. Doc. 212, pp. 84, 85, 89, and 90.) If Mr. Bingenheimer did not report these promises and representations to the Indian Office, and did not inform the Commissioner that the Indians were relying on them, he dealt unfairly not only with the Indians but with the Department whose agent he was. If, on the other hand, he did report them, and they were found objectionable, the Department should have disavowed them and given the Indians a chance to recall their consent. It may have been legal, but it certainly was not fair, to hold the Indians to their consent and at the same time repudiate the Bingenheimer promises by means of which that consent was obtained. This was evidently the view of Senator Jones (of Arkansas), who said before the Senate Committee: "The law requires that the consent of these Indians shall be had with regard to whatever shall be done with this land; and the statement was made by the Agent that the Indians, in their council, provided that a committee should be appointed to designate what were the unoccupied lands; and there can nothing else be done under the law in

regard to this agreement. . . ." The committee was to point out to the Agent what was unoccupied land. "When *you* go out" (addressing Commissioner Jones), "you point out a lot of land they have *not* designated, and you say if there are some who do not want to stay in it, they may fence off their land." (Sen. Doc. 212, pp. 89 and 87.)

This was evidently the view also of Senator Stewart, the Chairman of the Senate Committee, who said: "The Indians were to lease unoccupied lands, and it was their understanding that there was to be a committee of three appointed to designate them. That should be carried out."

5. The question that now presents itself is, "Why were the promises made by Agent Bingenheimer not fulfilled, and why did he not go out with the Indian committee last fall to fix and stake out the boundary of the 'unoccupied land' as he agreed?" The Commissioner's reply throws no light upon this question, but I can answer it, if he does not. The boundary-lines of the territory to be leased had been fixed in the Indian Office, and the leases had been drawn and printed before the Indians gave any consent whatever to lease any part of their lands. The Commissioner felt so sure, apparently, that the threat of the permit system would bring the Indians to terms that he decided what part of their reservation he would give to the cattlemen, fixed the boundary, drew up the lease or leases, and then ordered Agent Bingenheimer to call a council and get the Indians' consent to a cut-and-dried scheme. This, at least, is the explanation given by Mr. Bingenheimer himself, who now declares that his promises to the Indians were made in good faith, but that he could not fulfill them because the Commissioner took the whole matter out of his hands. With reference to his appearance before the Senate Committee in Washington last February, Mr. Bingenheimer now says: "I could only say what the Commissioner would let me say, and only know what he allowed me to know. If I had been free to speak, I could have told a whole lot." The fact that the interesting and valuable information which Mr. Bingenheimer evidently has with regard to this leasing business was not drawn out of him by the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs is only another proof that, as I said in my first article, the proceedings of that Committee were "so unsystematic, inconsecutive, and inconclusive as to leave almost everything in doubt."

Senator Platt objects to my statement of this case. He is a man of unimpeachable integrity and honesty of purpose, and he evidently believes that I am misled, if not misleading; but if he had co-operated with Senator Jones, and had asked Agent Bingenheimer a few searching questions, he might have brought out the "whole lot" that the Agent says he could have told, and might thus have furthered the cause of justice and National honor. It was perfectly evident that the Indians were not getting "a square deal" at the hands of Mr. Jones, Mr. Bingenheimer, or both, and it was the duty of the Senate Committee to ascertain why.

The reason for the failure to keep faith with the Indians has been given by Agent Bingenheimer since my first article was written. On the 22d of March Commissioner Jones telegraphed the Agent to let Mr. Lemmon proceed with the building of his fence, on a line that would inclose thirty or forty Indian houses and a considerable part of the Indians' Grand River lands. As soon as the work began, the Indians called a council to protest against the fence-building, and asked Mr. Bingenheimer to be present and explain why he had not kept his agreement to go with them and run the line that this fence should follow. The council was held on the 12th of this month—the very date of Mr. Jones's reply to my article—and was attended by all the leading chiefs and most of the male Indians in the central part of the reservation. The proceedings were, in part, as follows:

Agent Bingenheimer—I have come here, at your request, to hear what you have to say. I am told that you do not want Lemmon to go on building his fence.

Thunder Hawk—Last spring we had two councils. You asked us to lend our land to the railroad. We did not wish to lease. We thought we had a right to refuse. The Commissioner frightened us by threatening to turn cattle loose upon us. Then, in the fall, you called a third meeting. We were helpless. We wanted to do the best we could to protect ourselves, so we agreed to lease thirty miles square on the northwest corner of the reservation where there were no houses. This council chose three men—Louis Primeau, Antoine De Rockbrain, and myself—to go with you and designate the lines. You said that you would meet us here, at Bull Head Station, and that you would go with us. We waited, but you did not come. We thought that when we had laid out the lines we should have an open council; that you and Lemmon would meet us and read the contract to us, and that we would then, together, come to an agreement like men.

Agent Bingenheimer—You are right, and I fully intended to do as you say. But right now, before all these people, let me say that if it had been left for me, I should have done just as I promised. But it was not left to you nor to me. Before I had submitted a report of that council to the Department, I was told that the Commissioner had made out the leases, and they were printed. I could do nothing. Those lines were run in Washington; your council had nothing to do with it. I did not send the council proceedings [to the Commissioner] until after the leases had been made out and the boundaries settled. I had nothing to do with it. . . . The reason that I did not go out with you to lay out the lines is because it was taken out of my hands by the Commissioner. I could not keep my promise to you.

Weasel Bear—The promise was that we lease only unoccupied land; that no man's homestead should be disturbed; that the leases should run so as not to interfere with the men who have built substantial homes. We do not know where the lines run, or how much land you have given Lemmon; but we do know that at least thirty-five of the Bull Head families are surely in the pasture, who went there to settle on land that they intended to take as allotments. These men do not want to abandon their homes. We forbid Lemmon to build a fence that will inclose these homes. The delegates who went to Washington put our case into the hands of lawyers. As we now understand, there has been no report made to us by these lawyers that we have lost our case. We were told to await the decision of the white man's court. If we can wait patiently for your courts, why should the Commissioner, who is holding such a high office under the President, be permitted to ignore your courts, and order Lemmon to build the corral around our people while the case is pending? We forbid Lemmon to build the fence.

Agent Bingenheimer—How are you going to live? Your rations are now so small that they do not half feed you. You need every dollar you can get. . . . I hope you understand that your rations were cut down last year fifty per cent. They will be cut again the first of July fifty per cent. . . . You have not enough to eat. What are you going to do? See these old people! They will starve if they do not have a full ration. You cannot live on the rations the Government will give you. You will have to work, and you can't find much work to do. This Lemmon lease will pay seven dollars a year per capita. If I tell the Department that you do not have enough to eat, they will say that you had land to spare and would not lease it, and so I shall not be able to do anything for you. You ought to lease it to get this seven dollars a year. You will need it. Your rations are only half now what they were a year ago, and in July will be cut in two again. How can you live?

Weasel Bear—It is not money nor rations that we are considering. We are standing by our rights as men. This is our land, and we are the ones to decide what part we shall lease, or whether we shall lease anything.

Agent Bingenheimer—You are not leasing this land for nothing. You get big pay—seven dollars per capita yearly. You need this money. You have not enough to eat now. Look at your old people. They will starve on less than full rations.

One Bull—If I am stronger than Weasel Bear, and I go to him and say, "You have a good farm; I want it. You must let me have it," Weasel Bear says, "No, I settled on this farm to make a home for myself and my children. I have gathered property about me, and I am settled for good. In a few years I can support my family comfortably." I insist; I say, "That has nothing to do with the case. I do not want your place for nothing—I will pay you for it." Now, because I am stronger than Weasel Bear, though I will pay him well, would it be just or right or manly for me to drive him off and take his home? I say No! It is wrong! He does not want my pay. He wants his home, because it is his, and it is his right to refuse to sell or lend. We want to be treated like men, not driven like dogs. We came to the courts in Washington. We left our case there. We thought the courts would rule wisely and justly. As the courts had taken our case, we thought we were recognized as men; but now the Commissione shows us that the white man's court is no better than his word; and while our case is in court, not yet settled, he orders Lemmon to go ahead and corral us. We are not brutes; we will not submit. Tell Lemmon to stop building the fence. Respect our manhood and we will obey the laws. We will lease the part that we selected. The land is ours. We will lease the northwest corner, and will go with you to make the boundaries, and in open council hear his offer and draw up the contract together. We forbid Lemmon to go on with the fence.

Agent Bingenheimer—I will write at once to the Commissioner, but I am afraid I can do nothing. You may sell fence-posts to Lemmon at six and one-quarter cents apiece, and you may haul the wire which is now at Evarts and will soon be at Fort Yates. You can earn a great deal of money in that way, and you people, not having enough to eat, ought to be glad to earn so much money.

One Bull—We are Indians and cannot live without wood and water. In winter we cannot live upon the high plains and keep our herds. We have to live along the streams, where there are ravines and brush and sheltered spots and wood and water. This lease will deprive a great many people of their sheltered homes. Streams and wood are scarce. We will not lease the best of our land. We will never consent to have our brothers corralled like cattle. We are men like you. Take the committee and go out with them and decide where Lemmon shall build his fence; we will agree to that.

After these speeches had been made, as well as short addresses by Grey Eagle, Rosebud, and Wakutemani—all to the same effect—Wakutemani said: "We ought to close this meeting by a rising vote on this protest."

Agent Bingenheimer—All willing for Lemmon to go on, arise. [Not one arose.] All who protest and wish me to write the Commissioner to stop Lemmon, arise. [The whole houseful arose, without a single exception.]

Rosebud—We desire to have our missionaries see the letter. We have decided, by a unanimous vote, that no more papers, contracts, etc., are to be signed by us until first seen by our missionaries.

Agent Bingenheimer—Who are they?

Rosebud—Father Bernard, Winona, and Mr. Deloria.

Agent Bingenheimer—I cannot do that. I will send just as strong a letter as I can; but I will not submit my letters to any one. However, I will give you a copy and they can see the copy.

Rosebud—We do not mean that we cannot trust you, but we feel safer if our missionaries see what is said to be our expression; and if they have a copy they cannot say in Washington that we never said it, or that we said something else.

The meeting then closed.

I invite Senator Platt's attention to the proceedings of this Indian council, held only two weeks ago, and would like respectfully to ask whether, in his judgment, they are the reflection of a square, honest deal on the part of the officers of the United States? These Indians are not loafers or idlers. According to the report of Commissioner Jones for 1900, they raised that year 3,491 bushels of oats, barley, and rye; 19,971 bushels of corn; 10,016 bushels of vegetables, and 21,799 tons of hay. They cut 2,376 cords of wood, and transported from distant railway stations 2,332,000 pounds of freight. They owned at that time 10,082 horses and 12,213 cattle. (Report of the Indian Commissioner for 1900, pp. 668–699.)

They seem to have done their level best to earn their own living on a semi-barren, semi-arid reservation where there is little work to be had; where agricultural crops fail two years out of three on account of drought; and where cattle-raising is almost the only possible industry. Instead of recognizing their efforts to do what they can while they are accumulating enough cattle for self-support, the Indian Office cuts down their rations fifty per cent.; gives them notice of another impending cut of fifty per cent.; threatens them with the permit system in order to force them to consent to a lease; ignores the terms and conditions of the consent thus obtained; turns cattlemen and half-wild Texan cattle into the occupied parts of their reservation; and finally, when they protest, tells them, through its Agent, that they will have to starve if they do not submit, and that they had better keep quiet and sell fence-posts to the lessees at six and a quarter cents apiece!

6. The Commissioner says, in his reply to my article, that the Indians are "willing and anxious" to lease their lands, and that all the opposition there is comes from a few squaw-men and half-breeds, "who see in the inauguration of the leasing system the overthrow of the abuses which they have heretofore practiced." I think the council proceedings above set forth are a sufficient answer to this statement. If the Indians are "willing and anxious" to lease, they have a queer way of showing it!

7. The Commissioner says: "The Walker lease exempts and excludes one township of land in the neighborhood of Bull Head Station which includes the only thickly settled part of the reservation in the leased portion. A very conservative estimate places the number included in the leased district at not more than seventy families."

Since the beginning of this controversy between the Indians and the Commissioner—viz., in the early part of March—the Rev. T. L. Riggs, who has been long and favorably known in connection with mission work among the Sioux, made a careful investigation of the Standing Rock leases, at the request of the Indian Rights Association, and sent to that Association a full report upon the subject. Concerning the number of Indian families included within the leased district, he says:

"There appears to be fully as dense ignorance, on the part of those whose business it is to know, with regard to the number of Indians who will be affected by this leasing of land, as in the matter of land limits. Agent Bingenheimer tells the Senate Committee that eighty families might possibly be included. He certainly knew better—or ought to have known better. Under the original calls for proposals, to include lands lying west of the range line between ranges 26 and 27, there could not possibly be less than four hundred families within the proposed lines. I do not know that any one has taken the trouble to make a careful census. It includes nearly every man, woman, and child on the rolls of Bull Head—a few short of one thousand persons. It also includes the great majority of those enrolled on the Upper Cannonball Station—the exact number of whom I was unable to learn—besides scattering families belonging elsewhere. . . . Under the final proposal, to lease lands extending only to the range line between ranges 25 and 26, there are within the limits of leased lands 232 families, according to Agency-ticket record." The exclusion and exemption of the Bull Head township would reduce this number by only 13. At the rate of four persons to a family, there would consequently be 876 Indians within the boundaries of the leased area.

"The Indians of Grand River," Mr. Riggs says, "owned, in 1901, 5,247 cattle, almost all of them within the limits of the Walker lease. Probably, with their horses, they now own 11,000 head of stock. It would not appear that there is much land here that is suffering to be leased. The Indian delegate who said to the Senate Committee, 'We want that for ourselves,' evidently knew what he was talking about." (Report of T. L. Riggs to the Indian Rights Association, March 17, 1902.)

If a region that is inhabited by 876 Indians, with 11,000 head of stock, is not an "occupied part of the reservation," I should be glad to know what the Commissioner's definition of "occupied" is. At the rate of one head of stock to every forty acres (the proportion of cattle to land adopted by the Indian Office) these 11,000 horses and cattle would occupy a range of 440,000 acres—almost exactly the amount of land leased in this very region to Mr. Walker.

In view of this and many other discrepancies between the statements of Commissioner Jones on one side and the statements of the Indians and disinterested investigators on the other, there would seem to be urgent and pressing need for a thorough and impartial investigation of the whole subject by some person or persons not connected with the Indian Office.

Washington, D. C.

Notes and Queries

Will some reader give me some information in regard to the following: 1. Refer me to some book that will give a history of the Shawnee Indians; I want to know of their habits and peculiarities, the number of the tribe, their early headquarters, etc. I want this information in regard to them in the early history of the country—say about 1776. 2. To book or source of information concerning the early French trading posts; where they were and all the information I can get, such as would help me in describing one minutely. 3. Something as to the founding and history of Detroit, Michigan. If you will give me some help as to these points it will be greatly appreciated.

R. J. Birdwell,
Coleman, Texas.

3. See Cooley's "History of Michigan" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, $1.25); Farmer's "History of Detroit and Michigan" (Farmer, Silas & Co., Detroit, $10); Hamlin's "Legends of Detroit" (Thorndike Nourse, Detroit, $2).

On page 244 of Dr. Mark Hopkins's "Evidences of Christianity" is the following: "The objections brought by Archbishop Whately against the existence and general history of Napoleon Bonaparte are quite as plausible as any that can be brought against the existence and general history of Christ." I have made search in Whately's works, and am unable to find the passage referred to. Can you or a subscriber inform me as to where I can find it?

W. K. S.

Archbishop Whately published his "Historic Doubts" concerning the existence of Bonaparte in an anonymous pamphlet—anonymous merely to preserve its ironical character. He refers to it very briefly in his "Elements of Rhetoric," page 118, Harper's edition. Perhaps some reader can tell us more about it.

After reading Dr. White's "Warfare Between Theology and Religion," Shaler's "Individual," and others, I would like to find some man, equally scientific, who would strike a deeper key—some man who, admitting the many myths, inaccuracies, and errors in the Bible, would still point to the divine in it; a man truly scientific, who, believing in our ascent from the lowest forms of organic life, believes just as truly in a divine life which has quickened and sustained this wonderful procession and which assures us of the immortality of our souls. Is there any scientific book written in this spirit?

X.

For the testimony of a naturalist of the highest eminence see Romanes's "Thoughts on Religion" (The Pilgrim Press, Boston, or any bookseller can supply it at $1.25). For a work done in a thoroughly scientific spirit, though not by a professional naturalist, see Dr. N. Smyth's "Through Science to Truth" (Scribners, $1.50). Dr. White's work, it should be noticed, is careful to preserve the names of eminent men of science who were also men of Christian faith, as Lyell, Faraday, Asa Gray, and others. The proper title of Dr. White's work is "A History of the Warfare between Science and Theology in Christendom." (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

By an unfortunate slip, not of the types, but of the mind or memory, we last week referred to Lord Kelvin's early name and title as Sir William Hamilton instead of Sir William Thompson. The latter name is literally "a thing which every school-boy knows."